THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

Volume 200, Number 31

JAN. 28, '28

5 cts.

Charles Francis Coe—Hugh Wiley—Evangeline Booth—Freeman Tilden
Will Rogers—George Pattullo—Sir Harry Lauder—Joseph Hergesheimer

No delicacy like Asparagus Tips to add variety to everyday meals

~ and no brand better than this ~ to insure the quality you want ~

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Just remember, when you buy, to order them by *name.* No matter what the food—fruit, vegetable or food specialty—this one label makes certain that uniform, dependable quality so essential on your table.

We have just issued a new folder of selected Asparagus recipes. Let us send it to you free—together with a copy of "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book." Both will help to make everyday meals more tempting. Department 44, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

DEL MONTE Asparagus Tips are graded as to thickness or circumference of the spear, and each size is designated on the label as Colossal, Mammoth, Large, Medium or Small. But no matter what the size of spear, you will find in each the same uniform tenderness and delicacy of flavor—the same superior quality—that you naturally expect under the DEL MONTE label.

Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**

1893
In 1893, a roof of Barrett Pitch and Felt was laid on the Peter Gengler Company building, Galveston, Texas, by the George Roofing Company of that city. After 34 years, the roof is still giving satisfactory service.
P. GENGLER
1893
CITY RAILWAY COMPANY
EDWARD WILSON
1927
Ralph H. Cameron, A. I. A., San Antonio, was the architect for the Medical Arts Building, San Antonio, Texas, shown above. A Barrett Specification Roof covers this building. Gen'l Contractor: Jack P. Hamer; Roofer: Turner Roofing & Supply Co., both of San Antonio. Photo copyrighted by Harvey Patteisen, San Antonio.

EVEN BACK IN THE 90's IT WASN'T NEWS!

"... and while many details of building practice underwent considerable change during this period, on one point architects and builders stood firm. They had found from a quarter century's experience that one type of roofing construction outclassed all substitutes ... the properly built roof of coal-tar pitch and felt.

"And further passage of time has amply backed up their finding. Many of these old roofs—roofs 35, 40, even 50 years of age—are still rendering dependable protection, their years of service by no means over."

* * *

It is a matter of record that the past 50 years has demonstrated the superiority of pitch and felt built-up roofs. Impressive present day structures are evidence of this. For, in the great majority of cases, the finest of our modern buildings are protected by The Barrett Specification Roof—a pitch and felt roof acknowledged as the highest form of permanent roof protection.

When a building is covered with a Barrett Specification Roof the owner receives a Surety Bond—a guarantee against repair or maintenance expense for 20 years.

This Surety Bond is issued only (a) when the roof is laid by an experienced roofer, one approved by The Barrett Company; (b) when a Barrett Inspector has supervised the job to see that The Barrett Specification has been followed to the letter. And then, after the roof is completed, there's still another check-up: the famous "cut test" made by the Barrett Inspector.

In addition, two years after the roof is laid, the Barrett Inspector makes another thorough examination of the roof.

With such thorough inspection service—obtainable only with The Barrett Specification Roof—is it surprising that these roofs give staunch service many years after the 20-year guarantee has run out? For further information, dictate a brief note to The Barrett Company.

Depend on
The Barrett Approved Roofer

Throughout the United States and Canada a limited number of roofing contractors have been approved by Barrett to lay The Barrett Specification Bonded Roof. These men have earned a reputation for doing efficient work—a name for absolute dependability.

Good workmanship is a big part of *any* good roof. Be sure of good workmanship. Take your roof problems to the Barrett Approved Roofer.

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector Street New York City
IN CANADA:
The Barrett Company, Limited
5551 St. Hubert St., Montreal, Quebec

Barrett Specification Roofs

When she was as tiny as this–

an enormous, kind person with starched collars and cuffs put her to sleep with a bottle of something warm and comforting. And took her for what seemed then *very* exciting rides in her carriage. And soothed her satiny skin with a mysterious soft froth that came from a white boat floating to and fro in the tub.

When she grew to the loveliness of sixteen–

and played tennis and danced, she had forgotten that starched person and the little tub. But the white boat and its soothing bubbles still kept her face smooth and clean and fresh, now that she *wanted* to be lovely.

And today in the full charm of womanhood–

with complexion as smooth and delicate as her *own* baby's skin, she entrusts both her beauty and her baby's comfort to that white boat. For Ivory is just as pure and dainty as it ever was, just as generous with its bubbly cleansing lather, just as gently soothing and protective. Ivory has never yet betrayed a friend!

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Ivory Soap

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99 44/100 % pure · It floats

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There is a little book about Beauty, which tells you why your skin needs the protection of perfect cleanliness, and describes the uncomplicated methods by which physicians say such cleanliness may be achieved. A post card, asking for "On the Art of Being Charming," will bring this booklet to you *without charge*. Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. 25-A, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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THE RIVER PIRATE

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

I WAS sixteen years old when they sent me to reform school. That changed all the plans I had made. I left public school when I was thirteen, and the truant officers made a lot of fuss over it, but they could not get anywhere with my father. He was a drunkard.

By the time they got ready to make me go back to school I had reached fourteen, and because my father never worked, my mother had to have help. I took out working papers and got a job in a ship chandler's storehouse.

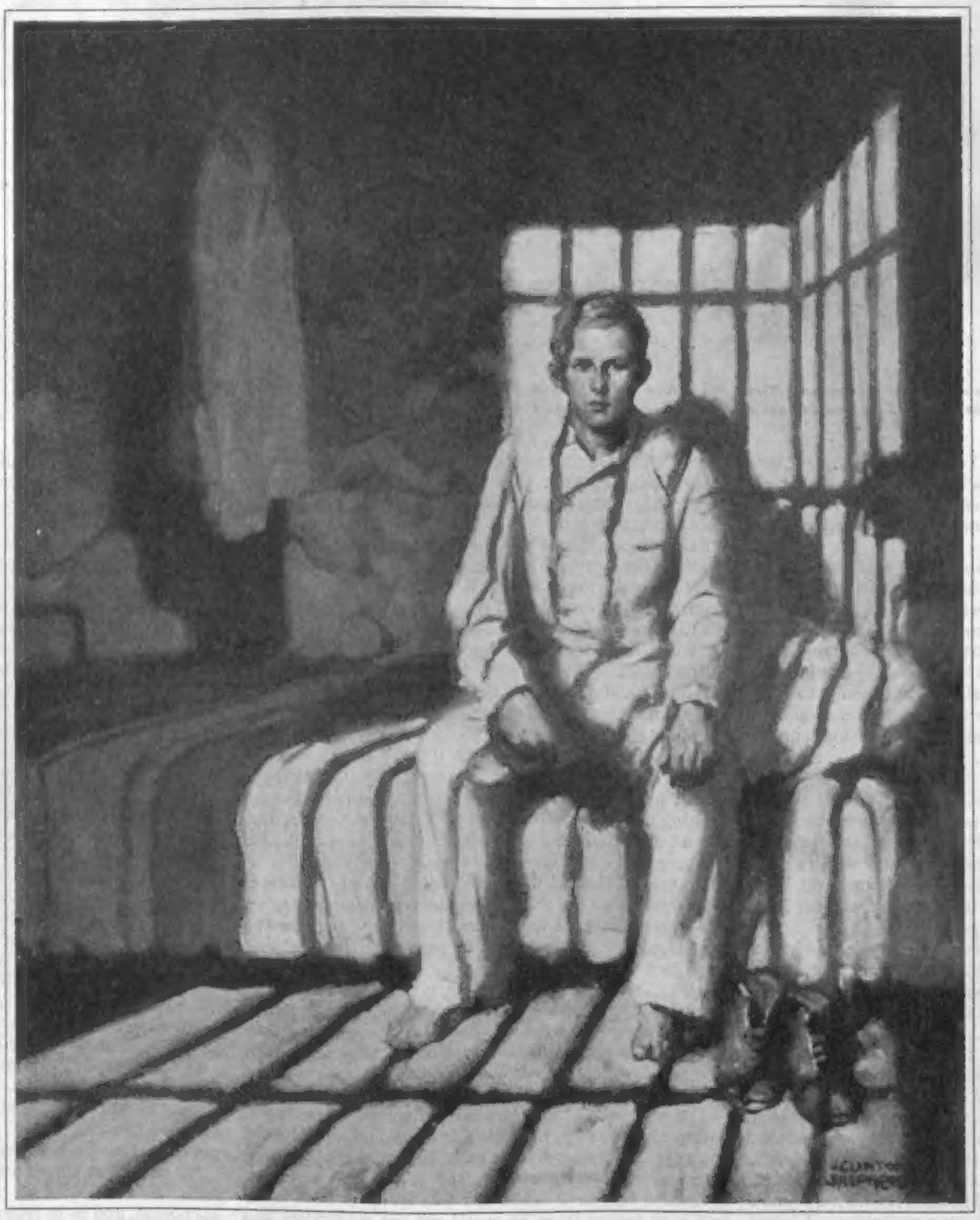
I grew to like ropes and anchors and blocks and tackles and chains and leads and marline and all the other stuff we handled. I liked the feel of hemp and the smell of tar on my hands. But I never liked work.

It was in my mind that I would enlist in the Navy as soon as I got to be seventeen, but they spoiled all that when they sent me to reform school.

They should never have done that. I had not committed a real crime. They never would have sent me if my mother had been able to pay damages on a store window that I broke. It happened during the lunch hour down at the place where I worked, when we got to fooling around in the street.

I got into a scrap with another fellow who was older than I. He was bigger than I was and he knocked me down twice. The second time I got up I brought a marlinespike with me. It had been on the sidewalk, where one of the sailmakers left it while he ate his lunch.

It was not a fid; it was a marlinespike. Fids are made of wood and are used in spreading the strands of line when you make a splice. Marlinespikes are steel. They are used mostly in splicing steel cable. They are sharp and pretty heavy. In a fight they make bad weapons. The bigger fellow came at me again and I heaved the spike at him. He ducked and it crashed through the window of this other store.



"Rouse Out, Sandy," the Guard Said to Me. "Shake a Leg Now. They Want You Over at the Hospital"

Any kid might have done that. But when a cop came to the house and took me, they had looked up the records and found out all about me and they knew that my father was a bum and that I had skipped school all the time and caused a lot of trouble. Then when they found my mother could not pay for the window, I was in bad.

"A boy that would attack another boy with such an instrument as this," the judge said when I went before him, "is a dangerous boy. He needs correction and discipline. Crime should be prevented by early training, and all things considered, this lad is certainly off to a bad start. I find nothing in his home life to convince me that proper influences can be brought to bear through that medium. I therefore pass sentence that, until he shall have attained his majority, this culprit shall be sent to the State Reform School."

So I went to the reform school.

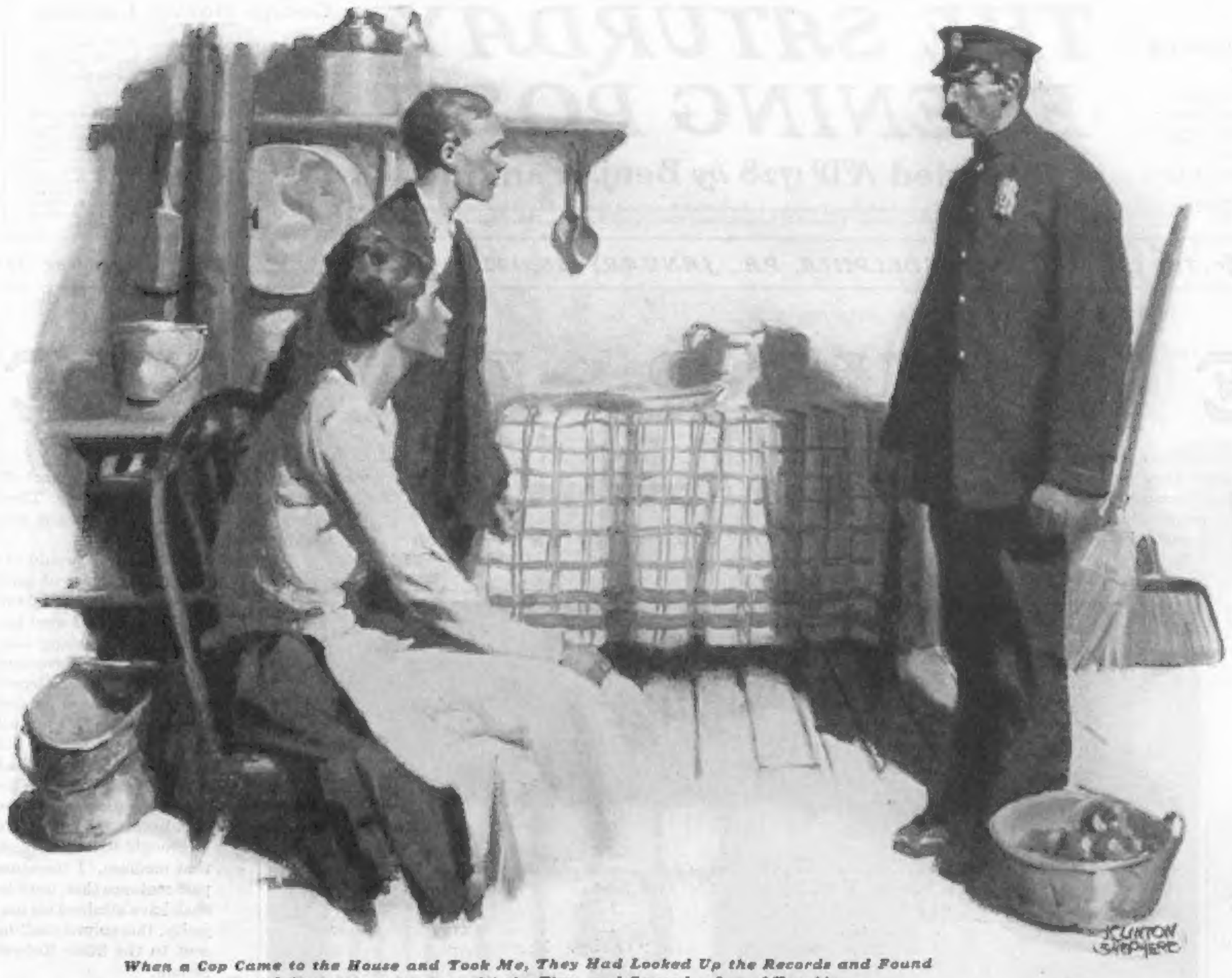
At first I did not care much, because it meant no more lugging of heavy ropes and ground tackle, and no more slaving away for a little money that I had to give my mother anyway. But when I got to thinking it over I got pretty sore. It killed all chance of me going in the Navy. Even when I was twenty-one I could not enlist, because, I learned, no man with a criminal record will be allowed in the service. You can see how that gummed up all my plans. I never liked to work, anyway, and this made me hate work all the more.

There was kind of a thrill in the train ride to the reform school. I had never taken a long trip before. There were four other kids going with me and we had a keeper that rode with us. At first he was a pretty good bloke, but when he learned that none of us had any money he got sour and let us alone in the car. I looked out of the window, and as long as we were sitting in the smoking car, I rolled me a smoke and lit up. The keeper grinned and sneered.

"Smoke while you can, kid," he said. "Tomorrow you'll kiss cigarettes good-by for a long stretch."

"Can't we even smoke in this joint?" I asked him.

"You'll smoke if you get fresh," he laughed, "but not with your lips."



When a Cop Came to the House and Took Me, They Had Looked Up the Records and Found That I Had Skipped School All the Time and Caused a Lot of Trouble

After that I got worried and I smoked like a fire engine. The keeper stayed to himself a lot and seemed disgusted with us. That gave us kids a chance to gab, and when I got tired of looking out the window I asked the others how they came to be sent up.

One of them was an Italian kid and he said he had been learning the barber trade and had got into a fight in the barber shop. All he had done was slit a man's face with a razor in an effort to cut his throat!

He was, I thought, a swell little playmate for me! His eyes were like shoe buttons and his head stuck out in front of his shoulders like he was always just ready to peer around a corner. He was older than the rest of us and he had a beard that was just beginning to get blue black under his skin. I was afraid of him. Anybody could see that he was tough.

A long time afterward, when he had finished at the reform school and was sent away as an honest graduate, they had to electrocute him because he got into another fight and shot a man. I have learned now that when a man shows that first tendency to kill the people he hates, he is better off dead and the world is a lot safer without him. Them kind of guys never change.

One of the other kids was about my age and he had a chin that stuck out ahead of the rest of him as far as the wop's head did. His mouth was big and seemed to slip when he talked, but he did not talk much. I noticed that he kept watching the keeper all the time.

"I'm sent up fer stealin'," he told me, when I asked him. He seemed proud of it. But from the way he spoke I knew he did not want to talk, so I just grinned and turned to one of the others. Neither of them, though, was much to look at. One of them kept crying all the time and the other just sat there and let everybody see that he was scared to death.

The keeper did not take us into the dining car for food. When we were all about starved he fixed it with a trainman to drop off at a town and get us some sandwiches. I found out afterward that the keeper got government warrants for meals and filled them in himself, so that he made the difference between the cost of a few sandwiches and what he wrote down as the rap for four big meals.

But he was not as smart as the thief with the long chin. That bird pulled something pretty slick just as the train started. The trainman—I suppose he got a cut from the keeper for going after the sandwiches—got back just in time and he came through the front end of the car as the train was starting.

As he came he unlocked a little door at one side of the aisle. Right away the thief got up and asked the keeper could he get a drink to go with the sandwiches. The keeper looked him over and nodded yes. Then when the trainman got to our seats he changed his mind.

"Wait a minute, you," he grunted. Then he turned to the trainman. "Watch these birds," he told him, and followed the thief down the aisle. When they got to the end of the car I saw the thief shoulder the keeper into the little room and slam the door on him.

Like a flash the thief with the slippery mouth was out the end of the car and down the steps. He gained only a second or two, but that was enough. The keeper came bustling out of that little room with his eyes popping out like a land crab's and his tongue flopping around like a broken gate.

He opened the car door and beat it out on the steps. Then he lost his nerve. I guess the train was picking up speed pretty fast. I looked out the window and saw the thief looping it into a crowd of people on the platform. Then he was gone.

Right away the tough Italian got the idea too. He rapped the trainman under the chin with his fist and jumped out of the seat. The kid who had been crying all the time wailed like a creaky ventilator. The one that was scared dropped down on the car floor and tried to squirm under the seat.

The wop made a break for the rear door, but a passenger, seeing what was up, jumped in front of him and blocked the way. Before much more could happen, both the trainman and the keeper were on top of the wop and they shellacked him until a stranger was ready to faint away and kept telling them he would see the authorities and have them in trouble.

When the wop got back into his seat the keeper handcuffed him fast to the handle next the aisle and promised that he would do a whole lot more when the right time came. By the time the excitement had cooled down a little I had eaten all the sandwiches, because I was half starved and had a swell chance while they were fighting. But I caught hell for it, and after that we could not smoke or talk any more.

The keeper would swear to himself, but at us. I knew he was thinking of the thief who had made a sucker of him. At the next town he got off the train and sent a lot of telegrams to the police to catch the thief who had escaped.

The trainman would pass by every little while and each time he did I would see the wop cringe away from the aisle. He had good reason to cringe. On each trip the trainman would slip an elbow against his face. The rest of the ride was spoiled for all of us.

We got to the reform school just after dark. There was a regular wagon waiting for us and it was surrounded by four or five men in uniform. They did not seem to take a very great interest in us, but there were some people standing around and they looked at us like we were Eskimos just brought in from the North Pole and smelling strong of fresh whale meat.

The wop spit at one of them that came real close, and instead of walloping him for it, the keepers all laughed. Then we were in the wagon and bumping along toward the reform school.

"I see," one of the uniformed men said to our keeper, "that you lost one of them." He nodded toward us.

"I'll get him back again," the keeper growled, "an' when I do he'll know who's got him." I could see that he was very sore and it kind of seemed to me that the uniformed men were glad that they could give him the laugh because the thief had escaped.

We rode quite a long way before the wagon stopped. Then I heard a rattle of keys and the creaking of a big gate. The horses' hoofs rang out on a steel plate that was under the arch overhead, and then back onto concrete. It was dark outside, but yellow lights glared all around.

When we reached a little building snuggled down among a lot of big ones, the wagon stopped and we were led out. This was the warden's office and the warden was there to greet us. He just looked us over and finally turned to two other men who were looking at our commitment papers and making notes in a big book. Then he said:

"Sign up for four of them, Craft. Get this gentleman's full report of the escape."

"Yes, sir," the guy called Craft answered, but he raised his face and there was a little grin around his lips. I could tell that they were all glad that thief had escaped. Not because they wanted him out, but because they loved to give our first keeper the laugh.

"I'll be bringin' that little pup in soon enough!" our keeper snarled. "Don't have any fears about the reports."

"We haven't," the warden snapped, and just the way he said it made me know he would be a nasty enemy.

It took about fifteen minutes for Craft and his helper to get us all booked in. When they had finished, the warden looked us over again. There was a little smile on his face and he said, "I don't suppose you lads are hungry—not after eating a big meal on the train."

"I guess I'm through here, warden," our first keeper said. He had folded up papers and was putting them in his pocket, and as he spoke, he turned to go. It was plain that he knew the warden was just taking a dig at him for cheating us out of our chow on the rattler.

Everybody laughed and the warden started to say something, but the wop cut in. His face was all bruised up from the beating they had given him and he was a sad sight.

"I never got a mouthful," he growled.

"You look like you had spit out a machine gun," the warden grunted. "Tell me all about it. . . . Oh, for the love of Mike, shut up!" he growled at the kid who was still crying. "It ain't going to help you any to be beefing all over the place. You ain't here because we want you. . . . Now tell me about it." He turned right toward me, so I told him about the escape and the shellacking they had given the wop. I finished up by telling him that we had all been cheated out of our chow.

"That's a lie!" the tough wop hollered. "While we was fightin' in the aisle he ate all them sandwiches!"

Everybody but me and the wop had a laugh at that, but right away the warden got hard-looking and he turned on the wop. "You think you're tough," he snapped. "We'll show you different. You want to keep those hairy black hands of yours out of fights around here! This is where fightin' began, and it's where it ends, too—ends quick. Don't forget that!"

Then he turned away, but he called over his shoulder to Craft: "Take 'em, Craft. Throw some hash into 'em and stow 'em away in the receiving tier. I'll look 'em over in the morning."

They searched us again, even taking away our belts or suspenders and cutting most of the buttons off our clothes. Then they took us down a long stone alleyway that smelled like it ran underground, and after a while we came into a big kitchen. There was a stove there that must have been fifty feet long, and down at one end of it there were a dozen copper vats with handles on them, and faucets and glass tubes. Three or four men were mopping up the concrete floor of the big room. They were dressed in clothes that used to be white.

"Break out some table gear, you," Craft told them, "and give these here recruits some fodder."

We had some wet beans, some thick bread and three or four cups of black coffee. All the dishes were tin, and so were the cups. They gave us knives and a hunk of butter, but when I spread my bread the butter turned a green black from the polishing stuff that was on the knife.

After that they led us away and locked each of us in a separate cell that was three tiers up above other cells. The big place was all filled with steel bars and it was very clean, and they kept a lot of lights burning all night so that the shiny bars glistened and twinkled.

It was quiet too. At first all you thought you heard was the guards walking on the steel plates around the place, but after a while, when you had listened more, you heard something else—a queer sound that was not even a noise. You just heard it and did not realize it.

Of course I know now that it was the prison voice.

II

THE next day was a funny one. They got us up just about daylight and made us line up on the tier. Some guards were there and they all carried big clubs in their hands and had guns strapped close about their hips, but covered so that nobody could snatch them free.

I could see that they were looking us over pretty carefully. They do that. I have learned since that they know what you are put away for before they ever see you, and when you go in for being tough, like the wop, they watch their step pretty close in handling you.

There were nine other birds in the line before we got started away from the tier. They had come from different parts of the state and arrived earlier than we did. They marched us all down the steel stairway and into the long kitchen. There they gave us big cups of black coffee.

The weeping kid was still going strong, and one of the keepers tipped him off that he better take some coffee, because he would not get anything more to eat until seven o'clock. He finally gulped down a cupful, and when I heard how long we had to wait I asked for a second drink.

"You're the eatingest bird we've ever had around here," one of the guards laughed. "This is the gentle little palooka that et all them sandwiches on the train," he told the others. They laughed, but gave me another cup of coffee. They were good guys as long as you did not get fresh.

After that we marched into a big room that was lined with shower baths. We had to take off all our clothes and stand under a shower bath while a guard watched us to be sure we did. Then we took turns having our hair all clipped off. They called this place a reform school, but if that was a school, I never missed a thing by not getting an education.

When that was done we lined up again and a doctor came along and gave each of us an examination. He made marks on the papers that told our records. He looked down our throats and tapped our chests and whirled us around. It all seemed nutty to me.

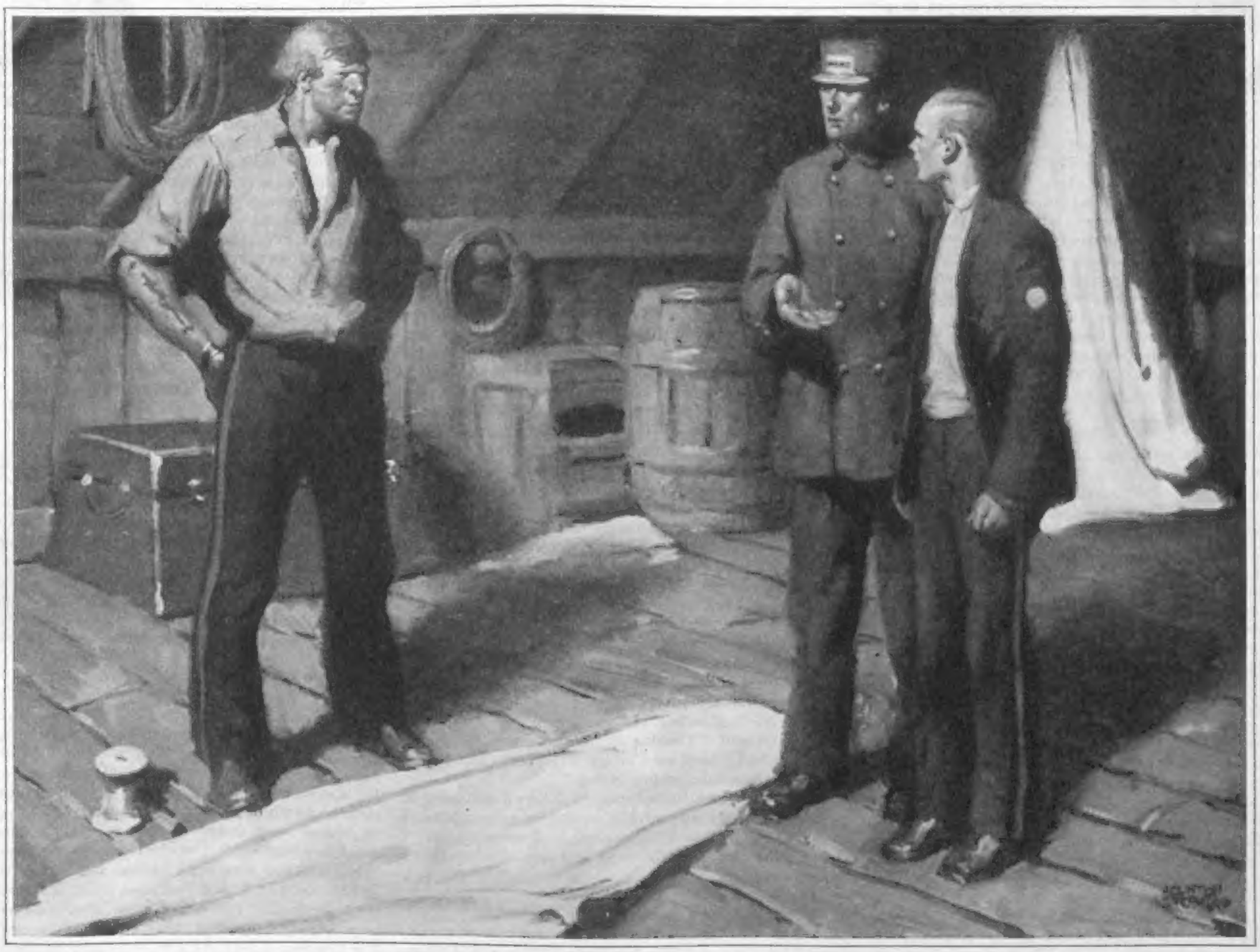
The next trick was standing in front of a big counter and having a guard take our fingerprints. Then we got what the mob calls a carbolic bath and went into the storeroom and walked in front of another big counter while a guy looked us over for size and gave us prison clothes.

They were not striped clothes, just a plain black coat and pants, with narrow red stripes running around the edges of the coat and down the sides of the pants. On the left arm there was a little gray spot where a number would be stamped. Then we got gray shirts and underwear and socks and a toothbrush and some writing paper and envelopes.

The last thing they gave us was shoes, and I guess they made them right in the reform school. If the toes of mine had not been so square they would have made good violin cases. But they felt all right except for the coarse socks I had to wear inside them.

When we had gone through all that we got some breakfast. There was oatmeal and very thin milk, thick pieces of bread and more coffee. That was all we got, but we could have all of that we could eat. I ate plenty.

(Continued on Page 71)



Sailor Frink Was a Big Man, and There Was No Telling His Age. He Might Have Been Twenty-five or He Might Have Been Fifty. He Glared at Me Silently

BUCKING A HEAD WIND

Well, Here We are, Landing Right Where We Started From Four Days Ago

By Will Rogers

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

WELL, let's see. I left you in Chicago last week, didn't I? Well, if any of you are living yet, we will drop back and pick you up. Wait a minute, before we get through Chicago, have any of you got an English name? Do you use English mustard?

I don't want to get into any trouble with my old friend Bill Thompson. He and I are both uninformed cowboys, and he and I have agreed that he is to keep King George out of Chicago and I am to ride herd on Rupert Hughes and see that he don't land in Beverly Hills, either personally or in the library. Even if he finds a library in Beverly, I won't let him park his propaganda there. He and King George are not going to make a sucker out of our old original George. Washington might have taken a nip now and again, but at least he never voted against it anyway.

But come on, these shots around this town are getting on my nerves. I am tired seeing these tremendous funerals passing with bandits in $20,000 coffins. He's got to be a pretty high-class bandit in Chicago in order to pay for his casket.

Let's see, when I left you last week I was having breakfast. Well, I am just about through now and they have changed the mail over to the other plane. For the benefit of those who weren't fortunate enough to get one of last week's periodicals, I will explain the scenopsis of the preceding chapters. I left Los Angeles yesterday morning at 7:30—that was Tuesday morning. Now it's Wednesday morning, just twenty-four hours later, and I am leaving Chicago for New York. Now that's all there was to last week's installment. And if you don't want to read this one I will give you a synopsis of it.

I go pretty near to New York by airplane today, finish by train and then back out tomorrow and straight on through to Los Angeles, where I arrive day after tomorrow evening. So that's all there is to this. So turn right on over to your love story. If you don't want to read it in THE POST, wait a few weeks and you will see it at your favorite theater. But by all means don't read it and then go see it too, for you will never recognize it.

You know, come to think of it, I believe I've hit on a great idea right here, by telling people in a couple of lines what the story contains. I think a lot of us will make friends with everybody that just reads the synopsis. So from now on, at the head of all of my articles, I will tell what's in 'em, in a few lines—maybe one.

Now I've forgotten this pilot's name and I want to apologize to him. I shouldn't have, for he brings me back tomorrow night from Cleveland. I believe it is Burnsides or Neville. We have a tremendous load of mail and we are off. The fare I just gave them for this end of the ride is about $200. That seems a little high in comparison to the other end, as it is only that much from Chicago clear to either Los Angeles or Frisco. That makes the whole one-way fare of the trip $407—not more than twice what you would pay on a train, including four days and nights, berth and food.

This is not special, just a regular mail plane that goes at this hour every day. Then tonight there is another leaves here that has the last mail and is in New York in the morning for the earliest delivery, and the same back from there. This is the only line I know of that has a double schedule every day both ways. We are a little late. It must be about 9:30, but it won't take us long to wing our way to Cleveland. There is no stop between here and there.

If you don't think old Chicago is big, just fly around the edges and look her over. It's a beautiful day, and as we get out over Indiana those well-kept farms look mighty pretty. There looks like a farmer on every corner of a 160 acres. I hope we fly over Culver Military Academy. I might see my boy walking guard there. We are going over South Bend. You can just see those old Indiana farmers down there kinder resting on their plow handles and thinking about politics. They don't care what corn or wheat makes to the acre. All they want is more elections, and more plotting to the election.

Now we are in Ohio and headed for Cleveland. Ohio has Donahey for the Democrats and Nick for the Republicans. Either one of them has got a chance of going over. I wish they would nominate both of them. Indiana hasn't much of a chance. Indictments are thicker than voters over there.

Here we are at the field before you know it. I hadn't even see Cleveland yet. I wonder what the depot is doing. They think it will make the town, when, as a matter of fact, it will only encourage people to leave there.

"Nice landing, buddy, nice landing."

The pilot said, "Thanks. We'd 'a' made better time if we hadn't had a head wind all the way over. But we did pretty good considering everything."

Well, I thought it looked strange. There didn't seem to be much activity around like at the other airports. I didn't see any plane with an engine all warming up. I got out and went into the office and says, "When do we leave?"

"Leave—leave? Who—when—what?"

"Why, when do we leave for New York?"

"Why, we haven't had anything through here either way from New York since Sunday night." This was Wednesday noon. "It's the first time we have been held up all year, but things are very bad over the mountains. There is a dense fog and low-pressure area just blocked in there and it seems mighty slow moving."

"Well, you mean to tell me we won't get out for New York this afternoon? I sure would like to go through if it's possible."

Well, we moved over to the map on the wall that has all the latest weather reports. I could see something laying over the East. I couldn't tell whether it was Low-Pressure Area or just plain rain and storms, or scandal. He called in Brownie—Henry J. Brown. He was on the list as the first pilot out and had been since Sunday night. There is another guy that does nothing but take care of the weather. He was getting reports all the time. Brownie had a conflab with him and said it seemed to be lifting in some quarters. He said we would have lunch and then see what would happen.

Well, I hadn't had anything since nine and it was then about one—only a snack that was left over from Breakfast that I brought along and eat on the way over. We had lunch and then we stood around and the pilots would do some ground flying. There was a whole band of them there. They said it would be pretty rough even if we could get through.

I said, "Let's go. If you say you can make it, why, I believe you can."

They stop at Bellefonte, up in the Alleghany Mountains, for gas, and I suggested going that far and then we could see how it was. Now here is a thing about these pilots: They don't have to take off unless they want to. It's up to them—they are the last word. The company knows that if it's physically possible to go they will go, so they let them decide.

Well, Brownie studies her over a bit and says, "Let's try it."

In the meantime it's cloudy and rainy here in Cleveland. Rain is not so bad; it's how low the clouds are—"visibility," I think, is the term. Well, I crawled into my fancy suit, they wheeled the plane out and we waved 'em good-by and took off in the rain. Well, we didn't do so bad for about an hour, and then we run into nothing but clouds. He is evidently trying to get on top of them, but they go right on up where we naturally suppose clouds to go. Then he had no room under 'em, so he is just making up his mind to go through. You can't see 100 feet ahead.

I don't know what it's all about, but I know they can't last forever and I know he knows what he is doing. Now we begin to hit little clear places; after a while we commence to see the ground. Say, she is rocking and bucking like a bronc. I ain't going to make very edifying reading, but I started in to report this trip AS IS. I just like to ruined some of Uncle Sam's best mail sacks that were packed

in around and under me. If any of you receive air mail along about that time you may remember and verify this story. Wow, but I am sick!

But I want to tell you little Brownie brought her through to Bellefonte, an air station away up in the mountains. Now ordinarily one pilot goes all the way from Cleveland to New York. But he is only going as far as Bellefonte and then turn the same plane over to another pilot.

Well, when we get here, this other pilot knew it was so bad he wouldn't take a chance in another plane; he wanted his own. They are all alike, but naturally they all have their special planes they are used to, and I am glad to see him ask to have all the mail changed over into his own. It will not only help his presence of mind but extricate me from an embarrassing physical position.

This was Pilot Thomas Nelson. It was drizzling rain and the worst part of the mountains were to be gone over. It's getting late in the evening but not dark yet; the clouds are low. This field is in a kind of a valley; you couldent see the tops of the mountains for the clouds.

Well, we got up among them. Mountains and clouds and peaks all looked alike. We had been going mebbe an hour, mebbe a little less. 'Course I dident know anything about it; we might have been headed for Claremore, Oklahoma, for all I knew. I knew we were turning and twisting around a good deal; you couldent see anything or tell anything up there. Then I noticed he dropped down into a valley, a kind of a long narrow valley, and he started circling it. I knew then that he was looking for a place to light. It was pretty hilly. There was lots of prosperous old farmhouses but very few fields of any length. Everything was cut up with fences.

Finally he circled one place three or four times very low and he was getting the exact lay of the ground. It was raining hard now and getting pretty late—almost dark. He finally made his decision, made his last circle and dropped low, just missed the top of one fence so he could light as soon after passing it as possible, and he set her down. It had been raining there days steady and the ground was very soft, which helped to slow him up. He had a big load too. Then the ground was kinder uphill. He made as fine a landing as you could make at Mitchel Field, and stopped her a few yards from a wire fence.

I was kinder disappointed it come down so nice. I was just sitting there looking at all that mail around me. If it had tipped over on its nose, I was just thinking what a lot of fun they would have had picking air-mail stamps out of me. The letters would have been imprinted all over me. They would have had to send me around to the various addresses and let the people read me.

I dident know exactly what was the matter. He said when we stopped that he dident know just where we were—that we were off our course—and it looked so bad up there that he was afraid risking going into the night, off the lighted course.

Now there is just an example of what I told you about these fellows—they know what to do, and they don't take any chances. Had he been on his course, he would perhaps have gone on. But off it and dark coming and no lights, he had my whole indorsement in landing; and while he hadent landed in New York, he had landed. I was just on the verge of getting sick again anyway.

Well, he started over toward the nearest farmhouse. But, Lord, he dident need to. Here come people that hadent ventured out in the rain in three days over into this field where we had landed. He was about thirty miles south of his course, not so far from—I think it was the town of Beaver Falls—not Beaver Falls, New York, but Pennsylvania.

The wheels were away down in the mud and he said he dident think he could take off and get out of there anyway, so he advised me if I was in a hurry to go to the nearest railroad and go on to New York.

Well, by this time the Pennsylvania farmers were just thick; they all was mighty pleasant and nice, and wanted to do anything they could. If it had been lots of farmers they would have wanted us to take the thing out of there and give 'em relief. One said he lived right near and would drive me about twenty-five miles to some junction not far from Harrisburg, where I could catch a through train that would take me direct to New York. There was railroads nearer, but not the main line.

I hated to leave this old Kid, he was just a young fellow. But he said he would get them to bring him a truck and take the mail in to the nearest station and send it on by train, then phone Bellefonte and they would come early in the morning and help him get out. With no load, he thought he could make it.

Well, the farmer had a nice closed car and the rain dident matter. The fancy flying suit of mine had kept me dry, and the rain had washed some of the odor from it. I went by his house and while he was getting ready to take me to town, I went back in the kitchen by the stove. They was just gettin' supper ready. It seemed like old times on an old ranch back in Oklahoma.

I never saw as many things cooking at once. Believe me, those people sure do live back there. It was an old brick farmhouse over 100 years old, and the barn older, he said, than that. Those things cooking did smell so good, but my eating was over for that trip. I could still feel that Aeroplane dropping out from under me.

On the way in I asked him all about how they farmed and what they raised and how much the land was worth, and then I asked him if there was any Pennsylvania Dutch around there; that I had always heard of them and wanted to see some. It would have been like him landing in Oklahoma accidentally and wanting to see some Indians. He said there was a few here—that all that was around that car was of that breed. I says, why, they looked all right, and they talked pretty good English—that is as well as I could judge.

He said, "I am one."

Well, here I was with a Pennsylvania Dutchman and dident know it. He told me the old-timers do talk their language yet. They are great people and I liked the way they lived. I want to stop in there and stay a while again some time when I am feeling better.

Well, we got to the station and a through train come along pretty soon and landed in New York around midnight. If all had gone well and we hadent run into this bad storm, I would have landed at the field in Jersey at 5:30 in the evening and been in New York in time

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"Well, Some People Just Don't Take to Progress Even When It's Brought Right to 'Em," Said Another of the Group

Can't Keep a Good Man Down

And Then the Pursuers Arrived, Hot on the Scent and Snarling: "This is Our Dish! We Seen Him First!"

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

BLACK swamps, and raining pitchforks and saw logs.

"Say, what're those little lights away up, pa?" demanded Junior, with his nose flattened against the car window.

"Those're oil wells, son. We're pretty near there."

They got off the 7:30 at ten minutes to nine and a rush of passengers swept them apart along the miry platform. Then they became jammed in the surge of the crowd headed the other way. A great steady booming as of a chained monster somewhere in the night; around them wisps of steam from soaked clothing, slickers glistening under the station lamps.

"Do you see him, pa? Do you see him?"

"No, not yet. No, I don't see him. That's right funny—I don't see him."

"Maybe he ain't here."

"Why, of course he's here. I told him to be here. Of course he's here—he's bound to be here."

They butted cross currents until they reached the waiting automobiles and wagons. Men were piling into them as fast as they could scramble. If one hesitated a split second he was out of luck and left cussing. Even while Mr. Roundtree was scanning the layout, it thinned to four or five cars and two wagons, then to two cars and one wagon. He started forward, and there remained only a mule team.

From somewhere behind the dripping animals a voice bawled, "Say, you-all don't happen to be Mr. Coston, do you?"

"No, we're not," Uncle Zed answered. "Not exactly. Where you going?"

"Giddap," said the voice. "Hell's bells, all this way for nothin'! Well, that's the way it goes."

And now the station was deserted except for a couple of baggage smashers trundling stuff.

"There, he's gone. Now what'll we do, pa?"

"Why, he must be here. He's just naturally bound to be here. I told him to meet us sure. He must be here."

"Well, he ain't. You can see that for yourself."

True enough, his dad could see that for himself. Running parallel to the depot was the main street of the oil town, a cesspool of mud and water three feet deep in spots—nothing there but an ox team struggling toward the crossing over the railroad. At one point only their backs and heads and horns were visible, but presently they came out with a whoof and swayed laboriously up the grade.

"What do you reckon that smell is? Gosh-amighty!" exclaimed Mr. Roundtree in a peevish and suspicious tone.

"It's that muck, ain't it, pa?"

"Maybe it is. Whew! Yes, maybe it is."

A reek like that of a garbage dump buffeted them between the eyes. It did not appear to bother the citizenry, however. On the far shore of the muck the town blazed with lights, and roughnecks and drifters and lease hounds and gamblers and merchants and thugs and farmers slopped cheerily along the narrow sidewalk. A bedlam of noise; always that terrible booming of a gas well running wild; slot pianos tinkling and crashing; a merry-go-round in full blast under a canvas top; the sharp crack of rifles in shooting galleries; barkers whooping; a joyous bay of "Well, if it ain't ol' Zach! Put her there, you ol' ——!" Barrel-houses wide open to the street, their dance floors shining like glass. It was still too early for the fun to start, but the orchestras were tuning up and the head men making ready for the night. As Junior and his pa hesitated, the musicians in one hall opened a bottle and all took a snort; next door they saw the big blond bouncer talking to a group of girls dressed in ballet skirts and spangles; and from the portals of the Happy Retreat floated the strains of Sometimes I Love You, Sometimes I Hate You. This was a favorite piece with Shoestring Sal.

"Well, what'll we do now, pa?"

"Will you leave me alone and quit pestering me? Dogone, I ain't to blame if he don't have enough sense to do what he's told, am I?"

"But what'll we do, pa? What'll we do?"

"We'll walk—that's what we'll do."

"How far is this here farm?"

"It's a fur piece. You bet it is."

"I'm hongry," said Junior.

"That's not a bad idea, neither. So'm I. I tell you what let's do, son; let's go eat before we start out. Maybe we can find somebody to drive us over."

They crossed the road on some teetering planks and entered Beefsteak Charlie's joint. There were only two other customers in the place, young men with caps and round haircuts, and they seemed to be merely passing the time.

"Ham and," Uncle Zed ordered, with a man-of-the-world air. "And a cup hot coffee, too, fella. Make it snappy, will you?"

"Comin' up, ol'-timer. Does the kid want the same?"

"Sure," piped the kid.

"You can have some of mine," said his father.

"Yeh, I know how much I'd get. You've done that before. Fetch me the same as him," he shrilled.

When Uncle Zed paid his check he gave Charlie a whole quarter for tip and remarked complacently as he stuck a toothpick at an angle, "There's plenty more where that come from."

"Yeh?"

"You can bet your bottom dollar there is. I may not look it, but there's plenty more, and then some." And he squeezed the roll of bills in his pocket with loving pride. There was almost two hundred dollars in that roll—more money than Uncle Zed had ever before possessed at one time in his life.

"Looks don't mean nothing," Charlie remarked, regarding him with good-natured interest. "Naw, sir. Just because a guy looks like a bum, it don't signify a thing in the world out in the oil fields. Say, just for the fun of the thing, what business might you be in, brother?"

"Guess."

"Courthouse job?"

"How did you know?" demanded Uncle Zed, plainly disappointed.

"Well, I figured it was either that or maybe your wife run a boardin' house."

Uncle Zed pondered this a while and was still dubious about the compliment when they went out.

"Tarnation, pa!" exclaimed Junior as they stood on the sidewalk. "Why did you have to go and tell him all that?"

"All what?"

"About our money. What good does it do? It's just braggin'—you know it is."

Mr. Roundtree replied with dignity: "Your father knows what he's doing, son. Don't let your mother put ideas in your head."

"Well, anyhow, that don't settle how we're goin' to get out to that farm."

Whereupon Uncle Zed stuck his head inside the restaurant door to ask, "Where can I get a car or something to take us out of town a piece?"

"If you find anybody who'll take you out tonight, brother, it'll cost you a coupla hundred dollars or I'm a Dutchman," Charlie told him. "Yes, sir. They're all off to that Number 3 Turkey Gobbler strike."

"We'll walk," said Mr. Roundtree. "I won't pay no two hundred dollars to go no place. Let's go, son. It's only a mile or so if we stick to the railroad track, if I recollect right. All we got to do is keep on going and we're bound to fetch up at the north-pasture gate."

So they returned to the station and started east along the tracks. It was still pouring.

"You carry the suitcase, son, and I'll sort of go ahead and pick trail."

"Yeh, that's what I thought it would be. The minute you told me I could come along ——"

"I declare, if I haven't begotten the meanest, sorriest —— Somebody's got to do it, ain't they? Well? I know the way, don't I?"

"Do you?"

"Sure I know the way. Now you listen to me, boy. You try to get over that meanness in you. I know where

you get it from all right -you bet I do. She can't blame me for that."

"All right, go ahead and let's get somewhere."

Uncle Zed led the way, with Junior struggling along about a yard behind. The night vibrated to noises. Somewhere in the blackness the monster was still roaring; there was clank and thud of drills, coughing and chug-chug of engines. On their left stretched a swamp. Hundreds of gas torches flared amid the trees, with swarming black figures under the glare, and high against the sky line twinkled myriads of tiny stars—the lights on the crown blocks.

"Say, pa, two men're following of us. Step on it, pa!"

Mr. Roundtree glanced back and broke into an awkward lope. Junior did likewise, the suitcase banging against his legs. Suddenly two other men stepped out from behind some freight cars and his sire halted so abruptly that Junior crashed into him.

"Stick 'em up! Up—and keep 'em there!"

The automatic the hijacker stuck into Uncle Zed's ribs looked like a young cannon and his hands went so high that his armpits hurt.

"Hand over that suitcase, kid. All right, Al, go through him."

And then the pursuers arrived, hot on the scent and snarling: "This is our dish! We seen him first!"

"The hell you say!"

"Pipe down and beat it, you bimbos. No lousy drifters can cut in on ——"

The answer came from an automatic. One of the stickup artists dropped. Next instant the others jumped behind the freight cars and began cracking down.

Uncle Zed did not wait for the result. Something told him his offspring needed no supervision in this crisis and he fled without a word. He made good time, too, but Junior passed him as though he were anchored.

"Here!" the boy panted. "This road, pa! I can see somebody through the trees."

A wagon trail led away from the railroad into the swamp. They scudded along it until Mr. Roundtree thought he would burst; then he dropped to a walk, because a clearing came into view, as bright as day under gas torches, and in the clearing a bunch of men were working around a derrick.

"Gee gosh, I never knew you could run like that, pa! Gee!"

"I was afraid they might hurt you, son."

"Did you see that one guy fall? Do you think he was killed, pa? Do you think they killed him?"

"I sure hope so. But you can thank your stars your father kept his head, son."

Junior wanted to know why.

"Because if I hadn't, they'd have robbed us and maybe killed us. That's why. I saw right away it was no good to act ugly, and all we had to do was watch our chance and beat it. And what happened? Just what I figured would happen—those fellas behind picked a fight with the two in front and we got away with our money."

"Oh, so that was it! That was the reason, hey?"

His father burst out: "Well, I declare! Where's the suitcase?"

"I done throwed it away."

"You mean to say you threw away all our things?"

"Aw, gee, pa, I couldn't help it!"

"Why didn't you hand it to me? I'd have carried it. But here I go and trust you, and ——"

"I couldn't hand it to you. You were too far ahead when I started!"

Mr. Roundtree stopped and seemed to be debating something in his mind. "Well, I guess we'd best not go back for it," he decided, with the reluctance natural to a fightin' man. "Maybe we can find it tomorrow."

The drilling crew greeted them civilly, but displayed neither surprise nor much interest in their recital of the holdup.

"It's like there'll be a couple more stiffs to ship out on the 8:10 in the mornin'," remarked the driller. "I sure enough hope so. Some days they make a pile as high as your head on the platform. I wonder what becomes of all them stiffs anyhow?" This speculation appeared to afford agreeable mental stimulus to the man on the Kelly, and the two canvassed the possibilities for five minutes. At last the driller remembered the plight of the new arrivals and said, "Well, you can stay here for the night if you feel like it. We got some extra beds and you're welcome."

"That's mighty kind of you."

"Don't mention it," replied the driller, who was a very polite guy. "You go on over to the bunk house—it's just along this road a piece—and tell Jimmy I said to fix you up for the night."

They found half a dozen men playing cards in the bunk house. These men, too, seemed to regard the visitors' adventure as a minor matter of routine, and although they listened courteously and expressed opinions of hijackers that made a strong appeal to Mr. Roundtree, they neither interrupted their game nor volunteered any assistance in rounding up the criminals. One of them finally got up to show Uncle Zed and his boy their beds, but he did not tarry long.

"You go to sleep, son," said Mr. Roundtree. "I'm going back to talk to those gentlemen a minute. There's some things I want to find out."

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"I Figure She Ought to Fetch Every Cent of Fifty Thousand Dollars. Yes, Sir, I Couldn't Afford to Let Her Go for Less"

Saturday Night and No Beans

By FREEMAN TILDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

IT WAS taking boarders which it was the ruination of Jasper Tandy as a member of this here proletariat. Jasper was a sawyer down at the box factory, and as slick a hand on shooks as you ever see; but when Tom Wheelock and me come to board at the Tandy house, Jasp developed a hip trouble which it had been laying idle for years, and begun to work every other week. Then Walt Perrin was took in by Flora Tandy as a boarder, and Jasp got inflammation of the knee jint, he said, and quit the box factory and took in odd jobs that didn't require no hard work, such as acting as extry ballast on the road drag. Finally Bill Wigmore come to Tandy's to eat, and then Jasp begun to have heart attacks which prevented him from engaging in active things; so he set around down at Williams' store and played checkers and give advice to young men about making the best use of their time and such.

Ain't it funny what a little prosperity will do to some people? As long as Jasper Tandy was working down at the factory and paying his own way out of his envelope, he was like the ordinary run of fellers, and if he and Flora didn't git along as good as the average, nobody noticed nothing out of the way. But with this forty-eight dollars coming in stiddy, and Jasp not responsible for it, he went and got high-hat.

Jasp warn't ever much to look at, but then the Lord has provided that we don't any of us know our defecks any too well. So what should Jasp do but set out and beautify hisself. He begun to take particular notice of what kind of necktie would look good with a brown suit, and so forth, and instid of greasing his own boots, he spent a good deal of time sitting up on the bootblack's chair down to the hotel and advising the nigger polisher how to shine 'em good. He dropped in to the Clothing Emposium regular for a copy of What the Well-dressed Man is Wearing, and copied the styles as well as you can do on six dollars down and the rest on inconvenient payments.

Bill and Pansy Retired to Somewheres and No Doubt Had a Confidential Talk

You see, Jasp was the cashier over at his house, and if the job of cashier is to keep any money from gitting lost, strayed or stole, then Jasp was a natural-born treasurer. Every week, when we boys paid for our bait, Flora Tandy would look longing at that roll of bills which Jasp tucked into his vest pocket and patted down smooth, and she would say, "I saw some nice dresses the other day marked way down, Jasper dear."

Then Jasp would snort and rage like a wounded animal, and say, "Don't you go to gitting notional, Flora. These bargain sales are poppycock; and besides, what's the use of your dolling up, anyway, when you don't go nowheres?"

Flora was very mild mannered in them days, and always had been, and the most she would answer was:

"Well, how can a body go anywhere when she is tied down to the kitchen stove like I be, with a parcel of men to cook for which eats like truck horses?"

"Well, ain't that like wimmen?" Jasp would say, referring it to us boarders. "The more you do for 'em, the more they want."

Which we made no reply to, it being a fambly affair amongst the Tandys, but what we thought was a lot, because we couldn't remember that Jasp had done anything much for Flora. It was a shame the way that woman slaved, day in and day out, and no decent clothes to wear when she went down the street. The hat she wore made people run around corners so as not to laugh in her face. It was one of those hats that came in with the Florodora Sextorette and went out in the ash barrel. And the black dress she was gave by a city boarder back in 1910 had been took up and remodeled till it looked like one of these custom-wrecked cars out in back of the garage, which is laying waiting for another war to increase the price of junk.

And all the time Jasp was beautifying hisself and finding fault with the cost of living. I tell you, it made us boys sore, but we didn't dare do nothing, because Tandy's was the only decent boarding place in town, and if we got chucked out of there it would have meant eating at the Greek restaurant, which is the same as kissing your insides good-by and sending them up to the hospital for dissection in the intrust of science.

Mean? I'll say! You never know how mean a man can be till he comes into a lot of unearned implements. We boys which was getting good wages that winter, we four boarders, puts our heads together and privately decides that we will each give Flora Tandy fifty cents extry per week for herself, which we did so; but what did the poor fool woman do but tell Jasp about our generosity, and he took the money away from her, saying that he wasn't going to let his wife receive presents from unmarried men—which we boys was bachelors, you understand.

Well, when we boys heard that Jasp got the money, of course we quit giving it to Flora, which Jasp then raised the price of our board fifty cents a week apiece, owing to the high cost of porterhouse steak, he said; but I don't know how he knew what porterhouse cost, as he never bought none unless he et at the hotel, and then probably not.

Walt Perrin says to me, says he, "If there was any other place in this burg to board, I would take this here Jasp Tandy and rub his nose on his spine."

"Well," says I, "there ain't any other boarding place, so I guess his nose is safe. And anyway, it's none of our business how he treats his wife, particular as she seems to like it."

Another time Bill Wigmore says to me, "My hands has been itching terribly lately. What's good for them?"

"Sulphur and lard," I says, not knowing what he meant.

"I don't think that would do no good, Bob. I think the only way to cure that itch is to put them around Jasp Tandy's neck and twist the skunk's head off."

"And then instid of Flora's biscuits and punkin pies and baked beans and doughnuts and hermits and brown bread, and so forth, you will be eating Mexican goulash out of cans in some dump which don't except no responsibility for your hat and coat," says I.

A scared look come into Bill's face. I swear he went all white around his gills at the thought of it, because Bill was the best friend his stomach ever had and he thought more of eating than anything else in the world.

"I guess you're right," says Bill sadly. "The itch has all went out of my hands."

Jasp Already Has the Kitchen Littered Up With Cooking Utensils and Is Wondering How Flora Made the Fire Draw, or Whether the Wind Was Against It

"And besides, Bill," says I, philosophical, "you can't hurry these things none. Some day Flora may turn on this gink and give him the surprise of his useless life."

Little did I think how near I come to the truth about it. Flora was thinking all the whiles we was eating and sleeping. She never gave no evidence of thinking, but she just thunk and thunk, and when she got through thinking, she acted prompt. You may say it took her a heck of a long whiles to make up her mind, but I read in the paper the other day that it was ten million years before monkeys made up their minds whether to become human beans or remain monkeys, so Flora's decision was quick, comparative. And speaking of monkeys, maybe they decided if they become human beans they would still be monkeys, so they decided to save expenses and remain as was. This is a little joke of mine. I would explain it, but I want to tell you about what Flora did.

And my Godfrey, mister, let me tell you that Flora Tandy, whiles she was thinking, done a clean job of it! It warn't no ordinary thinking such as we most of us do. Most of us, when we think, thinks simple, like: "What'll I do tonight? Shall I go over to the picture house and see the Cowboy's Mad Pride, or shall I go down to the corner and watch the gals go by, or shall I drop round to the Odd Fellows and play pitch?" Flora's thinking wasn't nothing like that. It was like the thinking Napoleon did, which took in not only the Battle of Waterloo but what uncle he would put on the throne of Armenia after he beat the enemy, and what sort of uniform he would wear when he took a bow on getting the army home. This is what you may call includitious thinking—it includes a lot. This was what Flora done.

The first we knowed about Flora's thinking was on a Friday night when we got home to Tandys—me and Tom and Walt and Bill—and give a hitch to our belts and waited for the sweet and low call to come and get it. There warn't no call and there warn't nothing. There was nobody to home. Everything but the clock had stopped. We peeked into the dining room and saw the table all neat and clean, with the sugar bowl and the horse-radish mug in the middle, but no dishes laid out. It was so quiet it made you creepy. The wood fire in the kitchen had gone out, and instid of the smell of food, there was jist the smell of soap powder. Everything was tidy. Flora was a wonderful neat woman. She would follow a man round with a dustpan and brush up his feetprints, but she didn't nag him about it, like some women do.

Well, we boys sat down and waited, on the principle that if you sit down and wait long enough something will happen. And pretty soon something did. Jasper come in, looking as worried as a man which has indorsed a note. He was swell-dressed as usual, but in his excitement his new necktie had slipped around under his ear, which prevented his *ensemble*, as they say.

"Have you seen my wife?" cries Jasp, hoarse. We said we hadn't. Then Jasp drops into a chair and looks dull a kind of look which warn't no stranger to Jasp, but you couldn't tell him so. "She's gone!" he says. "She's gone!",

Any fool would of known that. But that was Jasp all over. He could tell you something you already knew, with more importance than a whippoorwill.

"Well, that being so," says Bill Wigmore, undiplomatic and hungry, "when do we eat?"

Jasp riz up off'n his chair as if he had set on a tack.

"Eat!" says he, in almost a scream. "You heartless loafer, what do you mean, eat? My wife is gone, God knows where, and maybe lying at this here minute at the bottom of a river or mangled by a passing ingine, you informous gormandizer, and all you think about is when do you eat! If you had a heart as big as a horsefly's eyeball, instid of asking when do you eat, you would be turning heaven and earth to find my poor wife, who has likely gone off her noodle, the way women do at her age of life sometimes!"

"Don't you tell me where I git off or I'll bend one of your ears into your hip pocket, you big cheese!" says Bill, infurious, gittin' ready to perform this operation, which we would have all been glad to see if there had been any other eating place in town.

But we held Bill off, and Walt says, "What's that writing sticking out from under the sugar bowl on the table, Jasp?"

Jasper Tandy made a lunge at it, read it and dropped it like a comic valentine. We all grabbed for it and read:

I have left for good. You needn't bother to look for me. I am going to my sister Grace tonight, and tomorrow night I shall be far away. I am sick of being the slave of a shiftless, miserly dude. I am sorry for the boys, because they are all right. But if they want good cooking, let them get married and support a wife the way they ought to. Your former wife,

FLORA TWOMBLEY.

"Hungry as I am, I don't blame her," says Bill Wigmore, snuffling. "Gosh, fellers, this is sad! This ornery cuss orter be hung. He has treated that woman vile."

"Well, have a heart. Jasp is on the rocks," says Walt. "This will be a lesson to him. He'll know how to treat his next wife."

Jasp wasn't saying anything except rocking back and forth on the edge of his chair and moaning, "She's gone! She's gone! After twenty years of happiness, she's gone!"

"Git up, you poor fish!" says Bill Wigmore, gittin' an idea all of a sudden. "Don't sit there like a undertaker Don't her sister live right here in town? Git over there and go down on your knees to Flora and tell her you're sorry for your treatment, and ask her to come home, because we boys are all friends of hers and will stand by her till hell freezes. Tell her we're kindling up a nice fire and setting the table for her, and me and Walt will wash the dishes for her after supper and then we'll all go to the pictures. Lay it on good and strong, Jasp, and show her you're sincere. That'll fetch her."

"I believe I'll do it," says Jasp, gittin' up. And then, all of a sudden straightening up, Jasp throws back his head proudly and says, "After all, what right has she to leave my bed and board? It's her sister which has allenated her affection. I could hale her into court for that and get heavy damages. I'll tell her so. I'll ——"

"Don't you be a bigger fool than necessary, Jasp," says I to him. "If you talk that way the damages will be all on you. You better play some soft music or we're all dished."

"Yes, you fish-eyed mutt," cries Bill Wigmore, "and it's us boys that we're thinking of, not you! You deserve to be left flat, you busted instep, but we boys is innocent of wrongdoing and is also left flat! And step along now or I'll flatten your head like you had fooled with some dropforgers."

"If Flora does come back, I won't have you in the house," says Jasp, giving Bill Wigmore an ugly look. "You can't board here no more. Your room is better than your company."

"Then we all walks out," says I to Jasp, "and in that case you better lay in some baker's bread, because your wife ain't coming back. She says in her letter she's sorry for us—not you."

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Jasp Wasn't Saying Anything Except Rocking Back and Forth on the Edge of His Chair and Moaning, "She's Gone! She's Gone! After Twenty Years of Happiness, She's Gone!"

Some Have Stopped Drinking

By EVANGELINE BOOTH

Commander Evangeline Booth

MY FATHER, General William Booth, started the Salvation Army standing on a soap box outside one of the blackest, most degraded and notorious saloons in the East End of London, pouring out denunciations of liquor but declaring deliverance for its victims.

His followers, in carrying on warfare against sin and poverty, always have found their frontier most clearly defined at the doors of saloons.

Therefore, of all welfare workers, none are in closer touch with those who were the victims of alcohol than the rank and file of the Salvation Army.

What do they say of prohibition? What are its accomplishments as seen by the members of this social salvage corps?

New Settlement Work Being Done on the East Side of New York

Applications for relief in our slum settlements are reduced 50 per cent. There has been a significant decrease of mortality among young children. It used to be a common thing for reports to reach us of babies killed through the unconscious actions of drunken parents, but not one such report has reached us during the past year. Our women officers, responsible for rescue work, bear testimony that their problems are simplified greatly now that the drink factor is largely eliminated. Wine-room or saloon-parlor seductions are rarely found. Our industrial-home managers bear witness that the old type of spineless, alcohol-soaked man is now phenomenal. Our relief department and labor bureaus contribute the same kind of evidence, and every phase of Salvation Army activity unites in extolling the prohibition law as beneficent in its results beyond all measure.

With Money in Their Pockets

SINCE prohibition, many of the inmates of our industrial homes who, previous to its advent, could not carry fifty cents overnight, now have banking accounts. In eleven of our eighty-eight institutions of this character, a recent study showed, 166 men had saved $6800, an average of $41 per man, and these are men who could not have carried twenty-five cents past the first saloon they met. No amount of national prosperity could account for this growth of will power, of manhood

No one, it seems to me, can face these facts without agreeing that great advance has been made. Perhaps not all the advance we had hoped, and perhaps not all the advance that might have been made if some in this country had helped as they ought; but from the condition of things in the nation, street and home under pre-prohibition times, to the condition of today, as seen by Salvation Army workers, advance unmistakable and encouraging has been made.

The Bowery, which remains, as for long years in the past, the refuge of a large percentage of the shiftless, the thwarted, the disillusioned and the spiritless among the male population of New York City, is a good place to take soundings.

As the bony carcasses of dead creatures of the deep sink to the floor of the ocean, so did those men who were almost entirely without a sense of responsibility to others finally come down to the Bowery, where there were a multitude of institutions waiting to fix these fresh victims in its slime.

Before prohibition there were eight licensed saloons to be counted in every block of the Bowery, besides many unlicensed speak-easies, brothels, frightful dance halls, murderous dives of every variety. There men indulged themselves in whatever form of depravity for which they might have an appetite. Shuffling along its pavements, one encountered thousands who were a perpetual challenge to that slogan of the Salvation Army which insists that a man may be down, but he's never out.

Cheap lodgings and cheap food are lures that hold many thousands of poor men in the Bowery today. They are the same men who would have been victims in the Bowery had conditions remained unchanged. There are beds for 14,000 in the lodging houses of that once ultra-wicked street, and one of those lodging houses is the Salvation Army Memorial Hotel, with 600 beds in its ten stories. Throughout the winter all those beds are occupied.

An old man goes to that lodging house every morning from a comfortable home in another quarter of the city. He is a retired clothing manufacturer of Rochester, New York—a rich man, it is said; but seven days a week he stands there just inside the door of the Bowery hotel and acts as a valet for his fellow men—not merely for those thrifty ones who have the price of a bed but for any man in that multitude of shuffling humanity. Some days they stand in line so that he may inspect their clothing. On the coat of one this Samaritan may detect the need of a button and he sews that button in place; if one comes whose trousers need patching he skillfully applies the patch; if another is shivering for want of underwear he finds such garments in a pile at his side. If you should ask that snowy-haired old man why he stands in that place and serves those ragged men, he would point to the wall at his back, where there is painted a legend that reads:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

A Different Generation

ONE of our people asked this old gentleman recently about the condition of those men who file past him all day long and receive his ministrations. We wished to know if a considerable proportion of them appeared to him to be addicted to drink. "No," he replied, "the drunkards are few. The most of them are afflicted in otherways. None of the young men are drunkards; it is the old fellows who still drink. Prohibition did not cure their appetite for alcohol."

I know that he could not have made such an answer in the days before prohibition, because the exceptional habitué of the Bowery in the old days was the sober man, and the drunkards were both young and old. The Salvationist in command of that social reconstruction enterprise was familiar with the Bowery when the count showed eight saloons to the block. Recently he made a count of the speak-easies and discovered that there were about fifteen within a mile, dingy places the customers of which pass into a stupor within twenty minutes or half an hour after they begin to drink the chemical fluid that is poured into their glasses from white china pitchers kept under the bar. Practically all the customers, he reported, were old men who attempt to satisfy old cravings with the synthetic poisons purveyed in those dens. In his report, this official of our Army stated:

"We seldom see a young drunkard among the homeless men on the Bowery. We do what we can for the old rummies, for the ones whose appetites took possession of their decent instincts before prohibition."

I am convinced that there is no part of the United States that has not been improved by the prohibition law. The year before the war broke out in Europe the same officer who made this report on Bowery conditions was stationed in Jersey City, where there were 1200 saloons, across the bars of which on a Saturday night 85,000 men would be squandering their week's wages. In doorways, on the sidewalks, in gutters, as the night wore on, were to be seen helpless men and women. These were not homeless people. They were American workers and the money they had squandered, we of the Salvation Army knew, was money needed for the food, clothing and shelter of their poor families.

That officer, who was then an adjutant of our forces, conceived a plan for shielding the collapsed drunkards from the thieves who hunted them as mercilessly as wolves. He made half a dozen stretchers like those that are carried

in ambulances and sent out men in pairs to pick up the drunkards. They were followed by a wagon into which they placed the sodden specimens of humanity as fast as they retrieved them from alleys, gutters and hallways. Some nights—usually Saturdays, which by a cruel coincidence were also pay days—those stretcher bearers of our Army brought twenty-five or thirty men and women to the headquarters. There hot coffee was given to them until they were sobered. For those who could not be sobered there were cots. How short are the memories people have! In what industrial center of America does anything of that sort occur today?

Let me ask you to step back in memory to those days when the doors of saloons swung wide. There were Boweries then in every city in the land. There was Whisky Row in Packingtown, behind the stockyards in Chicago, where lived the families of swarms of employes of the meat packers. About fifteen saloons of the old Whisky Row have given place to the splendid Packingtown Day Nursery. Drug stores, barber shops and automobile salesrooms have entered into other vacated saloon quarters. Elsewhere in saloon centers in Chicago a decent woman might not appear on the streets without incurring serious risks. Anything might have happened to her. I do not believe there is such a street anywhere in Chicago today, although I know, of course, that vice has not disappeared; only it is not so bold as it was before prohibition.

"The Bowery! The Bowery!"

The Metamorphosis of a Saloon

IN THE old days the back-of-the-yards district in Chicago had its Bucket of Blood saloons and worse places, its woeful women and terrified children. Today the child of the most poverty-stricken family there is better dressed, according to our people, than were the majority of its inhabitants when the saloons were sucking in most of the money made by the fathers of those children.

In a village where I frequently go, and where everyone is known to me by name, I pass a general store which displays in its window gocarts and toys, and on the sidewalks barrels and boxes of green vegetables. It is a thriving establishment and its proprietor's evident intention of trying to merchandise so many articles that may be expected to bring joy to children gives me a breath-taking moment whenever I think of it. It dramatizes what has happened to America in an especially poignant fashion, because it is linked in my mind with a distressing scene I witnessed in front of that building one Christmas Eve.

Then the place was a saloon. I was coming from one of our celebrations and as I came abreast of this building something was happening in the gutter. A child, a girl of nine, was struggling with every fiber of her puny little frame to lift from the gutter the inert form of her father. He had been thrown out of the saloon when his money was gone.

In that same village the school principal used to appeal to me to do something for the children, next thing to babies, trying to puzzle out primary-grade sums of two plus two with their stomachs empty. Think of that, please, when you next wonder whether prohibition has accomplished anything. There are still hungry children in America, but not half so many.

One of my principal officers, an unimpeachable witness, said to me recently:

"In former days I usually had eight to ten drunken men in my meetings. Since prohibition came I have seen only two men so conditioned in all my meetings throughout the country. Commander, something has happened!"

Yes, something has happened. The drink-sodden wretch, who formerly was the despair of the law and almost the despair of the Gospel, is found in only rare instances. Another of my officers, in Kentucky, tells of a mountaineer who said to him:

"Captain, six years ago I had no home, no possessions at all. My wife and children lived in poverty. Now I have built and paid for my house. I stay in the hot summer months on my lot by the river. We are living comfortably now because I am not giving my money to saloon keepers."

The superintendent of our slum-settlement work is my authority for stating that applications for relief are reduced 50 per cent. She says:

"The majority we now relieve are widows. The families in the districts we visit in all cities are better fed, better clothed and better housed."

New Times, New Manners

BECAUSE we no longer have such a great volume of emergency-relief problems caused by drinking parents, the Salvation Army has been able to expand its program for settlement work. We may do a social work now which was just as necessary in the years gone by, but which had to wait, because then everywhere we turned we encountered cases of distress urgent beyond words. There were children who were actually starving, not merely undernourished; there were children who were literally freezing for want of clothing, not merely ragged; there were women dying from neglect, not merely unhappy.

The Bowery Hotel for Men

On the Bowery in the Old Days

In one of the large cities of the East we have recently completed a splendid settlement house that contains a gymnasium, a swimming pool, a library and a model apartment where little girls are taught housekeeping. We had neither time nor money for such concerns when a flood of alcohol was destroying more homes every year than were swept away in recent months by the Mississippi River going out of its banks.

Of course there is poverty in America, but it is not the same kind of poverty; and our workers who are trying to relieve it are never hopeless, although I confess now that there were times in the old days when we marveled at our own courage in daring to cope with an evil of such magnitude, with an enemy so insidious and so powerful. And today, thanks to prohibition, the Salvation Army has the time to improve the table manners of slum children.

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U S

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE Wildcat was losing ground in his ration race. "Us kain't somehow ketch up wid my rations befo' it's time fo' anotheh meal."

Unattainable meals seemed to stretch from where he was at, clear into an obstacle race which terminated at a tombstone. "Us got too much vision. Whut us needs to do is to let Lady Luck handle dis tomorrow bizness. Dog-gone dis New Yawk town ennyhow. Seems like nobody cares nuthin' about does a boy demise in dis place. Jus' as ruther let him starve as not."

"Whut you needs to do, Wilecat," a hardened Harlemite advised the moping victim of Lady Luck's negligence, "is to git a education. Knowledge is power."

"Got me one, but it don't fit dis town. Gimme vittles an' I got power."

"I mean, you kain't even spell," the adviser continued. "Kain't even read street signs. Learn to spell an' de easiest thing in de world is to git a job drivin' a autobeel fo' some rich man. Den you sees de end of yo' troubles."

"You means de front end. 'Sides dat, all de autobeels us eveh driv run on gas. Neveh seed one git very agile on alphabet soup."

"Whut's de use of drivin' even on gas, 'less you knows whah at you gwine? Git yo'self a tutor an' learn to spell words. Dey's on'y twenty-six letters in de entire American alphabet."

"Knows my letters all right, but us kain't seem to 'range 'em so dey means conversation. . . . Whut is dis tooter you referred at? Looks like somebody gwine to bugle taps oveh me soon enuff widout no pussonal tooter. Whut I needs is a cook fluttering oveh his raw material."

"Tutor is somebody whut teaches you to spell mighty sudden."

"Needs somebody to teach me to spell mighty cheap."

"Tutors work cheap. Some works on credit. Like as not fo' five dollahs you gits lessons enuff so you kin read enny sign in New Yawk."

"All You Does Is Do Whut I Tells You, an' When de Clouds Roll Away, de Fust Thing a Admirin' Multitude Sees Is You, Tryin' on de Crown of Victry Some Place in San Francisco"

Too discouraged to resist advice, the Wildcat surrendered: "Boy, us does whut you says. Kinda lonesome ennyhow, wid my mascot goat pawned to de boardin' house away back in Chicago. Buys me five dollahs' wuth of tooter on credick an' mebby wid a spellin' education us kin build up financial an' 'cumulate my mascot. Feels mighty downtrod an' lonely right now. Seems like Lady Luck stayed in Chicago wid Lily."

The higher learning claimed another victim.

After the fourth round with education—"Wilecat, yo' lesson today will be animal spellin'."

"Tooter, I knows animals mighty good. Which one does you want spelled?"

"Well, spell rattlesnake, fo' instance."

"Rattlety-rattle—snakey-snake—rattlesnake."

"Spell me de biggest bird whut is. Spell me ostrich."

"O-s, os, rich—dat's osrich. Dere you is!"

"Dog-gone, Wilecat, you is gittin' along real good! Spell me de biggest animal whut is, an' you graduates f'm animals."

"L fo' ella—fump, ella-fump. Dat's dat, wid de trunk in front."

The Wildcat's tutor yawned loudly and at length. The yawn terminated in a loud laugh.

"Tooter, whut you laffin' at?"

"Nuthin'—'cept I neveh seed me so much mental idiocity in one skull."

The Wildcat frowned; then, ignoring the spirit of his teacher's criticism—"Whut dat big word mean? Tooter, how you spell it?"

"Lemme see now—nemmine—you takes up dat word in a mo' simple form. Fits you betteh. Idiocy is de word fo' you."

"Spell it an' us follers you."

"I-d ——"

"Us got de idee—go ahead spellin' dat word like us told you."

"I-d-i-o ——"

"Nemmine whut you owe. Whut dat got to do wid spellin'? Us got a idee whut you owe, but why bust up de middle of my spellin' wid 'rithmetick 'bout yo' debts?"

"Dem is letters! Shut up whilst I speaks yo' lesson. . . . I-d-i-o-c-y!"

Humbly, "Kain't say us does."

"Does whut?" Annoyance marked the tutor's tone.

"See why you owe, wid so much easy money comin' in fo' dis foolishness. Told you once whut you owed ain't got nuthin' to do wid my spellin' education. . . . Tooter, toot yo' recall. You's fired! Us owes you two dollahs, an' f'm now on de less education us gits, de mo' knowledge us knows. All yo' kind of education does is bumble my brain. On yo' way!"

Other subjects filled the Wildcat's mind. Room rent—that was one question; but it was secondary to one of far greater importance—rations. One little old can of sardines made a mighty slippery foundation on which to build a prosperous career.

"Dem li'l fish couldn't even swim two days, let alone nutrish me dat long. Looks like dis town gwine to trod us down mighty soon 'less some miracle happens."

Unknown to the Wildcat, something was happening. In this darkest hour a summons from Lady Luck was being relayed by Pullman porters from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico:

"If you run onto dat Wilecat enny place, tell him Honeytone Boone's got some money fo' him in New Yawk whut somebody died an' left him."

It took twenty-four hours for the news to reach the Wildcat's ears.

"No more credick," the rooming-house proprietor gruffly announced. "You owes me two days now—an' by de way, whut's yo' name? Who does I charge it up to?"

"Name Vitus Marsden, but folks calls me Wilecat. Us pays you some day."

"You mean to tell me you's de so-called Wilecat?"

"Sho' is, but us is mighty tame right now."

The hard proprietor turned soft on the instant. He held out his hand. "Wilecat, Ise glad to meet up wid you. . . . Ain't you heard de news?"

"Ain't heard me nuthin' but my stummick rumblin' S O S. Whut's de news?"

"Dey's a man three blocks up de street whut is been rampagin' round telegraftin' fo' you an' advertisin' in de papehs fo' goin' on a week. You kin find him at Henry's place right now."

"Whut he want?"

"Kain't say de exack details, but somebody is left you some money wid de man."

"Whut's de man's name an' whah at is he?"

"Up at Henry's place at Numbeh fo'-fifty-six on dis same street. Man's name Honeytone Boone."

The pink balloon of hope bust right in the Wildcat's face.

"Dat Honeytone ain't gwine to boon me wid nuthin'. Us goes along to see him ennyhow. Mighty glad to see ennybody us knows, no matteh how much it has cost to know him."

Encountering Honeytone, the latter seemed genuinely glad to see the Wildcat.

"Boy, you know how much money Ise spent tryin' to find you?"

"Honeytone, us don't, but had you mentioned it, us could of saved dat expense to eat on. I knowed right whah us was all de time."

"Whah at was you?"

"Right whah us is now—on de edge of starvation, an' dat means de fur edge."

"Come along an' lissen whilst you eats. I got me enuff cash so you ain't got to worry none 'bout rations nor nuthin' else. Befo' dis projeck gits done us both gwine to have mo' money dan us is had fo' a year. By the way, whah at is Demmy?"

"Demmy's in Chicago at de boardin' house whah my mascot goat is pawned."

"I telegrafts fo' him right afteh you eats. . . . Here's de best lunch room you eveh saw. Step right in an' surround a meal whilst I splains my plan."

"Don't botheh me none wid talk fo' de next five minnits, Honeytone. Stand well back an' help de cashier keep us wid his music whilst us desecrates dis li'l ol' lunch house."

Steak and pie and eggs. Only six pork chops in the place. "Nemmine—git me anotheh steak ready afteh I eats dem eggs. Cut me a couple mo' of dem pies. Hurry up wid six mo' eggs. Slice me up anotheh loaf of bread an' gimme about a quart mo' gravy."

When another eating record had been broken—"Come along, Wilecat, whilst us telegrafts Demmy," Honeytone resumed. "Walk gentle on yo' feet. You mighty apt to

bust like a ripe punkin if you steps too heavy wid all dem meals in you."

At the telegraph office, when Demmy had been summoned with a glittering prospectus and expense money for his trip from Chicago to New York -"Honeytone, my ears is gittin' loose enuff to hear about dis projeck us is beginnin'. Whut scheme has you skum?"

"Nemmine now, come along to de hotel. Dis scheme mighty confidential." In the seclusion of his hotel room, Honeytone confided in his companion: "Wilecat, fust off dey is a progressive colored group around Sam Francisco whut is known as de Sunkist Vision Club. Dey says: 'Whereas de white folks is agglomerated de aviation honors, an' whereas de Sunkist Vision Club don't take dey hats off to nobody when it comes to flyin' onward an' upward to civick progress, an' whereas de colored race contains some of de best would-be aviators in de world, be it resolved dat a gran' prize of five thousan' dollahs is heahby offered fo' de fust colored aviator whut flies f'm coast to coast.'" Honeytone beamed. "Wilecat, think of dat—five thousan' dollahs! How dat hit you?"

"Honeytone, while you is at it, as fur as us is concerned, make it five millium. Gazin' deeply into my past, present an' future, us sees no signs of pussonal aviation in no airplane. De fust flyin' us aims to do is angelic wid my own wings. Until dey sprouts, ennybody lookin' fo' me kin find me wid at least one foot touchin' de ground."

"I admires yo' precaution, Wilecat. You an' me is of one mind on de subjeck of infringin' on de traffick rights of our li'l feathered friends. Howeveh, I will state dat I is took advantage of a recent auction sale of slightly shopworn airplanes sold by de Army at various towns includin' New Yawk an' Sam Francisco. At de present moment I owns enuff 'quipment, including one parachute, to qualify as yo' backer in dis race f'm coast to coast. I may add dat in spite of whut you now thinks you will soon stand fo'th in de gaze of a admirin' mob in Sam Francisco as de pilot of de Soul of Africa!"

"Honeytone, fo' once in yo' life you is went crazy. Whut you needs is a tooter."

The Wildcat looked uneasily toward the door. He realized that as usual Honeytone's glad tidings were coming C. O. D.

"As a man thinketh, so kin he pufform." Honeytone smiled. "All you got to do is to be sure you is right, an' you is bound to win dis race."

"Honeytone, us is mo' dan sure dat as fur as us is concerned dey ain't gwine to be no race."

"Wilecat, dat's de main point. Widout knowin' it, you might of set fo'th a morsel of truth. Mebby you jus' kain't exackly call it a race. All you does is do whut I tells you, an' when de clouds roll away, de fust thing a admirin' multitude sees is you, tryin' on de crown of vicktry some place in Sam Francisco, wid dis five-thousan'-dollah prize bein' paid oveh as a result of yo' tri-ump an' my brains. Lissen, boy, an' I gives you de keynote of yo' song of jubilee—an' remembeh dat lots of army airplanes kain't be told apart. I got two planes—one heah an' one in Sam Francisco—an' dey is twins!"

The Wildcat knitted his brow for a moment after the keynote had been sounded; and then, smiling broadly—"Hot dam, Honeytone, tell me whut us does next! Hurry up, big boy, an' set fo'th de rest of de program. Looks like Lady Luck is on her way wid dat five thousan' dollahs!"

Honeytone nodded his head. "'Lady Luck is not on'y on her way but she is right heah in our midst. Put on yo' hat an' come along whilst I shows you de Soul of Africa. Boy, widout takin' too many laurels fo' my own palpitatin' brow, I may say dat since I seen you last I is done some middlin' good airplane buyin' an' some fust-class figgerin'."

At the flying field where the Soul of Africa champed at the bit, later in the week, seeking publicity, the Wildcat and his backer submitted gracefully to cameras and interviewers. The Wildcat's reticence concerning his triumphs of the past in the field of aeronautics received favorable comment.

"Dat ace don't talk much 'bout whut he is done," Honeytone explained to the reporters. "He don't have to. White folks, standin' by dat U. S. plane whut he calls de Soul of Africa is a hero if you eveh seed one."

The hero, clad in a voluminous flying suit, wearing his helmet and his goggles, was at the moment leaning against the U. S. Soul of Africa and doing his best to annihilate the daily supply of lunch which Honeytone had provided.

"Look at him eat! I tell de world he needs stren'th fo' dis' comin' ordeal, an' he knows it. He's a ol' hand at dis bizness, an' once he begins flyin' he neveh bothehs hisself about takin' enny groceries wid him 'cept internal."

"Get him to make a statement about some of his worst crashes," one of the newspaper men requested.

"Nobody kin git him to talk on de eve of a heroic struggle wid de elements like he got to go th'ough. If I remembers right, he told me de wust crash he eveh had was ten years ago on de Front. Him an' his plane crashed on a ammunition dump an' it blew up f'm de shock. Dat hero sez de explosion would of blowed him back to a altitude futher dan he come down f'm, 'cept dat his parachute opened on de way up an' atopped him befo' he had riz mo' dan a couple of miles. He used de same parachute comin' down de second time," Honeytone explained. "It worked real good both ways, but he is been sort of loose-jointed eveh since. See how ajile he leans agin de Soul of Africa. . . . Nos-suh, nobody kin git him to talk. He's too modest."

The modest one munched his rations in the face of three clicking cameras.

"Please take your goggles off," one of the photographers requested. Without replying, the Wildcat shook his head.

"De ace is trainin' his eyes fo' night vision," Honeytone Boone explained, drifting over to keep a watchful eye on the hero. "Got to be able to read all dem thermometers an' clock things on de dashboard no matteh does de light go out or not." Then, to the Wildcat—"Well, Mistuh Ace, how does de weatheh strike you? Do you think you will take off today?" The Wildcat said no with some unnecessary vehemence. "Dat's dat. You's de soopreem law in dis race. Ennytime you cares to retire to yo' sanctimony in de city, yo' autobeel is waitin'."

"Us retires now," the Wildcat announced definitely.

"Ve'y well, Mistuh Ace, I has de honor to escort you to yo' autobeel. Does you think dey is a chance you makes de flight later on tonight?"

"Us does not," the ace returned.

"Dere you is, gents," Honeytone announced to the little group of spectators. "Ain't no use waitin' round heah no longer. When dat Us ace stops, nuthin' kin start him, an' when ol' Us starts nuthin' kin stop him dis side of de gran' an' glorious city of Sam Francisco, whah vicktry's crown an' five thousan' dollahs awaits dat nonstop hero th'ough de courtesy of de Sunkist Vision Club. I thank you."

An observer might have noted that the nonstop hero wore his aviation regalia from the flying field to Honeytone Boone's hotel room. Helmet, goggles and a big muffler concealed the Wildcat's head, and his hands were incased in thick gloves.

When Honeytone and his brunet hero got to the hotel they found a white man waiting for them.

"Yas-suh! Please, suh, come 'long to my official domicile, Mistuh Leffin'well," Honeytone invited, after the stranger had introduced himself. In the room, after the Wildcat had emerged from his suffocating disguise—"Dis is Mistuh Leffin'well," Honeytone explained, indicating the white man. "Mistuh Leffin'well gwine to 'range some

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"One False Step F'm Dat Boy Afteh Us Gits Dem Five Thousan' Sunkist Dollars an' I Radicates Him F'm Yalleh to Blood-Red"

CORAL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"It Was the Train," She Explained, Without Moving

NO ONE, Coral told herself, gave better parties than Crosby Bishop. There was, of course, no reason why he shouldn't: he had a marvelous place, an apartment of two complete floors, high above Park Avenue; he was as rich as possible; and—final perfection where parties were concerned—he was not married. Down the length of the room for dancing, a gallery was inclosed in glass; it was dimly lighted, the lights were hooded in blue; and outside, below, there was an amazing reach of New York at night. New York, Coral supposed, would still be there in the day. People were dancing—the music was simply incredible—others were walking in the gallery; but she was seated, resting, with Leighton Nichols. It was all exactly like Crosby's parties. He had everyone with any claim at all to notice—Leighton Nichols, for example. Coral studied him deliberately.

What she liked very much, what had really surprised her, was the fact that he was not impossibly handsome. He was good-looking, nothing more. He was, actually, better looking in reality than in moving pictures. Of course, his features were good; but, at the same time, they were vigorous. He wasn't pretty. He asked what she was thinking about. "You," she replied without hesitation; "you could very easily have been so much worse." He demanded, greatly engaged, what she meant. "If you don't know, you should," was all she would say. "But how do you mean—worse?" he insisted. "Are you surprised because my clothes are right? Didn't you think I'd know how to manage the forks?" She told him not to be ridiculous. "That wouldn't matter much to me," she explained. "It wouldn't," she added to herself. He proceeded: "Now you couldn't be better.

"You have no idea," Leighton Nichols assured her, "how happy I am to know you. I'll be even more honest. I'm glad just to have an opportunity to meet you. Pictures did that for me and I'm grateful." Coral was vaguely uncomfortable. She hated all forms of self-apology. "That is true," he declared. "Just think, only five years ago I was playing the three-a-day in Texas. Sometimes I got paid, but mostly not. When I did, it made no difference. I had a piece of a room with some other actors. I used to press my one suit at night. Miss Mery, I didn't own a thing but that suit. I went around sometimes without a shirt under my coat—five years ago." He was silent for a minute. "Do you wonder I'm pleased to meet you, to be here with you? It was pictures."

He was, it had turned out, very interesting and she told him so. "I like all that," she went on; "and now I'll tell you what I meant. It wasn't much. You are not too good-looking. I couldn't have borne it if you were—not possibly." He replied instantly: "It isn't what I actually look like but how I photograph. I seem to do well enough on the screen. Yes, that is the important thing. But I will admit to you I am not easy to photograph. I have to have my own cameraman. Oh, always! When he is drunk, I just can't work. No chance. I couldn't afford to. It would be fatal." She interrupted him rather hurriedly. "And then," she said, "you don't talk about your public. At least, you haven't said it yet. I hope you won't." It was clear that Leighton Nichols was mystified. "Very well," he agreed, "if you don't like it. . . . You are a funny girl."

She grew more remote. "I haven't an idea what you mean. I am not supposed to be funny." What he meant, Nichols hastily added, was "different." "You are different," he specified. "You are not like the general run of shad. But then I have never met a girl just like you before. I know lots of society women," he informed her; "and you are a society girl ——" He stopped, obviously puzzled. "Oh," she replied easily, "I'm one of the most society girls there are—absolutely. Only I don't happen to like it. I'm stopping, really." He said he understood that perfectly. "You are serious," he said; "you prefer to read. Society is light, like champagne. You are like ——" She begged him not to say heavy like ale. "It always gives me a headache." Leighton Nichols was shocked. He protested. "I'd never thought of such an unbecoming thing," he assured her. "You are a funny girl. . . . Ale!" He laughed pleasantly. His teeth were marvelous.

"I can read you," Nichols proceeded; "I know you. I felt when I was holding your hand, when I met you, that I understood you, in spite of the chasm between us." She asked, "What chasm? This is not the Grand Canyon." He laughed again. "That was a good one—not at the Grand Canyon. What chasm! But that is a wonderful sight, Miss Mery. There are some wonderful shots. When I was there—I was only playing opposite Miss Ralston then—I had some stills made, on the edge of rocks, nothing underneath me. One was a hand stand. Miss Ralston couldn't bear to look at it."

"Neither could I," Coral declared at once. "I can't even bear to hear about it." She gazed at him coldly. He could only repeat that she was funny. Leighton Nichols was silent again. "He is annoyed," Coral reflected. She hoped he wasn't sensitive. She hated sensitive people. They were such a nuisance. They were worse than that—they were poisonous. However, "It's my peculiar humor," she explained. "A great many people think I am very disagreeable." Her admission obviously cheered him. "But of course you are not. How could that be? I've read all about you. You are in the papers too. I want you to know, Miss Mery, that I appreciate your confidence. It is sacred with me." She demanded, startled, what confidence. "About being sick of society. I am exactly like that. You must believe me when I say that success, even the greatest, is a bubble. It's hollow and not what people think. Now take me," Nichols said in a spirit of candor. "Take me," Leighton Nichols proceeded—"I am not what people think. I am not what my ——" He stopped abruptly. "Well, I'm different." In another second, Coral realized, he would have said his public. "I am serious. When I am alone I prefer to sit in my library. I'd rather read than go out. The masters—Stevenson and Mrs. Browning and Milton. I sit in my library, by the fire, until I have to leave for the studio. What could be better?—the great masters and an open fire, a velvet jacket with my pipe and Russian wolfhound."

"It would be better," she told him, "if you had an Irish wolfhound." He agreed at once, "I intend to get an Irish wolfhound, of course. I only had the other for a few days until they could find what I wanted." He was, she saw, serious. It was difficult to believe. Nichols returned to the masters. "I have a passion for Milton. He is so sonorous. Lycidas is a gem, and Tennyson's In Memoriam." He sighed. "I had been starved for beauty. I like that about my success—it brings me beauty. It brought me you." Coral said, "You might sing it." She was fitting a cigarette in a paper holder. Leighton Nichols brought out a lighter. "That is too wonderful!" Coral cried. It was platinum, with three bands of emeralds. "Do you like it?" he said. "Please, then, it is yours, if you will allow me. It isn't much." It was much, she contradicted him. "It's the loveliest lighter in the whole world." She studied him briefly. "Thank you. Yes, I want it a very great deal." She gave him hers, a small affair of mere gold with her name, Coral, on it.

"Why," Coral Mery wondered, "did I do that?" She was dancing with Arnold Jones. "What did you think of Nichols?" Arnold demanded. "I was just wondering," Coral admitted. "He likes Milton and Mrs. Browning and practically all the masters." Arnold replied stolidly, "The hell you say!"

Seated immediately across from Coral, at lunch in a drawing-room on a Philadelphia train, Leighton Nichols asked, "Where is it we're going?" Coral Mery, engaged with ham and eggs, said, "To Minnie Webb's. . . . Ham and eggs are miraculous," she added; "I can't think why I never have them. I can't imagine why no one ever has them. I only get them on trains." Nichols smiled at her indulgently. He poured some whisky from a gold flask into his glass of water. "Coral," he told her, "you have a strong character. You are a remarkable girl." She asked, "Because I stopped drinking? But I'm tired of talking about that. The explaining is more poisonous than drink. It simply destroys me." Their bags were piled in a corner.

"Minnie Webb," Nichols repeated. A sudden animation possessed him. "You don't mean Mrs. Jasper Webb, do you?" he demanded—"the sister of the Baroness von Merken!" Coral nodded indifferently. "Why not? They are relations." His animation became an actual excitement. "The Baroness von Merken is a very celebrated woman. She's one of the smartest people in Europe. Mrs. Jasper Webb ——" He collected himself and sat back with an expression of great contentment. Coral studied him curiously. He had a lot of impossible qualities and his fever about names was perhaps the worst. She was surprised at herself:

Coral was surprised to find herself taking Leighton Nichols to the Webbs'. She was amazed at being in a train with him. The explanation, of course, was that she liked him. Oh, very much indeed! She had always been attracted by the stage; the screen was practically the same, and Nichols was a famous moving-picture actor. More than that, he was regarded as the most intellectual actor in moving pictures. Leighton Nichols, she knew, had volunteered to play without salary in one of Ibsen's unpopular dramas. He was always selected, too, for the creation of the principal parts in stories of society. The dignity of moving pictures, Coral told herself, was preserved by him.

He wasn't, for one thing, too young; the gray in his hair was plain; there were faint ineffaceable marks of struggle at the corners of his mouth. Coral specially liked that. What, however, principally engaged her was his warmth of being, an extremely nice impetuosity. His voice and manner were eager, generous. All she took for granted, or failed completely to notice, enormously stirred him. He was splendid, in addition, about his success, his money. Nichols treated it in the light of an enormous piece of good luck. The money seemed to him to be magical gold. He spent it as though the supply were inexhaustible: when he bought candy, it was in baskets tied with yard on yard of remarkable ribbon. He sent flowers literally by the wagonload. When, at the Colony, he ordered dinner, Ernest himself, and two captains to take his order, were necessary. Special and elaborate dishes were prepared for him.

But it wasn't, Coral Mery told herself, nearly so bad as it seemed. His expensiveness was saved, made actually charming, by the honesty of his enjoyment and enthusiasm. No one who came in contact with Leighton Nichols could remain indifferent to his appealing manner. Certainly she couldn't, Coral realized. For one thing, he was entirely different from all the other men she knew: no one but Leighton Nichols actually complimented her. When they wanted to marry her, they said so in clipped or even humorous words. They even kissed her abruptly. Nichols, quite different, turned the most commonplace sentences into a warm, intimate admiration. He told her every five minutes that she was both wonderful and lovely. Coral recognized that she was not lovely; it was highly doubtful if she was wonderful; but, very privately, she was pleased.

There was still another fact that engaged her—Leighton Nichols very badly needed to be taken care of. His helplessness was remarkable. She was at least a million years older than he. He was, of course, robbed by everyone, from his servants to the man who had charge of his investments. He came to her with duplicate accounts, with impertinent demands and threatening offers. He was, secretly, in an endless confusion. His invitations alone made her gasp. Through with lunch, she returned to some mail she had brought from his car. "This is a scream." Coral looked up. "Do you know Freda Anning?" He didn't, Nichols assured her. "Well, she thinks it would be nice if you had dinner with her. It wouldn't. She writes poetry." But, he objected, he liked poetry. "And if she is a friend of yours ——" Coral paid no attention to him. "A man named Bader wants to sell you his set of the works of Paul de Kock. He says you can have it for five hundred dollars. The illustrations are on Japan paper. It seems that it's all about gay life in Paris." Leighton Nichols told her to put that aside. "I'll buy it," he said. "You will not," she contradicted him. "You are gay enough in America. I can't begin to think why you are such a fool. You don't want his books. Get books in a bookstore.

"Mrs. James Hess met you on a steamer last summer—the Rochambeau. Do you remember her?—and she is living at the Ritz. She just discovered you were East. Little Mary Bergstresser says you are her favorite actor and she wants a big colored picture of you like the ones outside the theaters. A Samuel Nichols in Detroit is your cousin and he is willing to come to New York if you'll send money for his fare. He has an idea for a picture that will burn up the world. A man in Montana has an idea for a picture that will make your fortune. Mrs. Sally Jules, in Jackson, Missouri, sent you a scenario last year and she thinks you must have stolen her idea. Here is a bill for work on your yacht—eleven thousand dollars."

"I just paid one of those," Nichols told her. "How much do you use it?" Coral asked. "Sometimes over Sunday," he admitted. "I'd like to go off by myself, but there are always a lot of friends ready. The last time I had to sleep forward with the crew." Coral announced, "You are going to sell it. It's simply absurd for you to have a yacht. You'd look ridiculous on one." Leighton Nichols was annoyed. "I don't know why you say that," he protested, "after my picture, Seabound." She hadn't seen Seabound. Coral didn't, she admitted, want to see it. "You would be ridiculous, and it's no use your getting cross at me. Tell your bank to sell your silly boat. . . . Here is something else—seven hundred dollars for a new beach for your pool. What was the matter with the old beach?" He supposed it was full of champagne corks and the ends of cigarettes.

"Don't read any more," he begged Coral. "Miss Waring will manage them." He moved to her side and held her hand. His hand was very vital. "You are so lovely," Nichols said. "Coral, you are wonderful. I don't know how I lived before I met you. I didn't. I didn't live then, Coral. You have made all the difference in the world to me. You are my world, Coral. Everything else is like a shadow." She was troubled. There was an acute and passionate need in his voice. When he was simple, he was almost irresistible. "You worry me," Coral admitted. "I really don't see how you get on at all. So many people lie to you and take advantage of you. I wish you were harder. It is so very much better. Like me." He whispered, "Can't you see how much I need you?"

"My dear," Minnie Webb said inattentively—"my dear, I think he is heavenly." She was occupied with her face and a remarkable mirror with a light and a reflector back of it. Coral said nothing. "He is mad about you too. I don't know how you do it, Coral. I really don't. You are attractive, of course, but are you attractive enough to account for the way men go on about you? This Mr. Nichols has seen all the women there are; most of them have been in love with him, yet you knock him cold. You quite do." Coral still made no reply. There wasn't much she could say, since it was evident that she had, in Minnie's words, knocked Leighton Nichols cold. The thing was, did she want him like that? Had he, in other

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"What Could be Better?—the Great Masters and an Open Fire, a Velvet Jacket With My Pipe and Russian Wolfhound"

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

By Sir Harry Lauder

DURING these concert tours we covered practically every large village and town in Scotland from the Solway Firth to John o' Groat's, with occasional excursions into the north of England. We had many amusing experiences, but if I were going to recount the complete history of the Lauder-Murdoch concert companies it would require a book to itself and would, after all, only interest Scottish people. But one or two stories occur to me as worth telling. My first visit to St. Andrews is brought vividly back to my mind as I write, because I have just been reading about Bobby Jones' astounding triumph in the British Open Golf Championship. Surely Bobby must be the greatest player that ever hit a golf ball plumb up the center! The next time I am in Atlanta I am going to give him a signed post card of myself!

Sir Harry and Neil Kenyon in a Comedy Golf Match

Well, Mac and I, having a few hours to spare at St. Andrews, decided that we must have a game of golf. We each borrowed a couple of rusty old clubs from the son of the landlady, and as I had found a handful of old gutta balls in a drawer in my room, we deemed our equipment complete. So down we strolled to the first tee. There were several couples waiting to tee off. As each successive pair hit their balls resounding whacks, Murdoch turned to me and said, "This game looks dead easy, Harry—just wasting a good walk."

When our turn came I went forward to the teeing ground, took two or three handfuls of sand out of the box and proceeded to make a mound like a pyramid, on the top of which I carefully placed a very dirty and debauched gutta ball. The man in the starter's box watched my operations with a cold, threatening eye, and just as I went up for my first stroke he demanded to know if I had paid my green fee.

"What's that?" I asked. I had never heard of green fees.

"A shilling each," was the snappy reply. "And you can't start off unless you've got a ticket."

A Hole in One

THIS information immediately cooled our ardor for golf, but we decided to go through with it even at this colossal expense. I didn't have a shilling on me. Twopence was all I could muster, but Mac had some money and paid for the two of us. So up again I went to my pyramid. Taking the biggest of the two clubs with which I was armed, I waggled it as I had seen the other golfers do, at the same time trying to recall the precepts I had imbibed when I was myself a caddie on Musselburgh links many years before. But again a stentorian voice exclaimed:

"You canna play an iron aff the first tee!"

I thought the man in the box was having a joke with me, so I winked at him and said, "Oh, yes, I can. Just you watch this!" With that I swiped at the ball. There was a sudden sandstorm and my ball whizzed past the starter's head right into his box. There were yells of laughter from a group of caddies hanging around, and even old Greig himself—starter at St. Andrews for countless years and a famous character the world over—could not refrain from joining in the merriment. But he was adamant against our playing irons off the first tee. So he came out of his box—evidently the most dangerous place with me in the vicinity—pitched my ball fifty yards down the course and ordered us off the teeing ground, adding: "Ye've paid yer green fees an' I canna stop ye frae the use o' the coorse—much as I wad like tae—but ye can sclaff awa' frae doon-by there."

He pointed to where he had flung my ball. Mac and I decided to accept his advice. But we only played one hole. Less than that, as a matter of fact, for I put my fifteenth shot into the Swilcan Burn and fell headlong into the mud in a vain effort to retrieve it.

Admiring the Five Medals Which Four-Year-Old Micky McBan, of California, Won in Aquatic Sports. Los Angeles, 1923

Spooks!

THAT was enough for me: we went home to the digs, firm in our conviction that the game was completely overrated, besides being far too dear! I would like to add that I have improved considerably since then, that I carry my clubs with me all over the globe and that nothing on this terrestrial sphere gives me half so much genuine pleasure as an occasional bogey and a still more occasional birdie!

My fiddler partner and I always tried to find rooms together wherever we went. Apart from being good friends, we thoroughly enjoyed, as I have already hinted, the sensation of counting up the takings after each concert. But occasionally circumstances compelled us to be separated. Once at Forfar I found solitary accommodation with a widow woman who was the most superstitious person I had ever met in my life. She was worse than my own mother who, after all, simply believed in second-sight, signs, portents and the like. But this landlady in Forfar went further. She believed in ghosts, supernatural happenings, visitations from evil spirits, death warnings and all the other adjuncts of the mysterious beyond. I hadn't been in her house ten minutes when she had me quite goosy by her tales, weird and impossible as they were. On my return from the Reid Hall after the performance she started again something after this fashion:

"Ye ken, Maister Lauder, I'm daein' wrang by haein' ye in this hoose an' I shouldna wonder if something dreadfu' happens either tae you or tae me. The last time I had a coupla actors livin' wi' me we had a visit frae the bad anes. Declare tae God! An' when the folks o' the Plaicie"—Forfar is known far and near as "the Plaicie"—"winna believe what I tell them, I jist bring them into this verra room and ask them tae look up at the ceilin'. There, dae ye see onything yersel'?" I looked up, and sure enough I could detect strange black markings which had only been partially obliterated by a new coating of whitewash.

"They look to me like feet marks," said I, trying to laugh the thing off. But the landlady's swift and entire agreement with my diagnosis completely upset me and gave me a cold feeling down the spine.

"Feet marks, says you." And she was off again full tilt: "Aye, an' naething else but! Hoo did they come there? Fleas can walk on a ceilin', but nae livin' body can dae it. But the deid can walk upside doon, an' them marks yer lookin' at this meenit were made by an ill speerit. I'll tell ye the story. Twa or three months ago I took in as lodgers a Glesca man caa'd Wee Harris an' his chum. They were traevelin' wi' a concert party jist as ye are yersel', and they had this identical room for three nichts. On the last nicht,

aboot five o'clock in the mornin', they let oot such yells an' skirls that I was waukened frae ma sleep an' cam' tae see fat a' the stushie was aboot.

"Wad ye credit it, Maister Lauder, but they swore somebody was walkin' on the ceilin' upside doon. 'Are ye drunk or daft?' says I to them, gey sharp-like, but by this time they had lichtit a caunle an' were starin' up at the roof wi' their een stickin' oot o' their heids like bools. Fan I followed thir example an' keekit up I was knockit a' ditthirie, for I declare tae God the ceilin' was covered ower wi' feet marks. At ainee I kent what it meant—it was a veesitation for haein' play actors under ma roof. So I ordered them tae the door there an' then, no stoppin' even tae chairge for their bed and board. I only hope tae God that naething like that happens this nicht." And solemnly shaking her head she retired to her bed in the kitchen.

Did I pass a peaceful evening in that room? I did not. I lay awake most of the night, and when I did dover ower, it was generally to jump up in bed with a violent start and listen for the slightest sound above me. I was up very early, paid my bill and cleared out of the haunted house. In the train going to Brechin an hour or two later I recounted my experience to Murdoch. He started to laugh.

"Oh," said he, "that's an old trick of the traveling acrobats in Scotland for getting free lodgings." He went on to explain that one of a couple living in the same room together blackens his feet at the fireplace, gets on his chum's shoulders upside down and so covers the ceiling with footprints. Then, after a good sleep, they scream the house down, and in the consternation and excitement which follow they make their escape without paying, leaving the poor landlady overcome with horror and dismay at the thought that her domicile has been marked down by the evil one. All the company had a fine laugh at my expense. But no one can say that I have ever objected to anybody having that at my expense!

A Room With Bath

WE ONCE struck Kilmarnock during the week of an agricultural show and we had the utmost difficulty in getting accommodation. Murdoch and I went all over the town asking for even a shakedown. "I've slept with a dog before now, Mac," I told my companion, "but I wouldn't be surprised if I had to sleep wi' a coo or a pig tonight!"

However, just as we were giving up hope, a lady householder promised to put us up somehow. She would think over the problem and be ready for us when we returned late in the evening. Right enough she ushered us into a small room with a bed made up in the corner. By the uncertain light of a tallow candle we undressed and slipped into bed, and as we were both very tired we soon fell asleep. By and by I was wakened by a persistent drip of water falling on my neck. Mac also wakened and complained that the roof was letting the rain in. Jumping up in bed with the intention of getting out and investigating, my head came in contact with a loose something swinging about. Without pausing to consider, I gave the thing a pull, whereupon both of us were drenched through and through with a downpour of water which seemed to come from the roof right above our heads. The landlady had made us up a bed on the bath and the cord I pulled controlled the spray four feet above the pillows!

Sir Harry and Will Morris, His American Agent, on the Deck of the Aquitania

Many and many a happy hour Mackenzie Murdoch and I spent together on our Scottish tours. After the first year or two we were established successes, and as Tom Vallance had relieved us of all the routine work, we had lots of time to improve our golf, to learn to fish, shoot and sail—all of which we did together. For my part, too, I had time to concentrate on new numbers, and whenever I hit upon an idea Mac was always willing to set my tunes to proper music. He perfected the melodies of many of the songs I am still singing and he orchestrated quite a number of them. He was a great violinist and a fine musician. Compared with men like Kreisler and Heifetz and a girl like Erika Morini, I suppose he would not have ranked highly, but he had the soul of Scottish fiddle music in him and I have never yet heard a violinist who could compare with him in his interpretation of our haunting national airs.

If I was sad, Mac and his fiddle could always make me glad; if I was cheery and blithesome, Mac and his fiddle could always make me dance for very joy.

Now he is dead. When the news of his passing reached me several years ago in California I had to lie down on my bed in the hotel and greet ma een oot. Murdoch never quite forgave me for parting company with him in our Scottish tours, but the fault was not mine—my English engagements became so numerous and, speaking for that time, so profitable, that I simply had to resign from the Lauder-Murdoch combination. Poor Mackenzie could not get anybody to take my place, and for many years afterward he had difficulty in earning the income to which his great talents entitled him. If there is a celestial orchestra in the Happy Land, I have no doubt my old friend Murdoch is drawing golden melody from his fiddle strings, and cheering the hearts of all the true Scots "up above."

Looking for New Fields to Conquer

IN BETWEEN the Scottish tours I was kept fairly busy with individual concert engagements and with frequent music-hall bookings over the border A really great success at Birkenhead, under the management of my very dear friend Dennis Clarke a white man in the variety business if ever there was one—set simmering in my mind the notion to try my luck a bit farther south—as far as London, I told myself. In Liverpool, Birkenhead, Newcastle, Carlisle and elsewhere in the north of England I had proved that I could get my material and my personality across the footlights, and I began to see no reason why I shouldn't have a cut at the metropolitan stage.

I was the more encouraged to do this by hearing from time to time at the Empire, Glasgow, some of the more preëminent of the London stars of the day. I went specially to the Empire and listened to men like George Leybourne, Harry Randall, James Fawn, George Lashwood and Gus Elen. But none of these stirred my artistic soul to its depths. They were all clever and talented in their own spheres. They were probably worth all the money they were drawing, although, to be perfectly frank, I had my doubts on this score.

Then one Monday evening I was in Glasgow fixing up a concert or two with J. C. Macdonald, when he said to me, "Harry, the one and only Dan Leno is at the Empire this week. Why not go down and have a look at him? Personally," added J. C., "I admire the little man immensely, but he is the type you can stand only once or twice in a season—at least that is how he affects me."

An hour later I was sitting in the pit of the Empire waiting for Dan Leno, the idol of London, to come on the stage. I had eyes and ears for nobody else on the bill, and when the wonderful little Dan rolled on with his "Shopwalker" song I watched every movement, every twist of the face, every raising and lowering of his eyelids, and I followed as best I could his quick Cockney patter. Immediately Leno's turn was over I left the building.

Going straight home I said to Nance, "I've a fortnight out, Nance, and I'm off to London tomorrow. If Dan Leno can get a hundred pounds a week for singing London songs in Glasgow, I can get at least twenty for singing Scotch comic songs in London. He's a good artiste, but I am equally as good in my own line."

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Sir Harry and Lady Lauder at Waterloo Station, London

THE GLORY OF KINGS

By Ben Ames Williams

Dave at Her Words Felt a Quick Clutch of Consternation. "Your Last Week?" He Repeated. "You Mean You're Quitting?"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

IX

BURDON TEMPLE held out his hand and Dave grasped it almost eagerly, and the older man said politely:

"You were not long gone."

"No. No, it hasn't been long," Dave agreed, and he added, "It seems a long time though."

Temple nodded and returned to his chair. "Sit down," he suggested. "I'm not at all busy this morning."

Dave took a seat at the end of the other man's desk. His eyes wandered everywhere but toward his father's countenance. He saw on the pad in front of his father the two filing envelopes which Miss Manter had brought in a few minutes before. They appeared thinly filled with papers, and Dave wondered inattentively what they contained.

Temple remarked, "You did not get down into New Mexico?"

"Why, no," Dave confessed. "No, I didn't."

The other nodded. "I am sending Irving to search out that matter," he explained, as though it were of small consequence.

"I—forgot it," Dave said lamely.

"Yes," Temple agreed. "I got your wire. It was a little vague."

His tone was inquiring, and Dave knew that this was his opportunity to make a beginning, but could not for the moment drive himself to do so. Instead he asked unsteadily:

"How's mother?"

"She's not been quite so well," the older man confessed. "We've had it very warm here, and hot weather always burdens her. I've been thinking I might take her north for a week or two."

"That's too bad," Dave remarked. "She has a hard time of it, doesn't she?"

"Yes," his father agreed. "Yes. But there seems to be nothing in particular that we can do."

"That's right," Dave assented.

"She'll be glad to see you," Temple told him. "I think she's missed you even more than she usually does. And of course she's always unhappy when you're away."

"Well," said Dave more stoutly, "I'm back now anyway."

The other looked at him. "Yes?" he prompted.

Dave hesitated, and he thought moodily that his father was not making the business easier. "I wired you I'd been to Black Hat," he said explosively.

"Why, yes," his father agreed. "Except that the message came 'Black Cat.'"

"I guess you knew what it meant, all right," Dave said accusingly.

"Why do you think so?" his father suggested in a level tone, and Dave felt a helpless anger at the other's composure. At the same time he found it difficult to meet Burdon Temple's steady eyes; was as oppressed with guilt as though it were his own sins with which they had to deal.

"I told you I had a message from Mrs. Roakes!" he retorted brutally; and he added, in a swift rush of words, "I talked to her, and to Jim Sookford too. They remembered you!"

His father's glance did not fall, yet Dave felt, without being able to analyze the impression, that the other had lowered his spiritual head; that, without any actual physical movement on his part, there had yet been a suggestion of submission, of abasement. The older man repeated after Dave the woman's name; not in inquiry, but like one who hears the confirmation of his fears.

"Mrs. Roakes," he echoed.

Dave had been near choking. He fought now for a steady tone. The very weakening of the other seemed to strengthen him, and he who had been tremulous, uncertain, whose pulse had pounded as though it would tear him apart, relaxed in his chair a little and drew a cigarette from his case and lighted it.

"Yes, sir," he said. And he added, "Of course you couldn't have had any notion I'd run into them. You thought I'd go on to New Mexico with Counce, but Counce is a fool. Forty-eight hours with him was enough for me. I couldn't stand the man."

"Counce has his limitations," Burdon Temple agreed, his lips bent in something faintly suggestive of a smile. "I've been deluged with messages from him since your—separation. He is a simple man. He can obey orders, but beyond that his initiative does not run. He has wired me a dozen times to ask what he shall do."

"Tell him to go on to New Mexico," Dave suggested. "Tell him there ought to be a place down there hot enough for him."

Burdon Temple ignored this remark. "After all," he pointed out, "Counce does not concern us now, Dave. I'm interested to hear what you have to say, what happened, where you've been, what you've done, and whom you've seen. I assume you came home to tell me."

"Yes," Dave agreed.

"Tell me then," his father said directly.

Dave swallowed hard and his jaw set defiantly. His father played a stiff game, inscrutable, waiting for him to show his hand. Dave thought defiantly, "Well, I can play a stiff game too." And he said:

"All right! If you want it plain!"

He hesitated, collecting his thoughts; and his father made no move.

"I got sick of Counce and his talk," Dave said at last. "He bragged all the time about how good he was. We had a stateroom, and he slept on the couch and I slept on the berth. He told me he was a light sleeper. He was warning me it wasn't any good to try to get away from him."

"His orders on that point were explicit," Burdon Temple agreed.

"And of course," Dave continued, "he carried the tickets and the money. In a wallet in his hip pocket. I saw it there!"

He paused, then met his father's steady eye and said resentfully, "You had laid it on pretty heavy when you talked to me. I was like a man who's had a cat-o'-nine-tails across his back. I was sore all over; and Counce snored; and one way and another, I didn't sleep much.

"The night after we left Denver I woke up and decided to go out and sit on the platform. It was hot and stuffy in the train. Counce had dropped his pocketbook on the floor while he was taking off his shoes, and never even noticed it was gone. I didn't tell him. I didn't have any notion of taking it, but I noticed it fall; and after I'd been sitting on the rear platform awhile it struck me it would be

a cinch to get off the train and get away. But I had no money, so I went in and picked up the pocketbook. I had pulled on my coat and pants over my pajamas, and my shoes."

The older man said gravely, "You must have been a little chilly at those altitudes."

"I tell you I hadn't any notion of ducking out at first," Dave repeated. "I did it for a joke on Counce."

"Well," Burdon Temple agreed. "If the telegrams I've had from Counce are any indication, your jest was a success. So you dropped off the train?"

Dave nodded. "Yes," he said. "The train went on. And I sat down on the rails and laughed till I began to get a little chilly." He hesitated, and then continued in an explanatory tone, "I want you to understand I hadn't any plan. I didn't know what I meant to do."

"It occurred to me," Burdon Temple confessed, "when Counce wired me he had lost you, that you might seek to rejoin"—he hesitated—"Mrs. Temple."

"Lush?" Dave asked, and his father nodded, and Dave shook his head, flushing uncomfortably. "No," he said. "No, that was a fool stunt. I'm satisfied with what you've done about that. I hope there isn't any hitch in clearing it up."

"I think you need have no concern," his father assured him courteously. "The young woman seemed reasonably disposed." He added, "But there is no railroad near Black Hat. Not within forty miles or so."

"I know," Dave assented, resuming his narrative. "And I'd never heard of Black Hat then. Or at least I had, but I'd forgotten. You mentioned the place the day I left, and then tried to cover it up. I remember noticing it at the time. That's what started me asking questions."

"Ah!" his father commented. "And to whom did you address your questions?"

"I'll come to that," Dave told him, stiffening at the other's tone. "You see, when I got cold I set out to walk, more to keep warm than anything else. And I thought if Counce missed me he'd go back along the railroad, so I took the first road I came to. It was still the middle of the night—just starlight. I went over a hill or a mountain and down the other side into a valley full of prairie dogs and chipmunks and magpies. It came daylight about that time, and I could see what the valley looked like." He checked himself, added, "But you know. It's down below Sage."

"Ah, yes," the other assented. "Yes, I remember Sage. It was a busy town when I was last there."

"It's a rotten place now," Dave assured him. "This road I was on went right across the valley quite a ways. I don't know, it may have been four or five miles. And then I struck the main road, and about the time I got there a Mexican boy came along in a car and picked me up. He told me he was going up to Sage to get someone to pick lettuce."

"They raise a great deal of lettuce down at the foot of the valley," Burdon Temple remarked.

"Yes, I found that out later," Dave assented. "I came back that way on the train. But I thought the boy was having some fun with me. I knew Westerners try to make a fool of a tenderfoot." He added, "But this boy told me he lived in Black Hat, and I remembered the name, remembered your speaking of it."

There was, he saw, a rigidity in his father's posture, as though the older man were holding himself under control by a tremendous effort, and Dave hesitated for a moment and then said, his tone almost apologetic:

"You know, I was sore at you. Probably you don't look at it that way. Probably you feel that what you did was all right, that I deserved it. But I was sore just the same. I'd been nursing a grudge." He added grimly, "I've had to sit tight and listen to you bawl me out more than once."

The other man made no comment, and Dave continued:

"When this kid spoke of Black Hat, I thought of you. Counce had told me on the way out that if you went at it right you could find something in almost every man's life that he wanted to keep dark. I knew you had spent a lot of time out West when you were younger." He hesitated, repeated in that tone like an apology, "You see, I was pretty sore at you. And it struck me that if I could get something on you, the way Counce talked about—well, anyway, I made up my mind to ask some questions.

"The boy drove me into Sage, and I got some breakfast there and then I went around to the hotel. And this Mrs. Roakes was in a rocking-chair on the front porch when I went up the steps.

"She didn't want to take me in. I looked like a tramp, but I showed her a little money and she said she'd give me a room; and when she took me upstairs I asked her if she'd ever heard of you."

He saw the blood drain from his father's lips, but the older man did not move, and Dave hesitated. When he spoke, it was defensively, as though he were himself the one accused.

"Well, she had," he said.

Burdon Temple made no move or sound; and Dave waited, sick at heart, longing to hear the other man cry out in protest and in explanation. But Temple still was silent, till Dave could endure it no longer.

"You remember her, don't you?" he urged.

"What fashion of woman is she?" his father asked quietly.

"She's a bad one," said Dave bitterly. "Fat and old and perfumed, and her hair curled; you know how I mean. One of these women—there's something about them that makes you know they've looked at rotten things. You can see it in their eyes. They've looked at that sort of thing so often that they can't see anything else. Of course," he added grimly, "you haven't seen her for a long time. I suppose she's past fifty now. Her hair is dyed."

"Yes," Burdon Temple agreed. "She would be well past fifty. She is older than I." He inquired provocatively, "You did not like her?"

"Like her?" Dave repeated in a scornful tone, and laughed. "Well, no," he said, added honestly, "But I talked to her. I asked her questions. She told me everything there was to tell."

"Did she?" Burdon Temple asked; and Dave, his own long years tormenting him, said, with a sudden explosive heat, "I hope there's nothing more."

"What did she tell you?" his father suggested and weariness came to sit in his eyes. "What did she tell you, Dave?"

Dave stirred angrily, miserably; and out of his own unhappiness and despair a bitter resolution began to form. He felt that he was abused by the very refusal of his father to defend himself, and thought:

"He's got to! He's got to say something!"

(Continued on Page 58)

Dave Looked Back at Him Once, and Swallowed Hard, But He Said Grimly: "Go On. Think It Over"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 28, 1928

The President's Style

THERE is an old saying to the effect that a man's style is the man himself. Cases may be found in which the proverb is misleading; but so often it reflects the truth that it is worth preserving. Mr. Coolidge's presidential messages and other state papers afford a telling illustration of what the French philosopher meant by his assertion that a man might be known and his personality bodied forth by his mode of saying and doing things.

The message with which Mr. Coolidge greeted the incoming Seventieth Congress breathed the personality of its author in every line. Knowing the President as we do, it is just the sort of message we might expect him to frame. Contrariwise, those who become acquainted with the man after studying his message will find him to be just the sort of public servant that the document implies. In him they will find the simplicity and freedom from pretension that characterize all his utterances, whether spoken or written. In vain will they look for the intent to placate any faction at the expense of any other faction or at the cost of sound and well-considered legislation.

In view of the President's celebrated economy of words, it was thought to be a rather long message, as if there were a standard length for such documents which had been somewhat exceeded. Mr. Lincoln's humorous declaration that a man's legs should be long enough to reach the ground has never been successfully contradicted. Applying the same principle to state papers, we conclude that they should be long enough to cover the essential problems to be discussed, and no longer. Thoroughness of exposition sometimes requires many words; but we have yet to hear Mr. Coolidge reproached for using three when two or one would serve.

The President's writings betray little love for the arts of the phrase maker and no desire whatever to say things smartly. His words are the words of a business man and administrator who seeks clearness rather than cleverness and who strives to convince by sound argument rather than by glittering epigrams. This does not imply that he lacks a sense of form. On the contrary, his sentences are notably well rounded and neatly put together. They are free from singsong cadences, and yet they have a rhythm which makes them easy to read aloud and easy for the listener to comprehend. Simplicity, directness and a nice choice of words are at once apparent to the careful reader.

Grace, force and clarity are not the only merits that must be assigned to Coolidge prose. All the artifices and cunning devices of the stylist count for nothing, no matter how much admiration they inspire, if they do not carry conviction. The applause of the jury is nothing if it brings in a verdict for the other side. Beauty of form is nothing if it lacks that tincture of sincerity which moves men's minds and molds their conclusions. Few will deny that Mr. Coolidge breathes into every paragraph he writes that air of sincerity, that dignity of truth which commands respect as well as agreement.

Taine, the French man of letters, whose textbook on English literature has long been used in many an American college, had a theory that the work of every writer draws its form and substance from his personal environment, from his racial descent and from the epoch in which he wrote. If we read the speeches and messages of Mr. Coolidge with this theory in mind we must admit that for once at least it fits the facts as the glove fits the hand. No fevered imagination is required to perceive the breath of the Green Mountains that blows between the lines. The scent of the soil is there too. Something betrays the austerity of the race that delved a living from rock-riddled farm lands. The flavor of the King James Bible is inescapable and the aroma of Blackstone and the older commentators on the law may be detected. Habits of straight thinking, orderly, logical argument and a certain New England literalness are discernible on every page.

These are not bad ingredients to put into any form of serious prose.

Stick to Business

ANYONE who follows closely the debates in Congress on important questions must be impressed with the broad grasp of the subject matter shown by numerous members. When a revenue bill, for instance, is up for consideration in the House of Representatives, those having the program in charge display a command of principles which cannot but excite admiration on the part of the best informed outsiders. Plausible but superficial and unsound suggestions from the floor are disposed of in terse, effective fashion, and there is rapid progress toward passage of the bill.

It is true, of course, that any student of a particular subject, such as taxation, military policy, flood control, and the like, who reads every word in the Congressional Record or in the published proceedings of committee hearings, must swallow an immense amount of heated atmosphere. No matter how serious the subject, there are too many members who feel obliged to weave about it an intricate pattern of empty words, a turgid flood of rhetoric indicative only of an empty and shallow mind.

Yet somehow every important measure finally throws off its slough of mere cheap speechifying and reaches a point where further progress is in charge of the real leaders, cool-headed men, utterly unmoved by the fantastic antics of the noise makers. Meaning no disrespect to the number of able men in the Senate, there is yet an eminently businesslike quality about the House leaders when once they are girded for action. For one thing, they do not have to maintain quite the magisterial dignity of the Senate. The House must transact business first of all, and its leaders at least are not under such obligations to wrap figurative togas about themselves.

More is the pity therefore that the proceedings of Congress should be marred, even in a slight way, by abuses of the leave-to-print and extension-of-remarks policy. Anyone who reads the Congressional Record finds enormous numbers of so-called speeches which were never delivered in Congress. Following the close of one recent session on July third, speech-making actually continued, in the Record, until July sixteenth, at a cost to the Government of $18,697, or an average of more than $2000 a day.

Then, too, the member is permitted to send out postage-free copies of these speeches, printed at cost by the Government Printing Office. In the fiscal year 1926 more than fifty-six million copies of congressional speeches were mailed under frank. If the material in these leave-to-print, extension-of-remarks and franked speeches invariably bore upon pending legislation of national importance, the taxpayers of the country could readily afford to meet the bill. But everyone knows—almost every child knows—that this is not the case.

The people are forced to pay for all sorts of congressional speeches whose relevancy to pending measures of legislation is wholly impalpable. There are speeches of a merely partisan political nature, lauding Republicans or Democrats. There are local state histories and memoirs. Much material consists solely of tributes of praise to the state from which the senator or representative comes.

Almost every conceivable subject unconnected with pending legislation is covered in this way. Poetry is often included. Speech after speech of a general nature made by members at dinners, churches, conventions and places other than Congress itself, is found in this grab bag of words.

This is all cheap, petty stuff, ill becoming a great body. Too many grave and weighty matters need handling by our national legislators for them to waste time and money in this display of silly little egoisms. If a man hasn't the brains to concentrate on great public questions to the exclusion of blustering irrelevancies, he will confer a great favor upon the country by not running for Congress at all.

Trade Rivalry Between Dominions

INTERNATIONAL trade between European states is notoriously replete with preferences and discriminations and the interminable bickerings connected with political policies in commerce. This state of affairs has usually been attributed to multiplicity of neighborhood states, artificial frontiers and nationalistic jingoism. That comparable situations may, however, arise between brothers widely separated geographically is illustrated in the present relations between Canada and Australia, fellow dominions in the British Empire.

Several years ago a commercial treaty was concluded between Canada and Australia, extending preferences and concessions to the products of each. Each dominion desired the enlargement of the gross commerce and at the same time, in true mercantilist fashion, each dominion sought to enlarge its exports more than its imports. At the same time also each dominion had independent arrangements with Great Britain, while the United States stood apart, contending for trade with purely commercial methods.

The Canadians granted, as a concession to Australia, free entry to raisins, while raisins from the United States paid three cents a pound duty. Unfortunately the Australian raisins come on the market at the time when Canadian consumers wish them least, while American raisins appear at the season when most wanted. This fact, together with superior qualities and merchandising efficiency, enabled the Americans to hold the trade. In the meantime Canadian newsprint and automobiles were enjoying an active trade in Australia.

A couple of years ago the Australians put into effect the Patterson Plan of marketing, whereby butter exporters received a bonus of six cents a pound on exports, paid for with a higher price of butter at home. This enabled the Australian exporters to dump butter on the Vancouver market, which was of course resented by the farmers of British Columbia.

These farmers stirred up a political agitation, with the result that the Canadian Government was forced to apply to Australian butter the antidumping provision of their tariff, in consequence of which action the importation of Australian butter greatly declined.

The Australian Government, regarding the Canadian action as an infringement of the commercial treaty, then proceeded to retaliate. For reprisal the Australians selected motor cars, and nearly doubled the duties on them. While the duties on Canadian automobiles are still lower than those on American cars, they are much higher than the duties on British cars, and British manufacturers are already profiting by the change. The next move is up to the Canadians, who are hard put to find a weapon with which their Australian brother may be smitten. It is indeed not impossible that the commercial treaty may be denounced and terminated, out of sheer disgust on both sides.

The American Book of Wonder

THE FUTURE—By GARET GARRETT

THE chronological age of this nation is just more than 150 years. As great nations go, it is nothing. Taking the whole of recorded human history as one day, the American extension of it is the last half hour. In that time we have created a material standard of living that is not only the highest in the world; so far as we know it is the highest ever attained in the experience of the human race. It is still rising; and now, more than the level, it is the rate of rise that concerns us.

Our annual product of divisible wealth is greater than our total national wealth was thirty years ago. That is to say, we now consume each year more than our total possessions were then. The Bureau of Internal Revenue finds that the income of the American people in the year 1926 was $90,000,000,000, as against $62,000,000,000 in 1921. That was an increase of more than 40 per cent in five years. If this prodigious movement continues for another ten years we shall have abolished ordinary poverty, and we are the first people since the expulsion to come within sight of that goal.

If is the theme. Will it continue?

The question in that common form has a certain implication—namely, that prosperity is phenomenal. It happens, or does not happen, or stops happening. To ask if it will continue is like proposing a question to fate. To answer it flatly is to prophesy. But if you conceive prosperity to be a product of forces and ideas for which people themselves are responsible, you will stop at the premises of possibility. Can they go on with it? That is the right question. It suggests a line of inquiry proceeding from the facts.

Those who regard more the superficial wonder than the meaning of American prosperity seem to find it very difficult to reconcile a sense of its reality as achievement with a sense of its unreality in time. All this to have happened in the last half hour of history! So there is a way of speaking about Americans as if they possessed youth, with all the advantages, perils and illusions of that estate. America's coming of age is a European topic. What after that? A fall, perhaps; the beginning of disillusionment.

Not very long ago the settled Old World view of us was this: "Wait until their free land is all taken and they begin to crowd up. Then their troubles will begin."

The refuge of free virgin land is exhausted and we are beginning to carry water to the desert, yet agriculture is more productive per man than ever before. We have begun to crowd up, yet density appears to work no prejudice upon well-being, and it is the lot of the least favored that has been most improved.

Now it is the world's opinion that our troubles will begin when our prosperity breaks. It is this ecstasy of prosperity that holds us together in a kind of superficial amity, above antagonisms that are fundamental and reckless of problems we have yet to face. We are walking until now in a juvenile dream.

Here are two thoughts in a state of confusion—namely, the thought of youth in people as a biological fact and the thought of an inevitable period to progress, together, of course, with the vanity of foretelling.

It is a temptation to see in the rise and fall of nations an analogy to the life pattern of the individual. A nation is born, grows up, grows old, becomes senile and falls. This is probably no more than historical fable. If instead of nations you say a people, a culture, or a civilization, you produce the same impression of cycle, period, succession, which seems to account for all that happens. You may then think of people that are old and people that are young, or establish their age, as Spengler does, by the phase their works are in, and life is represented as an endless repetition, governed by no principle of progress.

This doctrine is pessimistic; it is also very consoling to people in certain circumstances. It solaced the Greeks as they regarded the spectacle of their own decline. They had lived and were old. All things had happened again and again. Even if the world should dissolve in space, it would be only

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CONSTITUTIONAL RESTRICTIONS
STATE RIGHTS
LOCAL RESPONSIBILITIES
THE GAME OF PASSING THE BUCK TO UNCLE SAM
TAX BOOSTING DEBT MAKING POWER

GIVE HIM TIME! MAYBE HE'LL LOSE HIS SHIRT

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Oh, Boy! Two New Murders!"

Diet Versus Food

HEALTH is what my wife demands.
She serves glucose—for the glands—
Bread of sanitary brands,
Never touched by human hands,
Full of bran and slivers;
Antidiabetic cheese,
Antitannic-acid teas,
And a kind of Japanese
Seaweed for our livers.

In the morning how she gloats
O'er a bowl of husks of oats
Flooded with the milk of goats
On which disinfectant floats—
'Tis a healthy feast;
Lunch is not complete without
Germicidal sauerkraut
Decorated round about
With garnishings of yeast.

And for dinner we make use
Of beach grasses which induce
Beneficial and profuse
Action of the gastric juice.
Please do not repeat it,
But her worship of Hygiene
Predetermines her cuisine,
And it really ought to mean
Radiant health should supervene;
Health should follow this routine—
But I'm getting weak and lean,
Hungry as a wolverine—
For I cannot eat it.
—Morris Bishop.

WIVES' QUARTERS THIS SIDE
HUSBANDS' QUARTERS THIS SIDE
FOR
SHE CALLS IT A BABY
HURRY! STRANGE ANIMAL
BUT WHAT IS IT?
IT HAS THE CHARACTERISTICS OF HOMO SAPIENS, BUT--

A Mother Wanders Into the Intelligentzia Community With a Baby

Charms and the Man

A BACHELOR whose keen analysis had modified his faith in love and life saw clearly where each heedless pal of his had blundered in the choosing of a wife; he scrutinized each seeming paragon, reflected on her fitness as a mate, and subtly weighing every pro and con, thus meditated on the wedded state:

"Sweet Edith Jones, how fair and fond is she; how bright her smile when Tom returns from toil! Her home is neat, she dresses faultlessly—and lets the coffee boil

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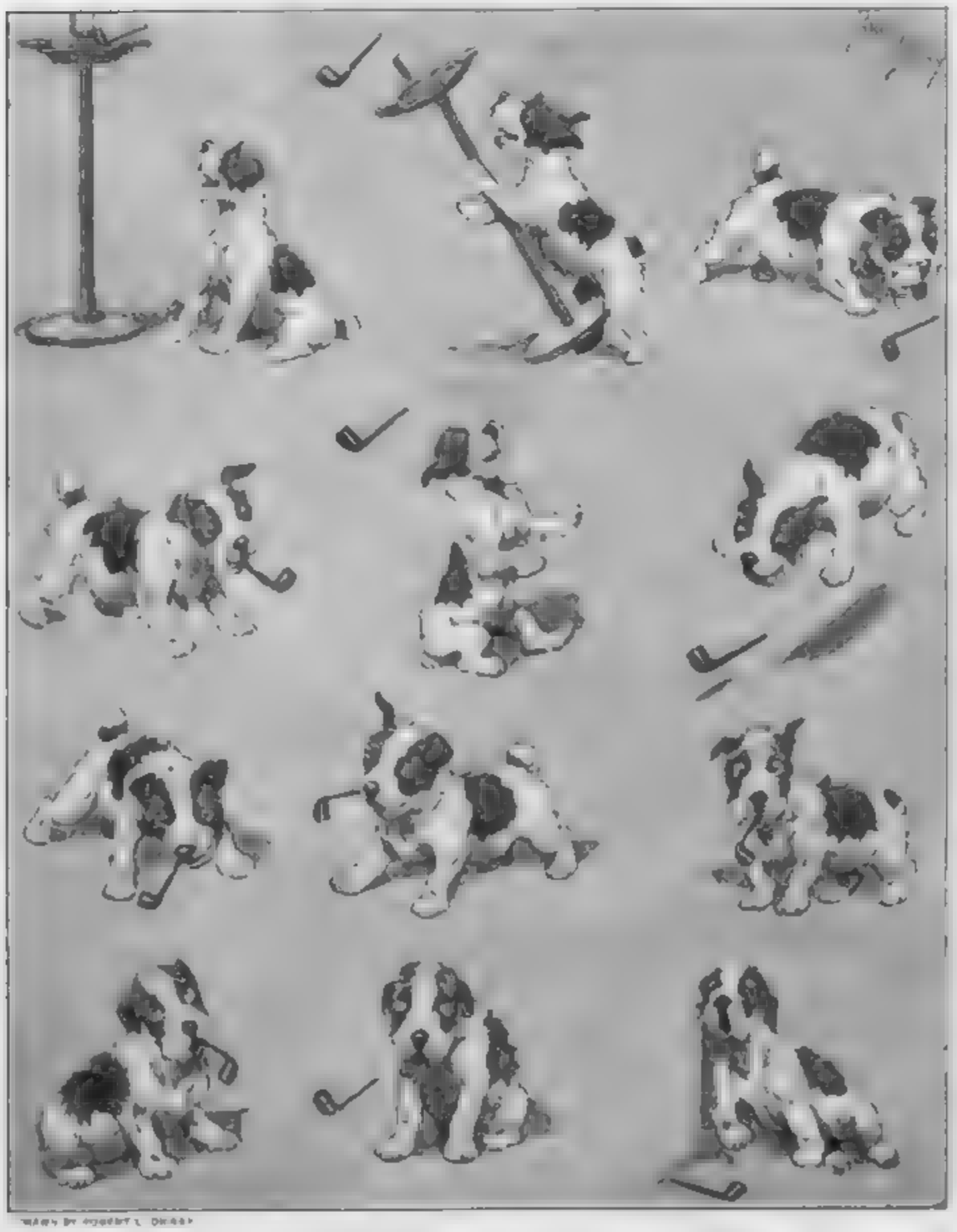

One of Life's Minor Tragedies—A Pup and a Pipe

"Father, I Believe You're Right!"

OX TAIL SOUP

A soup, world-famous but seldom made at home

OX TAIL SOUP used to be considered a rare treat to be enjoyed only in the fashionable restaurants and cafes. In those days it was a special dish that many people would regularly select when they were dining away from home and at their clubs or hotels. For well-made Ox Tail Soup is a blend that appeals to the connoisseur as one of the most delicious of soups.

But it requires the deft and experienced chef to produce this soup "just so". No wonder it is so seldom attempted in the home kitchen! Yet today it is eaten on the family table — and enjoyed at its very finest. Campbell's have placed this prized dish on the home dining-tables of the nation.

Ox tails of just the proper medium size are selected for this Campbell's masterpiece. In a rich, invigorating broth of ox tails and beef are blended sliced ox tail joints, tomato puree, diced carrots, yellow turnips, celery, onion, leek, herbs, parsley and barley.

Here is a soup that appeals especially to men, for there is strength and vigor in it—a substantial soup of world-famous flavor which gives a satisfaction all its own. All you need to do is to add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. So convenient! 12 cents a can.

Strike up the band throughout the land,
For Campbell's is a treasure.
The tune we play for you each day
Is "Soup for Health and Pleasure!"

A different soup for every day. See list of 21 kinds on label.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

I HAD A HUNCH

By ARTHUR E. STILWELL AND JAMES R. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

I Was Waiting Momentarily for Him to Say Something, But Refrained From Asking Him Point-Blank What He Intended to Do, as I Wanted Him to Take the Initiative

A GOOD, honest stand-up scrap helps at times to keep the business pot boiling. It keeps muscles hard and wits keyed to the right pitch. So inwardly I gave three rousing cheers when a set-to of that nature dropped into the calm unobstructed path we were traveling in rapidly transforming a barren spot in Texas into what was to become the second largest port for export shipments in the United States, next in importance only to New York.

I had been a little bit concerned about the ease of our progress and the lack of opposition.

"If something doesn't happen pretty darned quick to put us on our toes we're going to lose a lot of ginger," I told my associates.

They said, "If we weren't on our toes we wouldn't be where we are. Why wish for trouble?"

I disagreed. "Things are sailing along too smoothly. People say yes to everything we suggest and we get everything we go after without half trying. What we need is a fellow with a lantern jaw to come along, shake his fist in our faces and say no to us. Otherwise we'll get so cocky there won't be any holding us, and our own complacence will cause us to dry up and blow away."

Buying Land Through Legislation

THE lantern-jawed fellow arrived soon after I had formed the Port Arthur Ship Canal Company, with a capital of $3,000,000, a sum which I raised in exactly one day, my record performance as a business organizer. He embodied the landowners in the vicinity of Sabine Pass, at the inland entrance to which our canal struck a stretch of deep water reaching through the Pass out to the Gulf of Mexico. Land there was worth about fifty cents an acre. But when we went to buy it that was something else. The property owners calmly set the price at $1000 an acre, a figure which would have been the death knell to the whole enterprise were we compelled to pay it.

So here we were with the scrap on our hands, with all our hard work for days and months and years tottering because we hadn't thought to buy up this property as one of our first acts. Now I ask you to fix it in your mind what an awful mess we would be in if right at the last moment our whole program involving the expenditure of millions of dollars and years of toil were to be defeated through our inability to forge the tiny remaining link to the sea. Step by step we had built the Kansas City Southern from Kansas City, Missouri, to Shreveport, Louisiana, raising money to carry on the work in the face of two of the greatest financial panics the country has ever known.

The connection between Shreveport and Port Arthur had been made after the whole idea of this land-locked harbor had come to me in the curious manner I have already described. I was going along swimmingly as a railroad builder, and it had not been difficult to get our good friends to subscribe the necessary funds for the building of this connection, the work being done by another company I had formed, known as the Kansas City Construction Company.

The Sabine property owners refused to budge an inch. We gave up trying to deal with them and went to the Texas legislature, where we had a bill passed providing that in the construction of rice canals or any other canal a construction company had the right of eminent domain and could condemn, the same as a railroad could. This solved our problem, and the value of the land was fixed at two dollars an acre, which was essentially fair to the property owners. But the people of Sabine Pass were furious and carried the fight to the Court of Appeals in New Orleans, the state of Louisiana being interested in the proceeding by virtue of the fact that Sabine Pass is the division point between its southwesterly extremity and the eastern border of Texas. The court decided in our favor.

Though the property owners still showed no signs of giving up, we put dredgers at work and went ahead with building the canal, and with nobody to tell us we could not dig all the dirt we wished to on land we now owned. When the canal was almost finished our Sabine antagonists, good sincere scrappers, whom I couldn't help admiring for the tenacity with which they clung to their cause, played the trump card they had been carefully guarding all the time. They carried the matter to the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives on the contention that sediment from the canal would jeopardize the water of Sabine Pass and thus undo the Government's work there. Before the litigants were required to appear before the committee I learned what the opposition's plan of attack was and put expert engineers at work to find out whether this was so. They reported that if all the sediment from Taylor Bayou carried down the canal were deposited in one place a foot wide it would take twenty-four years to deposit one inch. Which was about all the ammunition we needed.

In Defense of a Hunch

THE delegation I took to Washington in my private car to present our side of the case consisted largely of presidents of the boards of trade of the West, who realized what a great economical advantage to their territory the opening of this unbroken short line from Kansas City to the sea would be. The hearing took place in the Capitol. Representative Dingley, of Maine, chairman of the committee, gave me twenty minutes to say what was on my mind, whereupon I got up and told of the need of a landlocked harbor. I told all about the tempests which had occurred years before and in at least two instances had practically wiped out the town of Sabine. Mr. Dingley rapped and told me to sit down. I had not finished, but I sat down.

It was now the turn of the attorney for the Sabine Pass people to say his say. As soon as he began I saw that he had pounced upon this occasion as the great opportunity of his life to show the world the kind of legal stuff he was made of. I'll try to give the substance of his remarks, with spellbinding flourish, as nearly as I can remember.

(Continued on Page 83)

SWIFT

50 YEARS OF FOOD SERVICE

1878 *The "expert" who presided over the curing department worked by rule of thumb. "His methods were tinged with magic, but his results were often anything but magical."*

1928 *Today the chemist's definite knowledge has replaced notions and superstitions. The waste, spoilage and uncertain results of the "old days" have been eliminated.*

Fifty years ago a mystery
Today a science

Locked doors, secret formulas that never left the owners' pockets, mysterious tests and meaningless gestures . . .

A lot of hocus-pocus, as well as a lot of sound craftsmanship, went into the curing of hams and bacon 50 years ago.

Today the craftsmanship remains, but the mystery has disappeared. Everything is now done in the white light of science.

Swift & Company's chemists regulate every step in the curing of Premium Hams and Bacon.

Laboratory control eliminates waste and brings forth a product far superior to that of the rule o' thumb days.

For over half a century Swift & Company has continually sought ways to improve the quality of its Premium Hams and Bacon and other products, to effect economies of production, and give better service to both producers and consumers of meat.

Constant scientific research, exercised on a scale possible in a large, specialized organization, has been a most important help.

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The Mississippi River Spillways

By JAMES M. THOMSON

IF YOU belong to that aristocracy whose grandfathers owned and used bathtubs you may know that the old tub was a crude affair. Both the tub and the water were brought into the warm room on Saturday night.

Then, in father's day, the plumber hitched up a tin tub to the newfangled running-water contrivance—one pipe led to the tub from the cold-water reservoir, another from the hot water. A rubber stopper attached to a chain served to hold the water in the tub. When the stopper was removed the water ran out. But life was complex even in those days, and sometimes father or mother, the nurse or the children left the water running with the stopper left in the drainage hole in the tub, and then the water filled the tub and ran over the top.

This thing happened in many homes and in many hotels, causing sorrow, inconvenience and loss. Then some wise men evolved the idea of placing an exhaust hole in the bathtub about a quarter of the distance down from the top. And today almost all bathtubs are floodproof and foolproof, for the water can get out through this hole faster than it can run in through both the cold and hot water spigots. Thus the world is safer for bathers, and damaging and destructive floods are avoided in modern homes and hotels.

Now that last hole which was finally put in the bathtub is, in fact, a spillway. The water in the modern tub is allowed to come up to a certain safe level, then this new safety factor becomes effective. The water is spilled out of the tub so fast that it cannot reach a dangerous level. The exhaust pipe takes it away through a safe outlet. Its dangerous tendency to flood is controlled.

Many things are different in Louisiana, and many things about the Mississippi River, particularly the lower part of this great stream, which flows from Arkansas through Louisiana to the Gulf of Mexico, are different from the other parts of the stream, and from other rivers. Accordingly, as people generally do not understand lower Mississippi River conditions, it is not surprising that they do not understand at once how Louisianians propose to control the mighty floods of the Mississippi River by the application of spillways to the levees, or banks, of the river.

PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY ACME NEWSPICTURES, N. Y. C.

A Gap in the Levee at New Madrid, Missouri

The Beginning of the River Policy

IN THE hearings before Congress regarding the Mississippi River flood problem, in public speeches, and in print, there have been statements to the effect that the adoption of spillways for flood regulation will reverse a river-flood-control policy of 50 or 100 years. Others have gone as far as 150 years in their estimates. As a matter of fact, the levee system of Louisiana is more than 200 years old.

The first levee on the Mississippi was begun by the engineer Le Blond de la Tour, who erected a levee a mile long to protect the infant city of New Orleans from overflow.

Levees have been built ever since, so there is historical engineering precedent aplenty for the idea of throwing up a breastwork of earth against Mississippi flood waters. The real trouble with the scheme of Le Blond de la Tour was that it worked. It is probable that his mile-long levee was but two or three feet high. The eminent father of Mississippi levees is reported to have died in 1725. He doubtless went to his grave confident that he had solved the Mississippi flood problem for all time to come. And who would have believed differently in his day? For, if the floods threatened his little levees, all that was necessary was to build them a little bit higher.

France had to build a city at New Orleans on the banks of the Mississippi. Control of the mouth of the river meant control of the great Mississippi Valley. At New Orleans in the springtime, when the great river went into flood, the river rose one or two feet. The new city must be protected. What more simple, natural and logical than to throw up against these floods a continuous mound of dirt three or four feet high? This first levee stood between the city and the river, and protected the city.

The little levee was good and bad. The city was protected and grew, and because the first levee worked, other levees were built below the city, and for 1000 miles above the city. They would all have worked if the levees had been built only on the east bank of the river and the flood waters of the Mississippi had all been allowed to spill over on the west bank. But the trouble was that everybody wanted the water kept off his land; so everybody, east side and west side, built levees. They built them as high as they could and as strong as they could, and they built levees wherever they could build them on the main stem of the Mississippi and on thousands of miles of the 15,000 miles of its navigable tributaries.

The Baron Pontalba was a big man in New Orleans in his day, a century after De la Tour lay high and dry in his levee-protected tomb, and we find the baron writing to France, telling the home folk that he was much discouraged. For after the spring rise of the Mississippi River he finds that he will have to build his levee a foot higher. So, in the centuries which have passed and in the decades which have passed, after each great flood in the Mississippi River, the word has gone back to France, back to Spain, to France again, then to the governor of Louisiana, and then to Uncle Sam at Washington: "We are much discouraged; we will have to build our levees higher."

But this year, for the first time since De la Tour built the first levee—which worked well for a while—the historic habit and policy of relying on levees alone for flood protection is to be abandoned. The great flood of the spring of 1927 has changed the mind of everyone in the levees-only theory. More levees may be built to hold more flood water in, but great spillways and flood ways are to be built to let more water out.

Building up the sides of the bathtub will no longer do. We don't know how much water may be run into the bathtub from its tributary spigots, but we are going to put holes enough in the sides of the river to let out a great deal more surplus flood water than ever came down the Mississippi River in the spring of 1927. "Will these spillways work?" you may ask. Of course they will work. No engineer and no layman acquainted with the Mississippi River ever has questioned the fact that the spillways will work. The reason for this is that in every great flood of the Mississippi River the levees have broken at some points. The surplus waters of the river have rushed through these breaks, called crevasses, and these crevasses have simply been spillways for the surplus waters of the river.

The only difference between the new spillways which are to be constructed and controlled and the old spillways made by the flooding river at the weakest points in the chain of levees is that the controlled spillways should and will do away with flood danger and flood damage in the lower river.

They will drain the surplus flood waters of the Mississippi out to the Gulf of Mexico as the surplus waters in the bathtub are drained out by the modern plumber's exhaust pipes. They will no longer threaten to break loose where they are not wanted, threatening the lives and property of some millions of American citizens.

Two Roads to the Sea

MANY things regarding the Mississippi River floods, in its lower regions in Louisiana, are difficult of understanding by those not acquainted with actual conditions there. The waters which contribute to Mississippi River floods come from thirty-one states, from the Great Lakes and from Canada. Unprecedented rainfall in Louisiana would have little effect on Mississippi River levels. But Louisiana contains the last four hundred and odd miles of the main stem of the Mississippi. So the river has naturally to handle its greatest volume of flood waters in Louisiana.

About halfway down its course in Louisiana the Mississippi is joined by its main Louisiana tributary, the Red, and just below the point of junction of the Red and the Mississippi, the great river splits and empties its waters into the Gulf of Mexico by two mouths. One of these is named the Atchafalaya. The other—the main stream of the Mississippi—continues by way of Baton Rouge and New Orleans. So there is really about 700 miles of the Mississippi River in Louisiana—500 on the main stream and 160 on the Atchafalaya.

Now when the great river is in flood in these lowest regions its waters, held in by levees, rise high above the surrounding land. And if its levees break, either along the Atchafalaya or the Mississippi, the water which thus runs

(Continued on Page 105

"Take us to the freight yards—*we'll unload the cars ourselves*"

Eager for New Hupmobile Six, buyers make dealer unique offer

The new Hupmobile Six has created a buyer's attitude unheard of since the early days of the automobile.

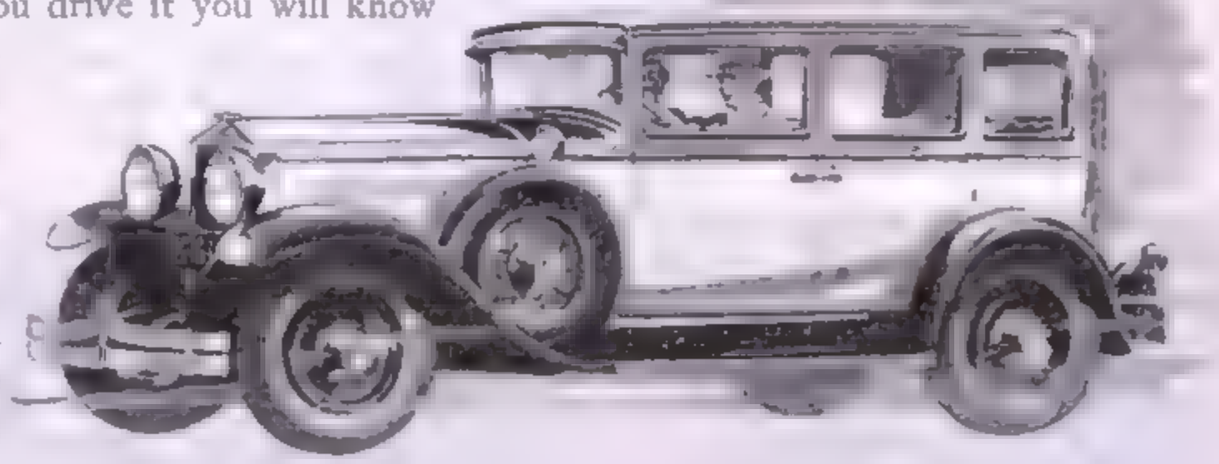
The car is selling itself so successfully that people are impatient to gain possession and the salesman's greatest problem is to satisfy on delivery. Just to illustrate:

A dealer in a well known city reports that several motorists were so enthusiastic over this new Six of the Century that they clamored for immediate delivery. He told them they could have their cars as soon as a shipment on a railroad siding was unloaded. They offered to help him unload if he would act at once and promised to service the cars themselves.

This is an actual incident and there are scores of others equally astonishing. There are, of course, remarkable qualities in a car that engenders such eagerness for ownership.

When you see the Six of the Century, you will say that uncommon beauty is one of these qualities. When you drive it you will know that dazzling performance is another. But when you study these two in relation to price, you will realize that here is indeed a near-miracle of the twentieth century.

The new Hupmobile—the Six of the Century—has educed more astonishing incidents than have been recorded since the automobile industry and this century began. The one here reported and others to follow are "taken from life." Names and full particulars may be had on request.



NEW

HUPMOBILE

The Six of the Century

24 Standard and Custom-equipped body styles, $1345 to $1555 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rug No. 4592. Made in 9 sizes, 18 x 36 in. to 9 x 15 ft.

NEVER BEFORE...

such Beauty and Wear in rugs that cost so little

Now Ready...New Patterns for 1928 in Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs. Designed by Armstrong artists. Each rug has the protective finish of Accolac.

HITHERTO beauty in a rug called for a well-filled purse. Today the most modest budget can afford rugs of modern beauty in every room of the house.

For today a few dollars buy more than you ever dreamed possible in rug beauty and wear . . . if you ask to see the new Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs.

These rugs have true beauty—beauty that has been approved by critical experts. But that's just part of their story. The design of each Quaker-Felt Rug is printed in heavy, time-enduring oil colors over a carefully treated, long-wearing felt base.

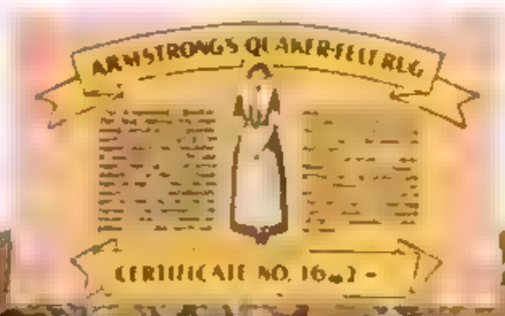
Then . . . every square foot of rug surface is coated with Accolac—a lacquer that bears repeated washings smilingly, that stands up well under the wear and tear of daily use.

One look at these rugs in good stores near your home will convince you of their rich beauty. One glance at the price tag will tell you their thrift. And as to wear—the Quaker Girl Numbered Certificate on the face of each rug guarantees that.

Quaker-Felt with the wear-resisting Accolac lacquer finish also comes by-the-yard, in 6-foot and 9-foot widths—thirty-six fascinating patterns to choose from.

Send for "Rich Beauty at Low Cost"...This booklet brings you color illustrations of the new Quaker-Felt Rug designs. It's a thrift story that will please your pocketbook—a beauty story that will cheer your home. Sent free, with names of merchants near you. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Made by the Makers of (A) *Armstrong's Linoleum*



This numbered certificate on the face of each rug assures you full value—or a brand-new rug.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Author of The Bellamy Trial, and Her Two Daughters

Frances Noyes Hart

I'M AFRAID that, like happy countries, I have no history. Chronicled in black and white, it always sounds lamentably uneventful; and if you want to travel or vote or even breathe these days, you have to tell an uninterested world all over again where you were born and when you were born and why you were born and whether you are the fortunate possessor of a husband or a father or a baby—or all three—and any number of other details, fascinating to you and to no one else in the world.

All right; once more:

I was born on my grandfather's farm in a little place in Maryland called Silver Spring, about eight miles out of Washington. Being a handmaid of truth, I must admit that it wasn't one of those farms that all the nice gaunt interesting people in the prize-winning novels live on; my grandfather informed me once that he never acquired a potato that cost him less than an orchid, and I'm afraid that there was quite a long bowling alley, and a playhouse apiece for a reasonable number of grandchildren, and a black pony called Minnie and a white pony called Snowball, and a gray donkey called Trilby. The big dark rooms inside smelled agreeably of all the things from India and Japan that lurked in their corners, and there were tiger skins instead of rag rugs, and sandalwood screens instead of patchwork quilts, and a great piano instead of a melodeon, and a whole room full of books instead of the family photograph album. Shelves on shelves of them—if I close my eyes now I can hear the katydids singing outside and see the small person prone on the floor, investigating the contents of the lowest one near the fireplace. Alice in Wonderland, Sylvie and Bruno, The Yellow Book, Pride and Prejudice, Typee, Omoo, The Dove in the Eagle's Nest—now what could be fairer than that? Almost any book you wanted—unless you happened to want Little Lord Fauntleroy or something by Mr. Meredith. My grandfather made me promise never to think well of either of them; it's the only promise that I can remember having broken.

No, it wasn't a really orthodox farm—but it was the best place in the world to be born. And, besides tiger skins, it had everything else. A stone dairy, forever cool, with water running across the paved floor; meadows full of agreeable brown cows and daisies and bees and red clover and sunlight; nights full of fireflies and stars and the smell of locust and honeysuckle; haystacks and threshing machines and a great long house filled with golden corn and small gray mice; baby ducks and ancestral turkeys, a pine wood and a brook and oak trees planted a hundred years ago by someone who knew exactly how they should be arranged for a really superior game of puss in the corner. Its name was Alton Farm; I loved it very much.

Where have I been to school? Oh, almost anywhere. To dancing school in Washington, in a sash bluer than any skies I've ever seen, and white silk socks, and black patent-leather slippers; to Chicago, led sedately down the Lake Shore Drive by a very tall coachman pursued by shouts of derision, while my teeth chattered with cold and rage in spite of all that blue reefers and scarlet béret and mittens could do; to Florence, where I was just beginning to be old enough to eye the officers in their gray-blue cloaks and Duse in Monna Vanna's black velvet one with respectful adoration; to Farmington, where through the pretty New England street the bells went ringing all day long—sleigh bells and church bells and bells to tell you when to rise and when to sleep, when to work and when to play; to the gray walls of the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, where I learned about Roland and Euripides and Pascal and Molière—and where I learned how lovely learning was; to the grayer walls of Columbia, where I learned something about writing; oh, yes, I'm the only writer, living or dead, who believes that something about writing can be taught—or am I the proof that it can't be? Is that enough about schools? I can promise you that you'd have difficulty finding a worse educated young woman between here and Bangkok. I don't know a fraction from a triangle, and I never can remember what a predicate is, and I can't bound Spain, and if two and two make four you can't prove it by me. And you can't blame it on the schools either. They were admirable schools; I liked every one of them.

Where have I lived? Oh, almost everywhere. I was born near Washington, and came out there, and was married there, but it doesn't seem to me that I can have lived there much. There are too many other places. There's Chicago, of course—and a big house outside of it,

(Continued on Page 96)

Working Notes for a Life of Bellah

BORN September 14, 1899, in New York City. Scotch-Irish family out of Glen Antrim, Ireland, 800 A.D., via Inverness-shire to the town of Ballach near Glasgow, and thence to Delaware in 1721.

Educated—University of Toronto, Ground School R.F.C., Wesleyan University, Connecticut, University of Maine, and Rutgers—summer schools or parts thereof—and Columbia College, Columbia University, A.B. 1923. Studied under John Erskine—this note may help him to sell a few copies of the Private Life of Helen of Troy.

1916—Member Plattsburg Association—did my camp at Fort Terry on Plum Island.

1917—Shipped with the United Fruit Company; went to Havana, Colon, Cristobal, and Port Limon, Costa Rica—fever in Port Limon.

1917—July to September, member of crew United States Army Transport, Army Transport Service, Pastores, Hoboken to St.-Nazaire, France, which was called Le Quai des Etats-Unis—which means Bellah the Fearless.

1917—September, Royal Flying Corps, Toronto, Canada. Cadet for pilot.

1918—Overseas to England. Second lieutenant for pilot.

August, 1918, brevetted pilot, served with 117th Squadron, Royal Air Force, Major T. S. Impey commanding—east coast.

July, 1920—St. Maurice Lumber Company, Canada. Traveled 20,000 miles in one year on railroads, boats, snowshoes and bottles. Snowbound half a dozen times and crossed Gulf of St. Lawrence in November in a forty-foot schooner, losing the seat of my pants.

1923—Advertising business in New York. Published Sketchbook of a Cadet from Gascony.

1925—Dorset, Vermont, wrote Armistice, a novel to be published in 1928.

1926—Wrote These Frantic Years.

September, 1926, to August, 1927, published thirty-five short stories. A book of POST short stories, January, 1928.

1927—August thirtieth, sailed on Siberia Maru for Yokohama and points east. Going into Mukden, China, to get a deck chair on a balcony in Peking to watch the battle and write about it at ten dollars a word.

1928—Spring. Will be in Rome and from thence will cover all European air lines with a mysterious purpose in view—sh-h-h.

Mrs. Charles Gatchell and Her Twins

James Warner Bellah

Fannie Kilbourne

I BELIEVE that one of the rules of advertising is to waste very little space on the ways in which your product is like others of its kind, but to find the one detail in which it differs and play that up hard. So, being presented with an opportunity to advertise myself in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, I shall skip lightly over the points in which I seem to be like so many other women writers. Being born in the Middle West, for instance—Minneapolis was my particular corner—having wanted to write ever since my first novel, The Adventures of Ernestine Montgomery, penned at the age of seven, working a little while on a newspaper, and then coming to New York as soon as I had money enough for a ticket and a couple of weeks' board.

There is nothing very unusual, either, in getting married and having two children and continuing to want to write. If one may judge from the numerous articles and stories one reads about the two-job wife, I am one of a large and rapidly growing class. Of course, as a proud mother, I must admit that drawing my two children simultaneously and having Ned, the one with the straight dark hair, and

(Continued on Page 96)

REFRESHING FREEDOM FROM THE COMMONPLACE

TO La Salle belongs all the alluring fascination which spells refreshing freedom from the commonplace. It is set apart by the same degree of charm and brilliant originality which distinguishes world famous resorts. In no car are ease and elegance more highly developed—but owners measure the La Salle in terms far beyond ease and elegance. They know that no power plant ever gave such soaring and sparkling performance as the 90-degree, V-type, 8-cylinder engine. And they know that on mountain-side or straight-away; in city traffic or rough country going, La Salle leaves the miles behind with a delightful verve peculiarly its own.

LaSalle motor cars, in seventeen body styles, are priced from $2495 to $2895, f. o. b. Detroit. You may possess a LaSalle on the liberal term-payment plan of the General Motors Acceptance Corporation—the appraisal value of your car acceptable as cash

LA SALLE
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY—DETROIT, MICHIGAN, AND OSHAWA, CANADA

SATURDAY NIGHT AND NO BEANS

Continued from Page 11)

Jasp didn't say anything, but he marched out. I says to Bill: "Bill, you'd better sneak around the back way to Flora's sister's house and see what happens. Meanwhile Walt and I and Tom will git up some preserves out of the cellar and try to make some coffee, and so forth. If Jasp works on Flora's feelin's and starts back here with her, you can beat 'em to the house and nobody the wiser."

Well, we waits and waits, and finally we hear somebody coming into the yard on the run, and then the door opens and Bill comes in whooping like a crazy man and holding onto his sides and almost strangulated blue in the face from laughing.

"What is it?" says we, gathering round. "What's the joke? Did Jasp git her?"

"No, he didn't git her," says Bill. "But he got something. He's bringing it home now. I wouldn't spoil it for you, fellers. Wait till you see him! He orter be here soon."

Sure enough, Jasp was. He came in slow-like and dazed. He was a sight. He was dripping wet from his derby hat down to his new shoes, and his nice suit which was lately bought on unsuspected installments had already begun to squinch up like it was going to all end up as a muffler round his neck.

"Well, for the love of Pete, what's happened?" says I. "Where you been, Jasp?"

"It came up a shower whiles I was gone," says Jasp, downcast. "I got to change my clothes."

"Where's your wife? Is she coming back?"

"She is considering the matter, and I don't wish to have no more conversation about it with strangers," says Jasp stiffly, marching out into the hall and upstairs.

"There ain't been any shower, has there, Bill?" says we.

"Not for most folks. But there was one for Jasp," says Bill. "Oh, boys, you have missed one of the greatest sights of modden times! You should of been there to see it. You know, Flora's sister lives upstairs over the Willis fambly. I think they was expecting Jasp to come. From behind the tree where I was hidin', I could see some faces now and then at an upstairs window. Well, along comes Jasp, big as life. He goes to the doorbell and rings. He gives that important kind of cough of his and straightens his necktie and clears his throat.

"The window over his head, on the upper floor, goes up and Flora's sister says, 'Who is it and what do you want?'

"'Jasper Tandy,' says Jasp, 'and I wish to speak with my lawful wedded wife, Flora Tandy, and woe be to you, Sarah Fletcher, if you allenate her from me.'

"'I have not allenated nobody nor nothing,' says Sarah. 'Your wife is here with me and needs a sister's care. If you go round to the back of the house, Jasper, she will speak out the window to you. She has something for you to take home when you go.'

"Well, Jasp went round to the back and another window opened, and Flora says, 'Is that you, Jasper?'

"'It is,' says Jasp, stern-like.

"'Wait a minute. Don't move. Catch this!' says Flora. And then the shower which Jasp spoke of happened. Boys, he caught almost every drop of it! Did you notice, when he come in, it didn't look exactly like rain water. The two wimmen had saved up the dishwater all day, I'll bet, waiting for Jasp. Well, Jasp gurgled once or twice—you see, he had been looking upward—and then he jest automatically started to make swimming motions. When the flood subsided, boys, the window banged upstairs and the lights all went out, and Jasp staggers away. I beat him home, because he had to stop now and then to squeeze out his water ballast."

Well, there wasn't nothing for it but to knock together some eats as well as we could that night; and take it any way you want to, mister, it is pretty poor grub which men cooks for themselves, usually. Oh, yes, I've heard these here male liars which says that they can go into the woods and cook a meal which would make the sheff of the Waldorf-Astoria turn green with envy, but I never seen it done. All I ever seen was some consumptive flapjacks full of ants and pine needles, and some bacon burned on one end and raw on the other, and some coffee which started out to be tea and ended by being iodine or something which would cure warts. The world is full of these here male sheffs which does their sheffing conversational. But for food I looks to wimmen. But there not being no women left around Tandy's, we done what we could. In the morning we has fried eggs which acted like chewing gum and some more tainted water which we calls coffee, and instid of the nice lunch of sangwiches and things which Flora used to put up for us boys, we stopped in at the bakeshop and loaded up with the stuff which it makes doctors rich.

And then come Saturday night. Gosh, that was a terrible Saturday night!

Before we left, Saturday morning, Jasp Tandy says: "Boys, I will have you something good when you comes home. I will show this deserting wife of mine that men can git along without no women, and do for themselves. Leave it to me, boys, and today I will do some cooking which would make Buckingham Pallus sit up."

And before we left, Jasp already has the kitchen littered up with cooking utensils and is blowing into the front of the kitchen range and wondering how Flora made the fire draw, or whether the wind was against it.

I guess Jasp done all that he could that Saturday. When we come in after our day's work, Jasp was laying on a couch, pale and soiled, and the kitchen it was a wreck, but the table was covered with experimental food, some of which would of poisoned dogs and some of which could of been used to make foundations for a macadamized road.

We boys was ravenous, it being a moderate nippy day, and we says to Jasp, "Look alive now, Chesterfield, and show us what you have went and done to rejoice the stummicks of lusty men."

"What I have done you can find strewed around, and help yourself to it," groans Jasp. "My hardening of the arteries has come back on me again something fierce and I have about wrecked myself gittin' your grub."

And you ought to have seen what we was supposed to eat! The only thing which was eddable was a can of spaghetti which happened to be in the pantry, and some quince jam and cucumber pickle. We sat around and tried to laff it off, but we couldn't laff. First off, we didn't know just what it was we was missing, as we chewed the rubber tires Jasp claimed was biscuits and swallowed down the liquid he claimed was coffee.

Then, all of a sudden, Bill Wigmore says, "It's Saturday night, boys, and there ain't no beans."

"My godfrey, that's it! I knowed there was some tradegy," says Walt Perrin. "It's Saturday night—and no beans! Jasp, you son of a gun, you have done us dirt! I have never missed beans on a Saturday night since I was knee high to a grasshopper, excepting the time I had my appendix removed. My gosh, boys, this is terrible!"

Oh, you can laugh, if you want to, mister, but if so, you don't understand what beans means to us boys which has been raised on them. Maybe you are one of them people which does not know nothing about beans except what they tell you is beans into a restaurant. You have never seen a woman on Friday night sorting out the pebbles and sticks from a bag of beans before putting them to soak; and you have never smelled them on top of the stove next morning, gittin' parboiled for the pot. I guess you have never seen her taking a nice hunk of pinkish salt pork, cutting the rind in little squares and jamming it on top of the beans when they go in the oven. Gosh, mister, when those beans are took out of the oven that pork is all crisp and brown on top, and crackles in your teeth, and the underpart has a streak of lean in it, and the beans—a rich brown color from the liberal molasses into them—rolls out on your plate, not all mushed up but every bean perfect, and yit so soft it would melt on your tongue. Flora used to bake about a gallon of beans on Saturday, which jest about left enough to send us to work Monday morning, when warmed over, which beans is better warmed over than original—if they could be better.

And it was Saturday night and no beans. We set and looked at one another, and Bill Wigmore, which has such a sensitive stummick, looked like he was going to bust out crying.

"What'll we do?" says Tom Wheelock. "This is terrible! I spose we'll have to go over and buy something in cans. I guess I know where I can git board and room, though it won't be nothing like Flora's cooking. Every man for hisself, boys! The ship is sinking, or sunk! We been mighty happy here and I hope to see you all again!"

"Wait, Tom," says I. "Don't be in a hurry. You ain't lost yit. I got an idea."

"Ideas don't bake no beans," whimpered Bill Wigmore.

"This one might," says I. "Listen, boys, we four fellers has got to take Jasp Tandy's matrimonial difficulties into our own hands. He's the wuthlessest cuss in Jackson Falls, and he may be a human horn pout, and there ain't no question but what Flora was right in giving him the air, and any woman which would live with Jasp must be crazy and all that—but still, boys, we got to think of ourselves. We got to prevail on Flora to come back home. We got to appoint ourselves a committee of four to go over and see Flora."

"Don't you fellers go butting into my domestic affairs!" shouts Jasp from the couch in the next room, which he was listening to every word.

"You ain't got no domestic affairs, you cankerworm!" shouts Bill Wigmore. "For two cents I would ——"

"Don't bandy words with him, Bill," says I. "He don't count in this. He's only her husband. We boys is her boarders, which we are the sufferers by his rotten conduck. It's pretty tough on Flora which we should have to ask her to come back to Jasp, but that is unquestionable her duty when she has boarders. We had better march over to Flora's sister's and interview her right away, before she leaves town or something."

"I forbid you fellers ——" started up Jasp from the couch, but Bill passed quickly into the next room and put one of Jasp's homemade ironclad biscuits into his mouth, which stopped everything except a gurgling noise. Then we boys filed out.

"I think I had better put on my slicker and rubber boots," says Tom Wheelock. "This is likely to be a wet period of the year, judging from what happened to Jasp."

"Oh, don't you worry," says I. "Flora has a heart of gold, she has, and the worst she could do to us would be to tell us to mind our business, which would be justified but cruel. To tell you the truth, boys, I hate to put this over on Flora. It is selfish-like. I wouldn't do it if we didn't have to. Pretty soon after I begin to talk with her she will begin to cry, because I am a persuasive guy when I gets going, and if I says a lot of things about Jasp which is not true, such as that he needs her love and affection, and will reform hisself and go to work, and other apple sauce, don't you fellers laff, or I will crack you in the bazzozus. You want to cry if you can when Flora cries, but if you can't cry, you can at least look solemn and foolish, which will not tax your resources none. And leave the talking to me. The only thing I am afraid of is Flora's sister. She is a widder, and they say she had a hard time with Peter Fletcher and don't care much for anything in pants since. I wouldn't be surprised if she really did allenate Flora, as Jasp says. But she has three darters—the Fletcher gals, you know—which is well brought up and sensible gals, they say, and I guess they are, because you never see them necking around, and they works stiddy. If you fellers will spruce up and say something nice to Widder Fletcher and the gals whiles I hypnotizes Flora, we will eat beans as usual next Saturday night."

"Well, lead us to it," says Walt. "The quicker we have this crime over with, the better."

"Do you suppose they would have anything left from supper over to the widder's?" asks Bill.

"Now don't you go and spoil it by asking 'em for food," says I. "Of course if they had anything nice they might pass it. But ——"

"I would pay well for a fried pie," says Bill. "But you're the boss, Bob. Lead on."

Well, mister, instid of us receiving a shower over at Widder Fletcher's, we was invited in and made so much to home which it made us uneasy.

Almost the first thing which the widder done was to git out—even before we told her about the horrible supper we hadn't et—some flaky doughnuts and wedges of pie, and so forth.

She says, "Flora, these boys is half starved. I can see it in their faces. Ain't it a pity you had to leave that wuthless cuss Jasp Tandy—because it fell hard on these poor fellows!"

Well, that was so unexpected and pathetic that honestly we almost all cried, and we knowed that Widder Fletcher was a different woman from what we had expected, and not the kind of a woman to allenate the affections of Jasp's wife from us boarders.

"Sit right here and make yourself comfortable, Mr. Withers," says the widder to me, "and try another doughnut. My youngest darter Rachel made these. And Hattie made the custard pie, and the mince pie was made by the oldest one, Pansy. I'm sorry they ain't here or I would have you meet them."

I was glad the gals wasn't there, because I had a painful duty to perform, you see. And as I see that these pies and doughnuts was having a bad effeck on my resolution, I started right in, brisk:

"Mrs. Tandy," I says, "I wouldn't stick up for Jasp—no, not a minute—because I don't think he had done right, but I think we have got to consider what is the religious side of what you may call matrimony, if you will pardon me saying so."

"I will pardon anything you say," says Flora, good-humored. "What is the religious side of matrimony, Mr. Withers?"

Now that was sort of a mean question, because what I said about the religious side, and so forth, was only leading up to something else.

But I got a good idea, and I says, "Whoever is wedded into holy wedlock, I understand from my reading, can't up and quit because of the maulfeasants of the other party, even though innocent of wrongdoing."

"What do you mean by that?" says Flora, looking kindly interested. "Is that rigmarole meaning that I shouldn't of quit Jasp?"

"Well, yes," says I.

"Well, I have quit. So what have you got to say to that, Mr. Withers?" I didn't say anything for such a long time that Flora thought she had better go on. "Did Jasp send you boys over here?" she says, with a glint in her eye which looks like the

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

GEORGE SIDNEY and J. FARREL MacDONALD *in* "The Cohens and Kellys in Paris"

If you want to laugh, come with me and see ***"The Cohens and Kellys in Paris."*** I laughed myself till my sides were sore, and anything that can make me laugh amounts to something.

Ordinarily moving-pictures are not produced "by request," as orchestral selections are played, but when there is a veritable flood of mail such as I have received, the request must be honored.

So, I am bringing ***"The Cohens and Kellys"*** back to the screen, and this time they resume their quarrels and ridiculous antics in Paris, the fun-center of the world. Sounds good already, doesn't it?

The fun starts in New York and on shipboard, and humorous as the situations are, they merely whet the appetite for the hilarious situations in the cabarets of Paris. There is a dueling scene which I think outrivals that of Bob Acres in the famous duel in ***"The Rivals."***

Our friends, GEORGE SIDNEY and J. FARREL MacDONALD, play the leading rôles, ably supported by VERA GORDON, KATE PRICE, GERTRUDE ASTOR, SUE CAROL and CHARLES DELANEY. They are all stars, as you are aware. This is a William Beaudine Production.

If you will ask the Manager of your favorite theatre to show this picture, you will arrange for an evening of laughter.

Ask your favorite theatre if it has made arrangements to secure Universal's beautiful two-million dollar production of ***Uncle Tom's Cabin.*** This has been pronounced one of the greatest pictures in screen history.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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730 Fifth Ave., New York City

look a cat gives you just before she inserts two inches of claw into your leg.

"No, mum," says I. "We come of our own accord. We got to thinking that life being so short and there being so few—not exactly few people, but so many chances of doing the wrong—I don't mean you did the wrong things, Mrs. Tandy—but it amounts to this: Won't you give Jasp another chance, because I believe to my soul he is sincerely grievous and would bound out of his skin like a antelope if you was to come back to him."

"He will have to bound into a job like a man and quit rubbing his back when work is mentioned, before he has a chance to do any antelope act," says Flora. "And even then probably not." And then, before I could say any more hypocritical stuff, Flora turns to her sister with a laugh and shows that she knows we boys is not on the level. "Sarah," says she, "these boys is all right and I don't blame 'em a bit. They git hungry, and when they git hungry they sees more than forty reasons why a woman should live just to cook for their endless stummicks. They're men! Boys, your game is natural, but it won't work! I'm on a vacation for the rest of my life and you will have to eat somewheres else, unless Jasp can put on a apron and do the cooking."

"He tried to today, mum," says I, "and if we had ate what he cooked we would have been corps. We could of played ball with his biscuit and laughed about it, but there warn't any beans—and your beans—we have been spoiled, Mrs. Tandy, by your baked beans, for any other food."

"Oh, the poor men!" says the Widder Fletcher. "Flora, my heart goes out to them. Men is wuthless enough, Flora, but they is human almost, and like children. I don't know but for the sake of these boys you had better ——"

"Never, sister!" cried Flora.

"No, I thought you wouldn't," says the widder quickly. "Well, we yit can't have these poor men starve or go and eat with the Polacks. Can't we think out anything? Oh, I wonder if maybe my eldest darter would go over by the day and keep house at Jasp's. I wonder. Maybe she would give up her job at the tea room as an act of charity and duty. I might ask her."

"I would have no objections to that, sister," says Flora thoughtfully, "provided Jasp Tandy gits none of the board money."

"Madam," says Bill Wigmore, "I will see to that, if you will prevail with your darter—who, I understand, made this pie I have just et—to come over there and do the cooking, and so forth. Er kin she cook beans?"

"She has cooked beans since she was that high," says the widder. "Do you think Pansy can cook beans nice, sister?" says she, turning to Flora.

"She is an excellent cook in every respeck and particular," says Flora; "and though I would not advise no girl to hitch to no man, my luck being what it is in regards to Tandy, yit I will say that Pansy would make a prize for the best man which ever trod in shoes, though God knows that is little better than barefooted."

So that is the way Pansy Fletcher, which was the oldest darter of the widder, happen to come over to Tandys' to keep house. It was arranged that we boys would pay our board hereafter direct to the widder, in trust for Flora Tandy, which she went away to Uticky, New York, to visit relatives if not friends. And Pansy kep house and she sure could cook. She warn't a handsome gal, as none of the Fletcher gals was, but she was a fine, strong, healthy and good-natured gal, and could pass a joke, if it was not too blue colored, with the best of 'em. Jasp Tandy was sort of upset by this payment of board money to the widder. He declared it was contrary to law, but what law he didn't say; and as he couldn't even git tobacco money out of it, the upshot of it was that Jasp helt onto his lame back and went down to the box factory and worked two days a week. This kept him in tobacco and red neckties, but didn't give him no opportunity to splurge.

The way that gal Pansy fed us was a caution. She did the buying of food and she didn't buy with a stingy fist. I ain't saying she was the equal of Flora Tandy in cooking, because Flora had had more experience, but her beans was just what her mother said—they was prime -and when we hitched our chairs up to the table on Saturday nights it was like old times. I don't know whether it was by agreement, but she never gave Jasp Tandy a second helping of anything unless it turned out not so good. If we got sirloin steak, Jasp got the part which lays furthest away from the bone, constituting a small tail composed of meat which requires better teeth than the rest, though probably jist as neuteritious. Jasp was already licked, though he wouldn't confess it. He started in by roaring, and the big blond Pansy jist laughed. Then he talked lower, and finally begun to curse under his breath, and then he didn't talk at all, but et what was shoved to him.

Well, mister, that went on for a few weeks, and we boys which was boarders was in clover again, when all of a sudden Pansy dropped some news on us which turned our spines to icicles. She said she was going to quit and go back to the tea room where she had been working. She said she had done what she could to oblige, according to her mother's wish, but she was fed up with looking after so many folks, and besides, at the tea room it was more lively, there being more city folks stopping in automobiles.

"But my goodness, Miss Fletcher, you wouldn't leave us flat!" says Bill Wigmore, appalldonized by the prospect of having some more of Jasp Tandy's experimental food.

"I'm sorry, boys, but that is my decision," says Pansy kindly. "I have took good care of you and now you must git somebody else."

Bill's hands went instinctoratively to his stummick, and he looked nomplused.

Then he give a deep sigh and says, "Miss Pansy, would you consider a proposition of marriage from an honest chap which has worked stiddy since he left school and knows how to treat a good woman?"

Pansy looked thoughtfully at Bill a minute and her face got a nice red and she looked real pretty.

"Meaning what man, Mr. Wigmore?" she says. "Are you speaking for yourself, or is this a club?"

"I am speaking for myself," says Bill, mumbling.

"I will not receive no proposals before a crowd, Mr. Wigmore, and in no such offhand manner," says Pansy, "though no doubt you mean all right, and so far as I can see you are sincere."

Bill took the hint and shut up, and after the supper things was washed and put away—which we boys always did for Pansy—Bill and Pansy retired to somewheres and no doubt had a confidential talk. The upshot of it was that a few days afterward Bill made his announcement at the table. Pansy and him were going to git hitched, he said. Pansy blushed and admitted that this was right.

"And a sweeter gal doesn't live," says Bill, in a success of emotion, taking Pansy's hand, "and I am going to devote my life to making her happy, and if anybody has anything smart to say about it, I will meet him out into the back yard."

"Good gorry, Bill," says Walt Perrin, "we think you are doing the wisest move you ever did and the congratulations of everybody is showered on you. You have chose a gal which reflects credit on your brains which was unsuspected by anybody."

"Walt speaks for all, Bill," says I. Tom nodded. "If we had been onto our groceries we would not of left you walk away with the prize so easy," says I; "though I suppose it would of been a losing fight for us, because we could see you was favored as to large portions of food since Pansy come. And it will be a great thing for us boys to be able to leave this Tandy place and board with you and Pansy, Bill, which will make a happy fambly and our board money will give you two a nice start in life."

"How about that?" said Bill, inquirous, to Pansy.

"Look at Mr. Tandy and ask yourself," replies Pansy, giving Bill a look which took the color out of his red Mackinaw.

Bill understood. "Boys," he says, "I'm sorry for you, but I wouldn't have my wife take no boarders."

Pansy put her arm around Bill's neck and kissed him. "You are a man, and spoken like one," she says. "If Mr. Tandy had taken that position his wife would not be in Uticky."

And so we three boys –Tom and Walt and me—was left flat again, and the happy couple was married out of the Methodist minister's house, and went away pursued by rice and shoes, and Bill soon after got a better job in Dayton, Ohio, and is as happy almost as a clam.

Which we boys was left flat, as I say, and would of starved to death or had to look elsewhere for a home, if it had not been for the kindness of Widder Fletcher. She said she was not going to have "her boys," as she sweetly put it, thrown on the world like this. She said her second darter Hattie, which was really a better cook than Pansy, would leave her position as cashier in the dry-goods store and keep house at Tandys', though it was money out of her pocket.

Well, when we heard that, we boys took on new life. Jasp Tandy wanted to know whether he didn't have something to say about the way his own house was run and who ran it, but we told him where he got off. Bill having gone away with his twelve dollars a week, it made the board money lighter. Jasp took to working three days a week at the box factory, in spite of his hard arteries. And Hattie sure did make things agreeable for us boys. Say, her beans while nothing was against Pansy's—had a sort of quality which you dream about. And her biscuits, tossed up, though nobody would really toss them, would of stuck to the ceiling and pushed upwards. Also she could make a salad which—though full-grown men should not care much for salads, which is more for lounge lizards and soda jerkers—was a revolution to us boys. I thought salad was only another kind of green feed for cattle, but spoiled by the addition of refined axle grease, but this salad of Hattie's was something else. We had it every night for three weeks before we got tired of it. I remember the last night we had it, because that was the night Hattie give notice that she was going to quit.

"Oh, my Godfrey, Miss Hattie," I says to her, turning clammy, "what are you going to quit for? Ain't we boys been polite or anything?"

"You boys is perfect gentlemen, I will say," says Hattie, blushing furious, "and the only trouble is that one of you is so nice he has upset all my plans for a career as cashier. You better ask Walt."

We all shot a look at Walt, and sure enough he had slipped limp-like down into his chair, and was as pleased as a boy caught stealing jam with his notoriety.

But he spruced up like a man and says, "Yes, boys, I am going to marry this wonderful gal, and hereafter she will do what cooking she does exclusive for me, which will not forbid you fellers coming around to eat a Sunday dinner with us now and again and git some more salad, will it, Hattie?"

"No, indeed, we should be glad to see them once in a while, Walt; of course, if it is not too much trouble for them to come, Walt, your friends being mine and mine yours, including my mother."

"Your mother did me the best turn ever done when she had you for a darter," says Walt, which showed how far gone he was, and almost ready to have epilepsy.

"But couldn't we arrange, Miss Hattie," says I, "to come and board with you and Walt until such time as you might need the rooms for yourself? You see, Tom and me ——"

(Continued on Page 36)

BODY BY FISHER

WHEN you inspect the new Oldsmobile, you will be impressed by the fact that here, again, Fisher has wrought with all the freshness of conception and mastery of design for which Fisher is notable. It is the Fisher leadership in these attributes as much as in unrivaled resources and experience, which has made "Body-by-Fisher" practically a short-form expression for captivating charm, unusual comfort and utmost value in an automobile body.

GENERAL MOTORS

Week of January 30th

Which suit, Spades or Clubs, should South, the Dealer, bid first in the Radio Bridge hand below? In either case, what should North say after West bids his Diamonds? If North assists, should South show his second suit? Here's a good lesson in modern bidding. Don't miss this Radio Game!

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, dealer, South—
Spades A, K, J, 8
Hearts Q
Diamonds 5 3 2
Clubs K Q, J 10 9

J. H. Ballinger, Seattle, West—
Spades 10 5
Hearts 9, 6 5
Diamonds K J 10 9, 7 4
Clubs A

Mrs. Helen M. Hubbard, San Francisco, North—
Spades Q, 9, 4, 2
Hearts J, 8, 7, 2
Diamonds Q
Clubs 8, 6, 5, 4

Milton C. Work, New York, East—
Spades 7, 6, 3
Hearts A, K, 10, 4, 3
Diamonds A, 8, 6
Clubs 7, 3

Tues., Jan. 31, 10 P. M. (E. T.)
WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMJ, WWJ.

Tues., Jan. 31, 8:30 P. M. (P. T.)
KFI, KPOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for time of following:

KFAD Electrical Equipment Co. Phoenix
KFUM Corley Mt. Highway Colorado Springs
KGBX [illegible] St. Joseph, Mo.
KOA General Electric Co. Denver
KOIN Coll. Agr. & Mech. Art Albuquerque
KPRC [illegible] Houston
KSL [illegible] Salt Lake City
KTBS Arkansas Hotel Hot Springs, Ark.
KVOO Southwestern Sales Corp. Tulsa, Okla.
WCOA [illegible] Pensacola, Fla.
WDAY Radio Equipment Corp. Fargo
WDBO [illegible] Orlando, Fla.
WHAA Radio Hotel New Smyrna-Ormond, Fla.
WJAX [illegible] Jacksonville, Fla.
WJBO [illegible] New Orleans
WKY Radiophone Co. Oklahoma City
WMC [illegible] Memphis
WRVA Larus & Bro. Co. Richmond, Va.
WSAZ [illegible] Huntington, W. Va.
WSUN Municipal Station St. Petersburg, Fla.
WWNC [illegible] Asheville, N. C.
CFAC Herald Calgary, Can.
CFCF Radio Assn. Montreal, Can.
CJCA [illegible] Edmonton, Can.
CJGC Free Press London, Can.
CJRM Jas. Richardson & Sons Moose Jaw, Can.
CKAC La Presse Montreal, Can.
CKCD Daily Province Vancouver, Can.
CKCI Le Soleil Quebec, Can.
CKCO Radio Ass'n Ottawa, Can.
CKNC Canadian Nat. Carbon Co. Toronto, Can.
CKY Manitoba Tel. System Winnipeg, Can.

The U. S. Playing Card Company
Cincinnati, U. S. A.—Windsor, Canada
Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York.

BICYCLE *and* **CONGRESS**
PLAYING CARDS

(Continued from Page 34)

"That stuff is out—o-u-t—by arrangement and agreement," says Walt firmly. "No boarders for us. Look at what it has done to Tandy. I would rather live in a hut and have no suit than what I got on than have strangers tromping through the house and calling my wife by her first name."

"Isn't he splendid?" says Hattie, looking a gale of affection into Walt's face, which was a study.

Tom says nothing, nor me, and if Tandy had 'a' said anything I would have hung the soup tureen onto his ear.

We give Walt and Hattie a royal send-off, and the Widder Fletcher cried. Tom cried a little at the wedding, too, thinking of where him and me was going next.

The happy wedded couple took the tenement over the fish market—one of the best tenements in town—but soon after they got the traveling fever and went out to Californy, where both are doing well and have a peach orchard and three children, and send home letters saying that in Californy the weather is so perfect it gits disagreeable and makes you want to be uncomfortable.

Tom Wheelock and me went home sad and took off our boots and smoked awhile, and then I says, "There is Rachel Fletcher left, Tom. While the widder has a single gal left, I can see you and me will eat beans on Saturday night. She will probably stay about three weeks, like Hattie and Pansy, and then either you or me will marry her and the other will be left like a man sailing the Atlantic Ocean in a bathtub. The widder has handled this thing like a master, and we got to hand it to her and Flora. Personally, I have had notions of not gittin' married until I was too old to enjoy life, but I wouldn't be bigoted about it; and if Rachel comes over and it has to be you or me, I am willing to match pennies now, and we will swear on our honor and prick our fingers and draw blood to put on a solemn dockyment, that whichever marries the gal, he will arrange that the other can have board and room as long as agreeable. What do you say?"

Tom looked nomplused a minute. Then he says shyly, "Well, Bob, maybe you will think I done you dirt, but to tell you the truth, Rachel ain't coming over to Tandys'—that is, she was, but she ain't. I am going to marry Rachel, Bob. I seen this thing coming and I knowed the widder would send Rachel over and it would maybe make bad blood between you and me, which of us was to git the core of the apple, so I says to myself I had better speak beforehand, which I have just done after the wedding of Hattie, and so we are to be hitched next week, and I count on you standing behind me and propping me up at the altar."

"Oh, my Godfrey!" I says, and felt all alone in the world for the first time since I was to New York the day Lindbergh come home. Then I says, "Tom, you and me has been friends too long to quarrel now, provided I can board over at your place."

"I'm sorry about that, Bob," he says, "but it was one of the conditions which Rachel insisted against—that she would not take boarders. And now, if you'll excuse my absence, I got to go over and talk with Rachel."

And so there I was left alone in the house with Jasp Tandy. At first I thought I had better start a fight with Jasp to relieve my mind. But when I started downstairs to kick him or something, I lost my nerve, because here was Jasp and me in the same boat—both orphans and left alone in the world. I made up my mind I would go and talk with him. But jist as I started downstairs I heered the voice of a woman. At first I thought it was Flora Tandy come back, but then I recognized the voice, and it was the Widder Fletcher.

So I stepped on the stairs, and I heard her say to Jasp, "Jasper, where is Mr. Withers?"

"I don't know, but I hope to heavens he has fell down and broke his neck," says Jasp.

"You should not talk that way about one of the kindest and best men which has ever lived," says the widder. "He would of made the best husband for one of my gals which ever was, and I am only sorry I did not have four gals instid of three. Like as not he will be so lonely now, being on his own resources, that some scheming creature will catch him up and make a fool of him. I will not have that onto my conscience, Jasper, so against my will I have been forced to come over here and keep house for you two men until Flora maybe decides to come home or otherwise."

I see how the land lay. The widder had got her three gals off her mind and now she was free to do something for herself. Godfrey, I don't blame her! And yit I didn't want to be married that week to the widder, so I snuck back upstairs and went into my room and locked the door and packed up what things I needed. I stayed in my room till dark, and then I lowered everything out the back window and dropped after it—and so here I am in Indianapolis, Indiany, still a bachelor and grabbing my meals off the arms of chairs in a place where nothing is more than thirty cents and not worth nothing at all.

Sometimes I git to thinking that maybe I will go back to Jackson Falls and let Nature take its course. Flora has gone back to Jasp Tandy, which he's now working six days a week at the box factory.

Flora done some wonderful thinking. She married off her sister's gals and almost married off the widder herself, and she got rid of her boarders, which had become a nuisance, and she got Jasp back to work regular. When Flora thunk, she thunk, unlike most folks, which only has a tickling sensation behind the ears.

BUCKING A HEAD WIND

(Continued from Page 7)

for dinner and a show, having left Beverly Hills, California, the morning before. I got to bed, had a good night's sleep, got up next morning and saw the men and 'tended to my business, called around to see some more friends, and in fact had more time on my hands than I knew what to do with. It was still raining that morning. I went down to catch the train to go over to Hadley Field; it's out from New Brunswick.

I want to tell you now it don't do you any good to fly to New York. After I finally got out to the field I found I dident lose any time by landing at Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania; in fact I was nearer New York than Hadley, or even Mitchel or Roosevelt Field. There is twenty Golf courses nearer New York than any flying field they have and it takes less ground to land on than to make a golf course on, yet the biggest City in the World has no regular place to land. You lose more time getting into the city than you save by flying there.

Well, I got to the field and it was just like yesterday in Cleveland; the weather was very little different. The ceiling was low. It was time to go, but it dident look like there would be anything doing. The pilot that was scheduled to be first off was William C. Hopson, an ex-army flyer—in fact 90 per cent of these men are all Army men; the rest are Navy or Marine. I hunted up Hopson—Hoppy, they call him—I hunted up Hoppy. He looked at the map, talked to the radio weather operator. Finally he said he thought it was clearing and that we would go. It was raining there; but what was happening there dident mean anything. It is what is happening yonder that you want to know about. Well, sir, do you know it commenced to clear, and you know how clear and pretty it can get after a storm.

Well, we dident have a bit of trouble or a bit of fog. We got into Bellefonte and gassed her up and right on out to Cleveland. He set her down there, and as we taxied up to where all the gang was that we had left there the day before, why, he started to speak when I interrupted him:

"You would have made better time if you hadent been bucking a head wind."

Sure enough that was what he was about to utter. So I told the flyers that I was going to keep on flying till my beard caught in the propeller, or find a pilot that dident have a head wind to buck. Boys, I am flying till I catch a tail wind. And when I do and the pilot admits it, I am hanging up the helmet.

Here is the other plane all warmed up for Chicago; the storm is over and everything is working on schedule. I draw the same boy going back that brought me over, and I wish I could think of his name—an excellent Pilot and fine chap. By the way, this Hopson that just brought me in has since then set one down on the railroad tracks without any serious mishaps. I tell you those Guys are there.

We are late on account of leaving New York late, and it's getting good and dark before we get near Chicago. Then the lights —— Ah, say, fly over a Big City at night! Daytime is like slumming compared to seeing a big lighted City from the air at night. The hundreds of lighted rows of streets running every direction. You could see the dark outline of the Lake and the thousands of Automobile headlights moving like bugs. You could tell the revolving Beacon lights that he was being guided by. The course from New York to Chicago has lights every ten miles, and the lights from them cross, so that the Pilots are always within sight of a light, barring Fog. The field was all lighted with a great big row of lights around the out edges, besides the floods and beacons on the Hangars and towers. What a kick coming down, knowing you had left New York less than seven hours ago! Lunch in New York and dinner in Chicago.

They are changing the mail in a hurry. It's about eight or 8 30. Back into the closed Plane, and there is no other Passenger. That means I can lay down and sleep all night. I spent too many years riding in a day coach not to know how to curl up on one seat and sleep better than in most beds. They got a lot of lunch there, but I am not going in so strong for food as on the way east. That storm yesterday kinder spoiled my appetite.

Now let me tell you about this sickness. The air is just the same as the ocean. I am making no alibi's for it. If it's rough, you are liable to feel your stomach rising and falling with the Plane. But if it's nice and smooth, there is not a chance in the world of being sick.

This line we have just left, going from New York to Chicago, has a very remarkable record that will compare with the Boeing or Western Air. They have only had it a short time—in fact since May. They have flown over 1,000,000 miles and no injury to anyone. They also operate the line from Chicago, down through Kansas City, Wichita and to Dallas. Their planes fly 5000 miles every day. Get the record of some bunch of Automobiles that have to run altogether 5000 miles a day and you will find they have got more cemeteries than they have cars. You don't have to stop to figure out which is the safer. All you have to do is to compare the intelligence of the men that Pilot Planes with the intelligence of everybody that drives a car.

But let's get home. We are loitering too much on the way with statistics. I take my overcoat and make it my pillow, and I am asleep before Pilot Lee leaves the

(Continued on Page 38)

With top and all side glasses down

The Phaeton Sedan

With top down and four side glasses up

With top up and completely enclosed

The next advanced change in body styles. Auburn introduces the Phaeton Sedan now, the only manufacturer offering it as a standard model. Others will feature it next year.

YOUR NEXT CAR

AUBURN

POWERED BY LYCOMING

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

"—and there must be no friction in this office"

Office appliances and equipment are as important as the human element in business—and so easy to keep running smoothly, quietly, efficiently with

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - Cleans & Polishes

This high quality oil is ideal for typewriters and billing machines, calculating, duplicating and addressing machines, time clocks, revolving chairs, locks and hinges.

It penetrates deeply, dissolves and washes away greasy dirt, lubricates perfectly. Makes office mechanisms last longer and do better work. Saves repair bills.

To make an ideal office dust cloth, lightly saturate a yard of cheese cloth with 3-in-One. Picks up dust without scattering it. May be shaken outdoors. Wash and re-oil when badly soiled.

Don't confuse 3-in-One with ordinary light oil and so-called "machine oil." It's decidedly different. Compounded of several fine oils, it possesses the unique properties of each.

Sold in good stores everywhere in Handy Oil Cans and three sizes of bottles. Ask for 3-in-One by name. The Big Red "One" on the label is your protection.

FREE: Sample and Illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal.

When Changing Auto License Plates

Save time, temper and a lot of hard work by applying 3-in-One to old license bolts before removing. It penetrates quickly, softens the rust and makes removal much easier.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St., New York, N Y

A Third of a Century of Continuous Service

Your typewriter will be keyed up to greater efficiency if given an occasional treat with 3-in-One.

Swivel chairs cease their "crying out loud" upon application of a few drops of 3-in-One to the affected parts.

Your calculating machines will "choose to run" better after a good oiling with 3-in-One.

(Continued from Page 36)

ground. All I know is that when the Plane landed at Omaha a few hours later, they had to shake me to get me out to change Planes. I hadent known about Gas at Iowa City at all. I asked Lee what kind of a trip we had.

He said, "We had a head wind most all the way in."

I said, "The winds are all blowing east tonight; night before last they were all blowing west."

I asked the Pilot that had just come in from Omaha, which was the opposite direction from which we had come from, what kind of a trip he'd had.

"I had a head wind most of the way and about three-quarters the rest."

Well, let's get back and get some more sleeping done. All you do this time is to change your head to the other side of the plane, which lays you on a new side. It was as warm and nice in there. I dident have on my flying suit or my overcoat. They say we got Gas in North Platte, but I hope they will pardon me if I admit I dident see the town. I was so restful that I don't even know who piloted the Plane on that hop. I believe it was Allison again, and the fellow that I couldent think of his name from Cleveland was Knoop.

They wake me to change in Cheyenne. It's just breaking day. It don't look like the same gayly lighted place of the night before last. I do, however, distinctly remember this Pilot saying that outside of a head wind we had had a very quiet trip.

I got company from here on. He is the Engineer that is sent out by the Company that makes the Engines. He keeps 'em in shape. He was an awful nice fellow, and not near as broad as the other fellow. I had had a whole night's sleep and it dident matter much. I was getting in shape to take on nourishment again, so as soon as the vacuum bottle had been passed I begin to look over Wyoming.

Our Pilot on this hop from Cheyenne to Salt Lake was Slim Lewis. Slim is quite a hunter and he asked me if I liked to hunt. So it's just good daylight as we leave Cheyenne. We have been going for perhaps three-quarters of an hour when —— I hope the company don't reprimand Slim by me being so mouthy as to tell this, for I don't imagine it was what he was exactly supposed to do. But I felt the Plane swerve on a short bank and I looked out to see if by chance we had hit a detour, and Mr. Lewis had his left wing tip right on the tail of a Gray Wolf. He scratched that Wolf's back for him for about 100 yards and then swerved back on the straightaway. The country was so level we were flying very low all the time. All at once he makes another razee and this time it's a bunch of Antelope.

Some of them seem to know old Slim and know he won't bother 'em. They sure did look pretty. Well, next comes a Coyote. He run him ragged for a few seconds; then more Antelope—about six bands in all; then over Lakes that had ducks, which Slim informed us he was coming back to get on his days off.

He knew every old rancher across Wyoming. They would all be out waving at him. This Mechanic talked a good deal about Engines. But no more than I did about Acting. Finally I told him I dident know a thing in the World about Engines, that if they stopped this Plane and raised up the Hood and a rabbit jumped out, I would just figure he belonged in there. Begin to strike some mighty pretty little Ranches in the valleys over toward the mountains back of Salt Lake. You could see the little Lighthouse keeper's house now that it was daylight—Just about big enough to keep some matches in. We swooped down through the mountain pass and over beautiful Salt Lake City again.

Here is another great thing about an Aeroplane. You go over a country going one way and come back the very same route, but the whole thing will look different to you. It's because you are seeing it from exactly the opposite angle, and you will swear that you dident come that way before.

Back to the last leg of the Journey—Salt Lake to Los Angeles. I draw Alva DeGarmo as Pilot, and a good one. We are over an hour late, which started by not leaving New York sooner yesterday. Oh, yes, Slim had the Pilot's wail as we pulled in:

"I had a head wind; considering it, it wasent bad time."

I was beginning to lose hope of ever catching a tail wind. I forgot to tell you about the Fares. It's the same coming this way as the other—about $407 for the one way, making the entire trip from coast to coast and back $814. And it saves five nights and four days.

We havent been gone over thirty minutes out of Salt Lake when I am handed a note. Well, it seemed like old times, and it sure was welcome. Eastern Pilots don't do that, because Eastern people don't do it; it just sorter belongs out here, where the Pilots want to be friendly and sociable. The other Boys back there are just as nice, but they don't know how their people might take them suggesting what some point of interest is. But I believe it's a good thing for all Pilots to do. The business is new and let's get anything into it that will get all out of a trip there is in it. So a little Note writing in the East wouldent be amiss. "Do you like a closed Plane or open one like this? I like the air myself, but of course we all know that the closed ones are the coming thing."

Now, you see, we got a friendly start.

Here is another that makes me kinder have hopes for a minute: "Dust on the ground shows there is a head wind down there, but we will stay away up high—we are not getting much of it. We are making very good time. We left Salt Lake over an hour late."

And get this one:

"We will pass Milford in a few minutes, 165 miles out from S. L. We have only been an hour and thirty minutes—not bad for the old boat."

Another reads:

"That train left Los Angeles last night at six and won't be to Salt Lake till tonight at six. We will meet Jimmy James in a little while. He left Los Angeles this morning and will be in Salt Lake at two this afternoon—some difference."

"Here comes Jimmy!"

Now he was the Pilot that had taken me up three days before. He met us and circled around and flew alongside. He had a passenger. Then Alva returned the complement and we turned and circled back his way alongside of him. At this same time there was a train right underneath us—the Limited from the East. I bet they thought these two Aeroplanes were trying to catch each other, away out in that Desert, when they saw us monkeying around with each other.

We waved Jimmy good-by and away he went, and we went back to overtake the train again. The train was just at that time passing an old wagon that some old mover was going from one part of the Country to the other in. It was covered.

Now I got pretty good hearing when the wind is blowing right. There was a bunch of fellows sitting out on the Observation, fanning themselves and wiping the cinders off their faces and ordering ice water to try to keep cool while they were crossing the desert. As they passed the old fellow in a Wagon, they all looked at him. One spoke. But they all had the same thought, even if he hadent spoke it for them:

"Well, that's a pretty tough way to travel. Just think how the old-timers had to get from one place to another, and to think that poor devil is doing it still."

"Well, it's his own fault. Why don't he sell that old outfit and get on a train? It's his own fault."

"Well, some people just don't take to progress even when it's brought right to em," said another of the group. "Just think, that fellow mebbe left Salt Lake

Continued on Page 40

The Lowest Priced Six-Cylinder Truck

of its Size in America

The Heavy Duty Speed Wagon is the lowest priced six-cylinder truck of 3-ton capacity in America.

No other truck of its class even approaches it in low original cost.

In the Underwriters' Laboratories—where sham valuations are stripped away—the actual insurance price of twenty-nine 6-cylinder, 3-ton chassis averages more than $4000. No individual price is less than $2650.

The Heavy Duty Speed Wagon chassis sells for $2185.

If published prices—rather than insurance prices—are considered, this difference is even more amazing. But comparisons have been made on a Speed Wagon basis—for Speed Wagon prices are never stretched to allow seemingly large "discounts" from dealers.

When you buy a Heavy Duty Speed Wagon, you get America's lowest price, plus a combination of performance, operating economy and endurance that has yet to be duplicated.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

JUNIOR
Capacity up to one-half ton
Chassis
$895.00

TONNER
Capacity up to one ton
Chassis
$995.00

MASTER
Capacity up to two tons
Chassis
$1645.00

Prices at Lansing

STANDARD
Capacity up to a ton and a half
In two wheelbases, at $1345 and $1445
$1345.00

HEAVY DUTY
Capacity up to three tons
Chassis
$2185.00

SPEED WAGON

FOR FASTER ~ SURER ~ EASIER ~ CHEAPER HAULING

Ingersoll

WRIST WATCH $3.50

Dependable — Like All Ingersolls

Saves Time and Trouble in Overcoat Weather

There are a good many things that you won't have to do if you wear an Ingersoll Wrist Watch this winter.

For instance:

When you want to know the time out-of-doors, you *won't* have to take off your gloves on what may be a blustering, bitter cold day . . unloosen your overcoat . . grope for your pocket watch fish it out from the hidden and unseen depths of your vest pocket return it to its hiding-place . . . and put your gloves on again!

An Ingersoll Wrist Watch on your wrist saves you all this effort and annoyance. A glance at your left wrist will tell you the right time *instantly* It will be the right time, because an Ingersoll Wrist Watch is sturdy and dependable

It can be used in places and at times where a more delicate watch would be a liability, because its accuracy is not easily affected by jolts and jars

Smart, mat finish metal dials, and the handsome new tonneau shape are features that add greatly to the good looks of Ingersoll Wrist Watches You will appreciate this point, because a wrist watch is in sight all the time that it is in use.

And the Wrist Radiolite is only $4.00. Just 50 cents more for the added convenience of having a wrist watch that tells time in the dark.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc. New York Chicago San Francisco Montreal

Service Dept., Waterbury, Conn.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

The Ingersolls illustrated below are: Yankee, $1.50; Eclipse, $2.50; Junior, $3.25; Midget, $3.25; Wrist, $3.50; jeweled Waterbury in Chromium finish case, $5.00

Continued from Page 38)

before we left New York City, and this is all the further he is."

Another spoke up: "Well, the only way you can account for it is that he just don't know any better. It's people like him that can t see things that's holding this country out here back. They need some Eastern Pep and life and Go-getem, and wake-up-and-move-around spirit out here."

I was sorry I couldn't hear more, but we were passing so fast that's all I could grab. I think I will go down to the Depot tomorrow night when they get in and hear the rest of it, for it's that go-getem Eastern spirit that we need. Here's another note:

"See this valley on your left? This will all be under water when the Boulder Dam is built. Did you ever see the Dam site? It's only over there about 15 miles off our course. If you would like, we will go by We are making good time and can spare the time "

I sure did nod yes. Well, sir, we flew right over where it is to be built, and when some old Senator and Congressman gets up and tells about how he visited the place and looked it all over, it's a lot of Apple sauce. There is no road in there. There is only two ways to see it—that's to come down the Colorado River in a boat and the other is to see it from a Plane; and none of them ever did either, so ask him how he saw it. It's a natural place for a Dam if there ever was one. We circle all around it half a dozen times, down in it, over it and through it; then head off for Las Vegas, which we reach in a few minutes. There was at one place where we could see four states—Arizona, California, Nevada and Utah—all at once.

We get our gas and are away on the home stretch, flying away along down below Barstow. I told Alva that Brisbane lived not far away over on our right. He had no more than read the note than we swerved over and he asked me if I would know the place. I told him I believed I would from the description that Brisbane had given me of it. Sure enough, we found it—a ranch in a lot of Alfalfa, near the Mohave River We circled it a few times and then out for L. A. We went straight over the mountains instead of going around through Cajon Pass. As we passed over the mountains he sent this:

"Reminds me of when I was a Forest ranger in a Plane up in Washington and Oregon. I was three years with them."

Now that gives you an idea how well equipped these Pilots are. Three years flying over mountain tops, hunting fires, with no landing fields, ought to make a fair Pilot. His next note said:

"This is my 275th Trip on this run "

He flew low right over Mount Wilson and then he shut his engine off and nosed her down and we just took a long glide from there clear across Pasadena and to the field. He passed me a note saying we had been making fine time.

Well, here we are, landing right where we started from four days ago. We left Tuesday morning, and it's now Friday evening at 5:15 P.M. He says we are fifteen minutes ahead of time.

"We made up the hour we were late and fifteen minutes more, besides all the side trips we had. We averaged right at 130 miles an hour. We caught a tail wind."

I fell into his arms and wanted to kiss him. Just think, I had finally ridden with an Aviator that caught a tail wind! I said I was going to quit when that event happened, but I'm not. I am going to try and get another one. My wife was there to meet me. She had had a very narrow escape. An Iowan in a flivver hit 'em crosswise, but they got him shoved off before any serious damage had been done.

On my way home I happened to think of my friend that had been in such a hurry to get to New York he had left a day before me. I looked at his time-table. He was now between Cleveland and Buffalo, and would reach New York tomorrow morning at 9:30. We were two hours getting from the field home—fifteen miles. We bucked a head wind all the way.

The Day the Sealyham Twins Wished They Had Been Born Greyhounds

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

Number 22

"Winter oil" dangers

How two months of too-light oil may rob you of a year's wear

DANGER threatens your engine from many so-called "winter oils" which your increased winter driving has brought to the market.

You buy these oils because their *extra-thin* body gives you quick, easy starts on frosty mornings.

But spring is coming. Will you find yourself in second gear halfway up the very hills you took on high last fall? Will your engine be noisy on level stretches? Perhaps.

And all because that too-thin oil you used for winter failed to cover your cylinder walls, piston rings, and pistons with the rich, viscous film necessary to perfect seal, and permitted blow-by. And also free use of the choke, added to the unvaporized gasoline which reached the crankcase.

With too thin an oil the pistons will sometimes carry a whole quart of gasoline down into the oil supply after only 200 miles of driving.

A single winter of too-thin lubrication may easily take a year's wear out of your engine.

THIS winter you need not sacrifice prompt starting to piston seal. What you need is an oil (1) free flowing at below zero to permit a quick start*—and yet—(2) so rich in body and character that it seals the piston rings completely.

Mobiloil Arctic flows freely at lowest temperatures. Yet it has a rich "oiliness" that gives you thorough lubrication and the greatest obtainable margin of safety against dangerous gasoline dilution.

All crudes that go into Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic are specially chosen with winter conditions in mind.

That is one of the reasons why 182 automobile and truck manufacturers approve the winter advice of the Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart.

The partial Chart printed here lists most of the prominent cars which should use Mobiloil Arctic. Your car is probably named there. If it isn't, there is a special grade of Mobiloil specified for it on the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

For real winter economy, it will pay you to make this Chart your guide.

SPECIAL WINTER CHART

Mobiloil Arctic

should be used in Winter (below 32° F.) in all cars marked *.

PASSENGER CARS	1927	1926	1925	1924
Auburn *all except Models 4-44 & 6-66*	•	•	•	•
Buick	•	•	•	•
Cadillac	•	•	•	•
Chandler *except Special Six*	•	•	•	•
Chevrolet	•	•	•	•
Chrysler *4-58*	•	•	•	
Dodge Brothers	•	•	•	•
Elcar *all except Models 6-65 & 6-66*	•	•	•	•
Erskine	•			
Essex	•	•	•	•
Flint	•	•	•	•
Hudson	•	•	•	•
Hupmobile	•	•	•	•
Jordan	•	•	•	
La Salle	•			
Locomobile	•	•	•	•
Marmon *Six*†	•			
Moon	•	•	•	•
Nash	•	•	•	•
Oakland	•	•	•	•
Oldsmobile	•	•	•	•
Overland & Overland Whippet	•	•	•	•
Packard *Six*	•	•	•	•
" *Eight*	•	•	•	•
Paige	•	•	•	•
Peerless *Models 60, 80 & Eight*	•	•	•	
Pontiac	•	•	•	•
Reo	•	•	•	•
Star	•	•	•	•
Studebaker	•	•	•	•
Velie	•	•	•	•
Willys-Knight	•	•	•	•

If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at Mobiloil dealers' for your winter grade of Mobiloil.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil Arctic

*Warning: No oil will permit easy starting unless the battery is fully charged and spark plugs and distributor are clean and properly adjusted.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

how will you choose the best?

With some 700 pictures coming in 1928, and all clamoring for your time, it's too great a risk to just go out and gamble on seeing a good one. Don't do it. Heed this . . . Of these 700, about 85 will be Paramount Pictures. We do not say they are the only good ones. We *do* say they are *all* good ones, and that you never need take any chances when you remember—"*If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!*"

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION
Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N. Y. C.

Paramount Pictures

TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures

US

(Continued from Page 15)

private bizness fo' me, Wilecat. Mebby you betteh not botheh yo'self to hang 'round fo' a li'l while."

When the Wildcat had prowled out of the conference—"I wonder how soon kin you fly away, Mistuh Leffin'well, wid dat Soul of Africa?" Honeytone asked.

"Any minute, if the weather stays this way. Is she fueled?"

"Yas-suh—'nuff gas fo' five hund'ed miles, so de Army gentleman told me whut flew it to me. He said dat Soul was in lots betteh shape dan his own. De main thing, Mistuh Leffin'well, is de actor part—an' to stay lost afteh you leaves."

"I'll stay lost. In the meantime, where is the pay for this trip?"

Honeytone pulled out his wallet and displayed a thick stack of currency.

"Right in my hand. An' de minnit befo' you takes off you gits five hund'ed dollahs paid in yo' hand, besides which, 'cordin' to 'greedment like I sez, de plane belongs to you as long as nobody neveh recognizes it again."

"Nobody will recognize it after I overhaul it. . . . Well, when do I start?"

"Lemme see—dis Wensday. You starts five days f'm now, does de Wilecat git set at his end in time. You starts nex' Monday mawnin'. F'm now till Monday mawnin' I'd like to git you to ride out to de field one time ev'y day wid yo' flyin' raiment on you fo' publicity purposes. On'y thing to remembeh is I does all de talkin'—an' you has to black yo' face to match dat Wilecat's complexion, whah it shows."

"Right—Monday's the day. I'll be over tomorrow forenoon."

"Yas-suh. Us goes whah at de Soul is waitin' in a autobeel."

When the white man had gone, Honeytone hunted up his brunet hero.

"Git de train right now," he ordered. "Come 'long wid me whilst I expedites you to Sam Framcisco. Us got to git a taxi, else you misses dat rattler by one full day. Come a-runnin'!" On the way to the train—"Mind whut I tol' you," Honeytone admonished. "Demmy is got ev'ything 'ranged fo' you, 'cordin' to his telegraft. Betteh let him run things—lean on him heavy. Few days mo' an' I gives de word by telegraft an' den—on to vicktry! Right soon afteh dat I joins up wid you, but keep yo' mouf shut tight ontil you gits de prize. Afteh de prize is won, you kin orate all you please. Come a-runnin'! Heah's de deepo!"

On the day following the Wildcat's arrival in San Francisco, where he was met by Demmy according to schedule, the Soul of Africa took off from its Eastern roosting place. It headed into the west until it was out of the range of vision of an assorted group of spectators who had watched it start, and then it swung north to where a bootlegging organization needed better international transportation facilities.

About the time the Soul of Africa reached its destination in the north, the Wildcat, nearly three thousand miles away, reclined at ease and gave his attention to his emergency rations in a ramshackle corrugated-iron shed out on the deserted shore of an arm of San Francisco Bay.

The corrugated-iron shed, long abandoned by a grading contractor, stood solitary and alone in the waste land, absorbing heat from the summer sun. The long side of the shed toward the bay, which for some years had been open to cooling breezes, was curtained now with a barrier of dusty gray canvas whose drab coloration, to a spectator half a mile away, became invisible against its background.

Heat rays burned down from the iron roof inside the hut and fairly sizzled in contact with the Wildcat's moist face. The rest of the Wildcat's person was insulated by his flying suit. His costume, together with a bulky parachute which was strapped to his anatomy, offered some impediment to rapid movement; but nevertheless he was able to stretch out his arm in languid gesture now and then and to retrieve renewed strength for his ordeal of solitude out of a basket, now half empty, which had been packed tightly with sandwiches.

The shed was not tight against light. Rectangular open spaces under the eaves admitted light enough to reveal the Wildcat's surroundings. The principal object of the ensemble, standing above the steady eater and his ration equipment, was an airplane.

The Wildcat reached for two more sandwiches and observed a pencil of sunlight burning through a little hole in one of the corrugated iron sheets of the roof.

"Must be 'long around noon. Dog-gone dis waitin' bizness!" Daylight waiting wasn't so bad, but the long night just past held nothing much to recommend it. "Mighty glad ol' Demmy was wid me. Boy git awful lonesome in dis place by hisself. Wondeh why dat Demmy don't git back here?"

Before another half dozen sandwiches had disappeared, to the Wildcat's ears came a palpable imitation of a quail's whistle. "Dat's Demmy!"

A moment later, under a lifted corner of the canvas curtain, Demmy entered the hangar. He stood blinking his eyes until they might function in the obscurity of the hut, and then, with his eyeballs gleaming in the darkness—"It come!" he announced in a stage whisper. "I got de secret telegraft message f'm Honeytone!"

"Whut he say?"

"He say tonight is de night. You is supposed to flutter down to fame at seven o'clock."

"Dog-gone, Demmy, us is glad of dat! Whut dat secret code telegraft say?"

Demmy pulled a message out of his pocket. "Telegraft talks dice talk—says: 'Fold yo' wings natural. Left Little Joe.' Dat means you stop flyin' an' arrive at seven o'clock—seven is de on'y natural he kin mean, 'cause folks is all in bed by eleven. When he says, 'Left Little Joe,' dat means you hopped off at Little Joe time, which is fo' o'clock."

With the suspense of three days relieved, the Wildcat yawned and stretched himself. "Hot dam, Demmy, us is glad it's oveh! Absorb a nose dive into dem sandwiches. Us is got plenty of rations to nutrify us until dis evenin' comes."

Seated near the Wildcat, Demmy devoted his next half hour to refreshments and reflection. During most of this time he looked down or straight ahead of him into the impending future. Then, tilting his head back, his gaze lifted to the cabin of the airplane.

"Guess I betteh git dat epitaph painted on dat ol' sky wagon so it matches up wid its twin. Whah at's dat paint I bought?"

"Demmy, don't say dat epitaph word. Ol' Man Trouble uses it fo' his final slogan on too many folks. Makes me sort of shiver."

"You ain't got nuthin' to shiver 'bout so long as you don't tilt dis cloud skimmer's nose up so it swoops you off de U. S. A. Dat reminds me—did de twin plane have 'U. S.' on it, or 'U. S. A.'? Got to match up dese stringless kites so nobody kin tell 'em apart."

"Otheh plane sez 'U. S.' I 'members dat real good, because it spell 'us' on de side. U-s—dat's us."

"Whut side did it spell it on? Both sides?"

"Suttinly both sides. Fust it sez 'Soul of Africa' an' right afteh dat it sez 'US.'"

"Dat's us! Skurmish round an' find me dat brush whilst I signs dis plane. Got to desecrate dat motto mighty sudden so de ol' paint git dry befo' de triumphull rush begins. Somebody find de paint wet dey might crave to know how come."

"Paintbrush oveh in de corneh wid yo' paint. You git it, Demmy. I'se settin' so noble I hates to move 'way f'm dese rations."

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MOTOR—Built by "Van Dorn."
SPEED—No load, 540 R.P.M. Full load, 300 R.P.M.
POWER—More power per dollar than any other ½ in. drill.
BEARINGS—Ball bearing armature and spindle thrust.
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WEIGHT—14 lbs.
DRILLING CAPACITY—½ inch in steel.
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7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon and your 7 Free Shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 *cool* shaves for 50 cents.

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COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

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Established 1885
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Also Windsor, Canada

I want to test on my own face that *difference* you are claiming for your **Cool,** Soothing shaves. Please send me the 7 FREE Shaves.

Name.....

Address

"Neveh seed a nigger so dog-lazy. Nach'ral born ground-gripper if dey eveh was one! No wondeh you kain't fly."

"Ain't so lazy—come all de way f'm New Yawk today, ain't I?"

"Dasn't say no. Go on round de world, long as you is ridin' free inside yo' brain, ol' ground-gripper. Ride to de moon does you crave to. Flap yo' wings an' crowd de angels offen de track—on'y git back befo' ol' Honeytone kin fade f'm mortal view wid dat Sunkist Vision prize! Betteh watch him close afteh he gits dat money. You an' me is been podners off an' on a long time, an' as fur as I kin ricolleck you ain't neveh had no cash luck in no projecks whah dat boy wuz head man. Answeh me, is you? No, you ain't."

"Has me my share of de cash luck dis time, else Honeytone gwine to need six months fo' each half of hisself to heal up afteh us glides dis ol' foldin' sword th'ough his carcass. One false step f'm dat boy afteh us gits dem five thousan' Sunkist dollars an' I radicates him f'm yalleh to blood red. . . . Whut color is dat paint you got?"

"Black color. Don't botheh me whilst I paints. Got to think how Africa is spelled."

After a while the painter stood back and surveyed his work and found it good.

"Dah you is, Wilecat!" he announced. "Now let dem fotograft men take all de pitchers dey craves to—ol' cloud skimmer got de slogum on both sides so dey knows who it is. Dog-gone, boy, I feels kinda between nervous an' tired."

"Ise tired, but I ain't nervous."

"Dat's de way to be. You gits tired enough befo' dem Sunkist folks gits th'ough congranulatin' you in yo' vicktry. Gimme one of dem sandwiches wid de loose meat in. I kin rest some now dat ev'ything is all right, an' nuthin' rests me like rations."

"Ain't dat de truth! Res' yo'self, li'l' Demmy—ev'ything is all right like you says. Sho' glad dat telegraft got heah f'm ol' Honeytone. Seems like us is been in dis place longeh dan many a time when de judge man mentioned thutty days."

"You ain't got much longer now. Mighty soon you heahs de five-o'clock whistle blow, den de six-o'clock whistles, den a li'l' while afteh dat you rolls out wid yo' ship into de center of de stage whah all de world kin see you. Dat reminds me—you sure you got gasoline in dat fuel tank?"

"Got fifty gallons—an' dat's fo'ty-nine mo' dan us needs."

"Jus' wanted to make certain. Don't fo'git to smear yo' face wid grease so you looks wore out wid yo' flyin'. Seems like dey's so many triflin' odds an' ends in dis projeck a boy kain't tell when his foot might slip. By de way, befo' you spins yo' enjine, you betteh police up dis place an' not leave no traces of us."

"Bloodhound couldn't find nuthin' left afteh us leaves dis shed."

In the early evening the waiting pair parted and Demmy made his way across the barren flats to the highway. The six-o'clock whistles announced the hour, and presently Demmy halted his restless pacing under a tree beside the highway. He devoted himself to listening intently for some signal that would indicate a thrill of life along the keel of the prize-winning plane.

Presently it came, faint at first, and then as the Wildcat taxied across the flatland he gave the plane more gas. The roaring exhaust sounded plainly enough to be heard above the tumult of the highway traffic.

When the plane had jolted its uneven course along the ground for a mile away from the shed where it had been concealed, Demmy displayed a sudden fury of activity.

A whirlwind of excitement seemed to sweep the publicity agent out of his normal calm. Gesticulating wildly, he hailed half a dozen individuals clustered in front of a hot-dog stand three hundred feet down the highway from the spreading tree where his frenzy had overtaken him.

Approaching them at a run—"Dat's him!" he yelled, pointing in the general direction of the Wildcat's plane. "Dat's de champion! Dere he is! Dat's dat Soul of Africa man whut left New Yawk dis mawnin'. Dere's dat ace. Come along, white folks! Come a-runnin' an' greet de nonstop hero! Dat New Yawk eagle is made it at last! I seed him swoop down outen de skies, an' dere he is, taxin' across de field! Bet dat boy is about wore out!"

Contagious enthusiasm inspired the nucleus of what grew to be an impromptu reception committee of more than a hundred eager spectators.

Demmy, leading the race toward the halted plane, was first to greet the Wildcat. He reached up and shook hands with the exhausted ace half a dozen times, proclaiming the while his pride at being permitted to greet the hero.

When sufficient witnesses had gathered, the Wildcat overcame his assumed fatigue to an extent which enabled him to inquire relative to his location. Blinking his eyes rapidly, in a weak voice the pilot of the victory ship asked a question: "Whut town is dis?"

A dozen eager voices supplied the information: "San Francisco."

"You've landed close to San Francisco."

"How do you feel?"

The ace stated that he felt middling feeble, and then—"Somebody betteh telephone de Sunkist Vision Club dat de big nonstop prize f'm coast to coast dat dey put up is won."

Demmy was quick to horn into temporary control of the situation.

"I telephones 'em, Mistuh Ace. Come along wid me, hero, to my autobeel, an' I takes you whah at fame an' glory an' bonfires will be lit up on yo' behalf. De colored people of de Pacific Coast has waited a mighty long time fo' dis proud minnit."

The Wildcat permitted himself to be helped out of the plane, and with Demmy supporting him and his voluminous parachute, he walked proudly off the field.

"Nemmine dat ol' airplane," Demmy advised. "Dey's lots mo' like dat whah it come f'm. Whut's a old sky hack at a time like dis? Nobody ain't gwine to botheh it."

Leading the parade, the Wildcat headed toward the highway with Demmy at his side. When trotting bystanders became too insistent with their questions—"Put dat helmet an' dem ear muffs back on, Mistuh Ace," Demmy advised. "Comin' down out of dat cold air, you mighty apt to git yo' eardrums busted. I knows how it is wid high-flyin' aviators." Then, to an insistent urchin: "Lissen, boy, dis ace kain't heah you whilst he has on his helmet an' dem antifrost ear muffs. Ain't no use askin' him no mo' questions."

Sitting in Demmy's flivver, when they had left the throng of witnesses behind them—"Dog-gone, Demmy, us is sho' gwine to be glad to git dis ol' parachute unstrapped offen us. Sometime when you has lots of real troubles dat you wants to fo'git, wear a parachute strapped on you."

When the Wildcat had been removed from the scene of his triumph, his anxiety concerning the last act of the ground-gripping drama increased.

"Whut about gittin' hold of dat prize, Demmy? Seems like us been waitin' longer dan it takes to whitewash a coal mine."

"You means both sides of de coal mine? Lissen, I manages dis money bizness. Aims to run things so you ain't got no call to grieve."

"Sho' glad you aims to, Demmy. Ise dog-gone near wore out wid one thing an' sumpthin' else comin' up all de time, worl' widout end, includin' dat hero talk whut us kain't remembeh f'm one dream to de nex' whut Ise told folks in de previous lie. Heah me talk to folks you'd think de search fo' de champeen nonstop liar of de worl' had ended at last. Main trouble is, Ise mighty apt to contradick all de time."

"Nemmine, Wilecat, I manages ev'ything f'm now on," Demmy repeated. "I manages dat ol' five-thousan'-dollah harvest."

"Ise glad you does. De sooner you manages dat cash so it aviates dis way, de sooner us kin use it."

(Continued on Page 46)

SINE CERA

Toiling up the steep incline of the Capitoline, the ox wains bring the new statue of the Emperor. It has been carved by the Greek Damophon from a single block of purest Parian marble, and all Rome is there to see it.

White and dazzling it stands beneath the hot Italian sky. Gathered around it, the connoisseurs nod approval. Here there have been no tricks, no sculptor's wiles. No filled-up cracks, no hidden pits or holes. The stone gleams smooth and fair, without scar or blemish. And turning to each other they say: "*Sine cera*"—"without wax."

This Latin phrase, which came to be applied to everything genuine and authentic, is the reputed origin of our word "sincere." In house and market place, in field and camp, wherever a thing had been done honestly and without deception, its integrity was acknowledged with those two laconic words. Their meaning has endured until this day.

Sincerity is one of the foundation stones of modern life. Sincerity of purpose, sincerity of thought and action, sincerity in speaking and the written word—on this rock stands the whole edifice of human affairs. Without it there can be no confidence. When it is gone security goes with it.

This house believes implicitly in sincerity in advertising. It believes in telling the truth. The insincere testimonial, the misleading illustration, the exaggerated statement and the unfounded claim will never find a place in its consideration. It believes that the function of advertising is to sell goods—but not at the cost of honor and sound practice. *It will not use wax.*

Advertising today plays an enormous part in the national life. It has earned the confidence of the public as a guide to deserving products. That confidence must never be betrayed. Truthfully and sincerely conceived, advertising can erect in the imagination of the consumer an image bright and fully to be trusted, unmarred by frauds or cynical deceptions . . . cogent . . . "*Sine cera*" . . . without wax.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Miss Florence Wall, Secretary to Mr. Ross, is an expert shorthand writer who handled all of her employer's voluminous and often difficult dictation *exclusively* by the shorthand notebook method. Later she did the same work *exclusively* by the modern Dictaphone method. Read her vivid comparison of results obtained in a busy office *by each method*

Snapshot of Miss Wall on one of her annual foreign vacation trips

F. J. Ross, President, F. J. Ross Company, Inc., directs fact-finding research into marketing conditions and deals with knotty advertising problems of big business, among them James D. Dole's development of the pineapple industry (Hawaiian Pineapple Co.); the Paint and Varnish "Save the Surface" campaign; American Can Co.; P. & F. Corbin, Builders' Hardware, etc.

"What! Be old-fashioned? . . . not if I know it!"

"BUT I *would have been* out of date if I hadn't quit trying to do by hand what machines can do better and quicker." So declares Florence Wall, alertly successful secretary.

"Sometimes Mr. Ross would dictate to me for two or three hours straight. Then came the job of going through all that dictation again to type it. I couldn't help feeling that this double work was hindering progress."

These observations by Miss Wall reflect the best thought of many an ambitious secretary in this year of 1928.

"Then there was the great difficulty," she continues, "that not one of our secretaries could read another's notes rapidly and without errors. When we were rushed there was no help. For me it was a case of keep on typing to the last period, no matter how many other things I should be attending to for Mr. Ross.

"All this was *before* we used The Dictaphone. *Now* I continue to handle all of Mr. Ross's dictation, but without going through it all *twice*, as with shorthand. And I am now a real assistant because I can give proper attention to my other secretarial duties.

"Without doubt The Dictaphone helps business to progress nowadays, by reducing human resistance and helping to get things done *on time*. This is an electrical age, and I'm glad the chance came to me to keep up with the pace being set by modern leaders."

Mr. Ross is just as outspoken. He says, "The Dictaphone is a great time saver and convenience. It has reduced the pressure so definitely that I would not again try to get along without it.

"In the single matter of reducing interruptions to concentration it is worth any price you might ask for it. The modest price you do ask is no measure of its worth."

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

and double your ability to get things done

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☐ I want to read what leading executives or secretaries said, *when interviewed*, about increasing their ability with The Dictaphone. Mail me a FREE copy of your book

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For Canadian inquiries address Dictaphone Sales Corp., Ltd., 33 Melinda St., Toronto, Canada
Worldwide organization—London, Paris, Brussels, Sydney, Shanghai, etc.

(Continued from Page 44)

"Git calm, ground-gripper. I aims to colleck dat prize at de fust minnit afteh it is ready."

"Us is ready right now. How soon you figger dat money gits ready?"

"Seckatary of de Sunkist Vision folks tol' me on de telefoam dat de reception committee would rally tomorr' mawnin' ten o'clock. Right den an' dere I sez howdy gents an' much obliged fo' dis prize."

One more long night of waiting. "Me an' you waits right heah in dis room, Wilecat, till half-pas' nine," Demmy announced on the following morning. "Den us gits dat money an' gits it quick. Dese spasmodic put-offs an' put-offs like to gimme de trembles. Ain't no misery worser dan de mebby-troubles."

At half-past nine the pair headed for the Sunkist Vision Club's office at a walking trot. Outside the door, Demmy paused a moment to mop his brow. "Mebby ——" he thought, and the black thought staggered him. "Ain't no mebby! Things either is or ain't." He opened the door of the booster organization and the pair faced the entire official personnel of the Sunkist Vision Club. "Gents, good mawnin'," Demmy said affably, but the smile left his face as the replies to his salutation drifted in, ice cold, on a withering blast of suspicion. "Mebby it's good mawnin'," he reflected.

The secretary of the club began to orate and his words took the Wildcat's mind away from all other subjects. The oration was brief.

"Virtue being its own reward," the speaker concluded, "and the day of newer and greater wonders being upon us, I hand you this envelope as a token of the regard which the Sunkist Vision Club holds for you and as a trophy of your achievement in aviation, hardly commensurate with your efforts, but, in a way, not inappropriate as an index of our sentiment."

"Too many heavy words to mean anything but trouble," Demmy reflected as the Wildcat took the sealed envelope. "Dat man got somethin' hid undeh dat high heap of long words. Reckon de bes' thing us kin do is bow an' retreat real gracious widout gittin' curious 'bout whut's in dat env'lope." Then, aloud, when the secretary had finished and before the Wildcat could speak—"Mistuh Presidump an' gents," Demmy said, "yas-suh!" He bowed low, reached for the Wildcat's coat sleeve and was out on the sidewalk with his bewildered companion before the assembled committee realized that the meeting was over.

"Huh!" one member of the group observed. "Show stopped befo' de curtain even went up! Dem men neveh even opened dat envelope to see whut wuz in it. Dog-gone such uncurious humans!"

On the sidewalk the Wildcat began to lag.

"Stop right heah, Demmy, an' less look at dat check papah."

"Wilecat, somethin' slipped. Kain't you tell de way dem folks acted dey ain't no check papeh? Come 'long heah befo' you gits ovehtook wid mo' trouble dan you eveh seen. Han' me dat env'lope!"

"Turn dis corneh. Heah's de em'lope. Open it up."

In a vacant doorway, Demmy tore the end off the envelope and fished out a folded slip of pale-green paper. The color was mighty financial, and for a moment Demmy's eyes widened and his heart missed three beats, but hope sank without a trace on the next instant. The paper was part of the illustrated section of a newspaper, and it had a pink clipping from another newspaper pasted to it.

Over Demmy's shoulder the Wildcat looked at the two clippings.

"Airplane pitchers—looks like dat Soul of Africa. Whut it mean, Demmy? Read whut it says undeh dem pitchers."

"De main impo'tant writin' ain't undeh dem airplanes—it's writ right on 'em. Wilecat, kin you stan' bad news?"

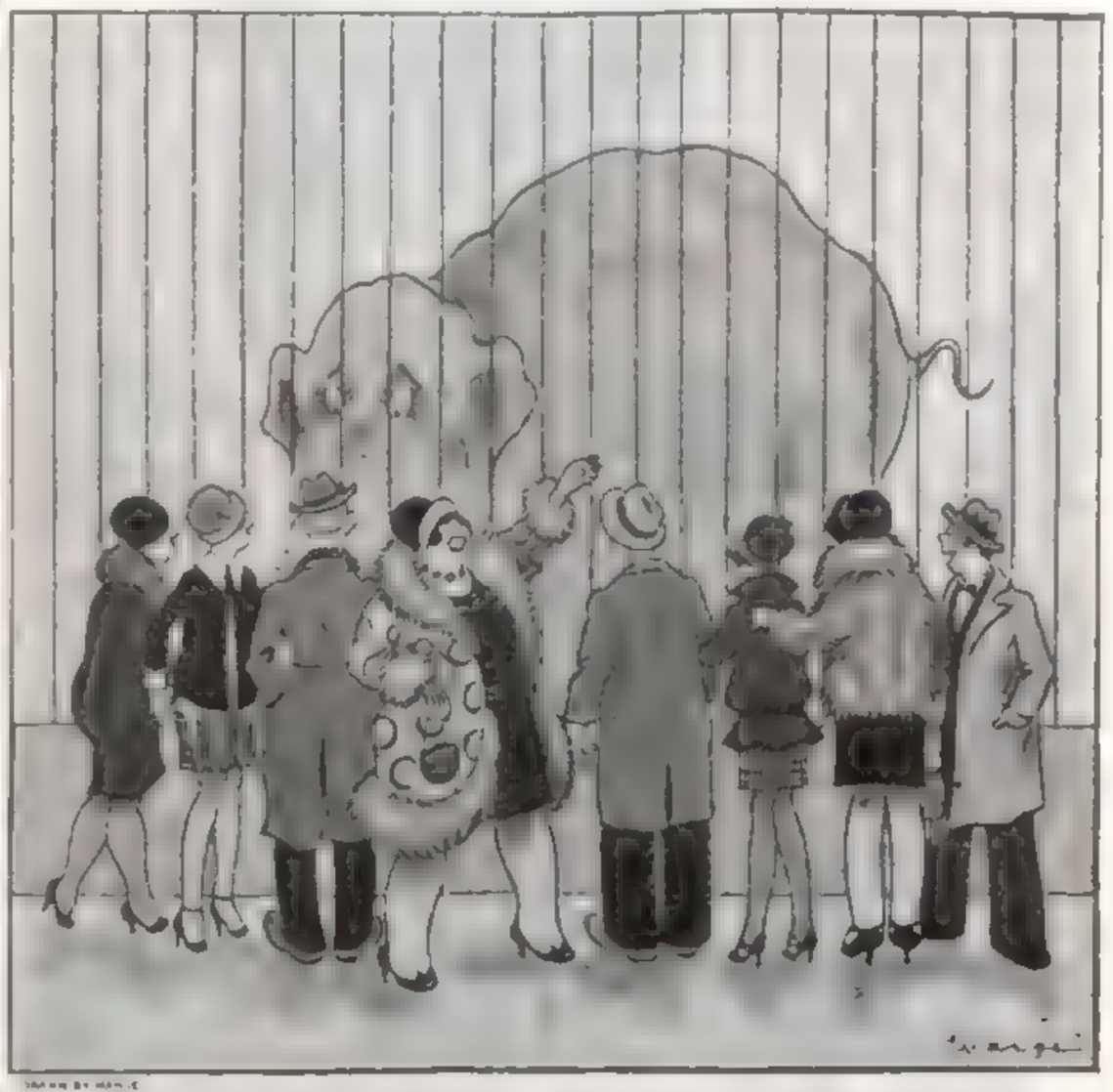
"Sho' kin—'less it's mighty slow comin'. Whut is it?"

"Us loses all dat prize! Dat fool Honeytone spelt de slogum on dat New Yawk airplane S-o-u-l of Africa, 'stead of de right way like us spelt it. Heah's de pitchers f'm both papehs. No wondeh dem Sunkist folks keeps dat prize!"

"How you spell dat word, Demmy?"

"Us spelt it 'S-o-l-e'—ennybody think Honeytone would know how to spell a li'l ol' word like dat."

"Sho' would! Dat man's so full of spellin' idiocity he need a tooter mighty bad. Us tells him dat mighty sudden afteh he gits heah. Come 'long, Demmy, us got to git a couple of jobs of work so us kin eat, now dat Honeytone is got us all stung by dis spellin' bee. 'S-o-u-l'—neveh heard of such idiocity!"



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So Original and Different

that Comparisons are Impossible

FRANKLY, The Victory has left current practice so far behind that comparisons are impossible.

Conservative drivers will never really discover the car's astonishing resources.

They will delight in its pick-up and low gas needs—its comfort and streamline beauty.

But the magnificent, all-day speed of the car—its faultless smoothness over clods and cobbles—are thrills that await the adventurer!

Six powerful cylinders are six powerful reasons for this. A *seventh* vital reason is the basic Victory idea!

For the first time in motor car history, chassis and body are a unit. Floor and seats are built in the chassis. The wide Victory chassis frame replaces the customary body sill—and eliminates the customary body *over-hang*. The body itself has only 8 major parts!

The result is 175 less pounds, 330 less parts; standard road and head clearance, yet a car that is extremely low, steady and safe—with a power plant stripped for instant and brilliant action!

And the *smartest* car at the price ever created!

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Detector Amplifier for Resistance-coupled Amplification

RADIOTRON UX-213
Full-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-226
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RADIOTRON UY-227
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RADIOTRON UX-280
Full-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-281
Half-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-874
Voltage Regulator Tube

RADIOTRON UV-876
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RADIOTRON UV-886
Ballast Tube

The standard by which other vacuum tubes are rated

Look for this mark on every Radiotron

Make sure that your new radio set is equipped with RCA Radiotrons throughout. Manufacturers of quality receiving sets specify RCA Radiotrons for testing, for initial equipment and for replacement. They are recognized by experts as the standard of performance.

RCA Radiotrons are the joint product of RCA, Westinghouse and General Electric, developed and perfected by the radio engineers who designed and built the leading broadcasting stations. Never use new tubes with old ones that have been in use a year or more. See that your set is completely re-equipped with RCA Radiotrons once a year at least.

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Through the following stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company

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New York	WJZ
Boston	WEEI
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Providence	WJAR
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Portland, Me.	WCSH
Baltimore	WBAL
Washington	WRC
Rochester	WHAM
Pittsburgh	KDKA
Cincinnati	WLW
Detroit	WJR

7 to 8 p. m. Central Time

Chicago	KYW
St. Louis	KSD
Minneapolis St. Paul	WCCO
Davenport	WOC
Des Moines	WHO
Kansas City	WDAF
Omaha	WOW
Louisville	WHAS
Nashville	WSM
Memphis	WMC
Atlanta	WSB

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San Francisco	KPO
Oakland	KGO
Los Angeles	KFI
Portland, Ore.	KGW
Seattle	KFOA-KOMO
Spokane	KHQ

RCA Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

(Continued from Page 19

"Far better, Harry, and I've never seen Dan Leno," was my wife's reply. She has always been like that and always will be! Instead of offering objections to my adventurous trip, she encouraged me to take the London plunge.

Next morning—the nineteenth of March, 1900—I packed my props into two Gladstone bags, took twenty pounds in golden sovereigns from the stocking we kept in a hidie-hole beneath the kitchen bed, kissed Nance half a dozen times and set off to the Central Station, booking there a third-class single ticket for London. Not a soul I knew saw me off; I might have been a thief slinking out of Glasgow for the south.

But a thief, anxious not to rouse attention by the eccentricity of his personal adornment, would not have been dressed as I was! So far as I can remember I wore a shepherd-tartan pair of trousers above a pair of yellow spats and brown boots, a colored waistcoat and a black frock coat. A stand-up collar, with very large square peaks, and a black-and-green tie completed, along with a tile hat which did not fit me very well, a *tout ensemble* which I have no doubt whatever I regarded as slap up to date and calculated to give agents and others the impression of a very prosperous, perfectly dressed gentleman in mufti. Over my arm I carried the coat with the astrakhan collar. Any man of my size and build, walking down the Strand or Broadway today dressed as I was the night I struck London for the first time, would be mobbed or arrested for holding up the traffic.

The first evening I spent at a cheap hotel in the Euston Road. My bed and breakfast cost three and sixpence—a lot more than I had been in the habit of paying while on tour in Scotland, and I resolved that I would have to economize in other directions. So I walked all the way down to Cadle's Agency. This firm had given me some dates in the provinces and I felt sure they would be able to get me a show in London. But the head of this firm—I forget his name at the moment—only smiled pityingly when I said that I wanted to get work as a Scotch comedian in one or other of the big West End halls.

"Harry, my boy," he said, "you haven't an earthly. We have had one or two of your kidney down here before and they have all been dead failures. If you have any money saved up for this trip, get away back again before you do it all in."

For Publicity Purposes

This was a most disheartening start. But there were other agents in London—hundreds of them—and I resolved to call on every blessed one of them before I caved in. Late that afternoon I met an old comedian named Walter Munroe whom I had met in Glasgow. I offered to buy him a refreshment. Like all good professionals, he accepted with alacrity, and I could see he was most powerfully impressed by the fact that I paid for it with a golden sovereign. Walter took me round several offices, but with no result—the agents were all averse to handling the unlucrative business of an unknown Scottish comedian. Late in the afternoon we were walking rather mournfully along the Strand when we ran into Mr. Tom Tinsley, the manager of a little hall known as Gatti's in the Road. The Road referred to was the direct thoroughfare leading south from Westminster Bridge. Tinsley was the first actual manager I met in London. We adjourned to a public house and again I flashed a sovereign for publicity purposes. Once more it had a good effect, Tinsley opening his eyes in palpable amazement at a Scots comic being in such affluence. But whenever I mentioned that I was looking for a job his geniality dried up "like a spittle on the stove."

"It's no good, me lad," he assured me. "My patrons at the Road would eat me alive if I put you on. I tried a Scot last year and he had to fly for his life. You're in a foreign country and the sooner you realize it the better." Tom had another drink at my expense and left us, but before taking his departure he noted my town address—I had fixed up a third-floor room in the Lambeth Road at fifteen shillings a week—and said he would let me know if anything fell out of his bill at any time within the next week or two. Walter Munroe took me to several more agencies, but we met with the same reception at them all.

"Luv-a-duck, 'Arry," said Walter in his most lugubrious tones—in his day he was billed as the "sorrowful comedian" and he acted his old part well indeed at this juncture—"it ain't no bleedin' good. You ain't wanted up 'ere and that seems the blinkin' finish." And Walter likewise went his way.

Bringing Down the House

I spent a very cheerless night in my back third at the Lambeth Road, but was up bright and early tackling more agents and more managers. I must have walked ten or twelve miles in that weary search for work. But everywhere the result was nil—a blank wall of discouragement.

When I got home I asked the landlady, "Any letters, messages or telegrams?" Had I stopped for a minute to consider I would never have put so stupid a question, for it was a million to one against any communications awaiting me. My wife did not know of my address in London yet and Tom Tinsley was the only person who had taken a note of it.

To my amazement, the landlady replied, "Yes, there's a telegram up in your room!"

I dashed upstairs two steps at a time—had my legs been longer than they are I would have tackled three—rushed into the room and there, sure enough, was a telegram addressed Harry Lauder, Comedian. It read as follows:

ONE OF MY TURNS [illegible] AT TEN O'CLOCK TONIGHT BUT AT ONCE
[illegible] GATTI'S

Inside of two minutes I was in a grocer's shop near by appealing for the use of his telephone. I was so excited that the grocer was constrained to ask me if anybody was dead.

"No," said I, "but I've just got my first London job an' it's awfu' important to me!"

"That's the worst of you Scotties," dryly observed the grocer. "You always take your work too seriously. But you'll find the phone round the end of the counter there."

Tinsley was in his office. I assured him that I would be on hand in good time the same evening and I thanked him profusely for keeping his promise. From the grocer who had been so kind to me in the matter of the phone I bought a fivepenny tin of salmon and went home and ate the lot to the accompaniment of a pot of tea and some bread and butter. Feeling pretty chirpy after the repast, I began to debate within myself what songs I would sing to the hard-baked lot of Londoners whom I would have to face that night at Gatti's in the Road.

I decided to risk everything on "Tobermory." It was easily the best song in my armor at that time from the point of view of spontaneous humor and swing. Remember, also, that I had been singing the number for two or three years in Scotland and in the northern towns of England with really great success. I had the song word and action perfect. The value of every phrase, each movement of hand, eye or limb, the intonation of the laugh, even, as I tell how, "the next time I see McKay he has his arms roon' the neck o' a bottle" had all been studied a hundred times. Yes, if I was to make good in London it would be my "Tobermory"—of that I had no doubt in my own mind. If the audience liked it I would follow up with the "Lass o' Killiecrankie," another rollicking song with a good air. And in the event of their wanting more—well, I would sing "Calligan," the Irish character song which I had recently tried out in the north and the tune of which had already been put on to the barrel organs of the country. So you see I did not at all anticipate failure. But I had made up my mind, all the same, to go back to Scotland the next day if my extra turn at Gatti's proved a washout. Again it was a case of do or die.

I was in the dressing room an hour and a half before I was due to go on the stage. I took immense pains with my make-up. When it was finished and I was ready for my call I found I had fully half an hour to wait. It was dreadful. I couldn't sit, I couldn't stand still; my nerves and emotions were in a state of tempest. My memory of what happened in the next hour is completely blurred. But I have a hazy recollection of dashing on the stage, my crooked stick thumping the floor to give the orchestra the correct time—an almost unconscious habit to which I have been prone for many years—of starting my first song in dead silence before a rather sparse audience, of suddenly hearing a snicker or two all over the house, and of finishing "Tobermory" amid an outburst of applause. Down came the curtain. Evidently the stage manager was under the impression that one number was quite enough for an extra turn. But the applause and laughter continued.

"Can you give 'em something else, young Scottie What's-yer-name?" asked the stage manager.

"Yes, Number Four in the music books—'Killiecrankie'!" I excitedly replied.

"Kill-a-what?" asked the stage manager.

"Never mind," I replied, rapidly changing in the wings while we were speaking. "Ye'll ken a' aboot it when I've finished."

The "Lass" went even better than "Tobermory." The audience went mad over the unknown Scot who was making them laugh, and they raised the roof for another song. "Calligan, Call Again" left them still unsatisfied, but I had taken up far more time than the program permitted and the only thing left to do was for me to go on and make a speech of thanks. I assured the audience that although this had been my first appearance in London it would not be my last. My name, I told them, was Harry Lauder and I asked them to come and hear me whenever they saw the name on a music-hall bill in London.

"Sure we shall, 'Arry!" shouted a cockney voice from the fourth row of the stalls. "You've made my ol' woman 'ere laugh for the first time since I married 'er!" This sally put the house into a fit of merriment and I made my exit from the stage the most successful extra turn that ever descended on London from the fastnesses of Caledonia, stern and wild.

Positions Reversed

Old Tom Tinsley was waiting for me offstage and promptly booked me for the rest of the week—salary three pounds ten shillings. He was delighted with my success and assured me that I was a made man. All the agents would be down to see my act before the week was out. "And don't sign up for a penny less than five pounds a week, 'Arry. But I must 'ave you for as long as I like at my own terms." Later I burst another of my store of golden sovereigns on drinks all round. Lest there should be any doubts as to the veracity of this story I would point out that I was very excited—in fact, I must have lost my head for the time being!

The manager was perfectly right about the agents. They turned up at Gatti's not as single spies but in battalions. They pulled out sheafs of contracts, all of which

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Cherish, as you should, that grand old watch of yours. Treasure it, and rightly, for the memories it recalls. Give it, too, the place that it has earned . . . in your heart. But find a place, in your pocket or on your wrist, for a modern Elgin Watch . . . thin, light, slender, beautiful . . . For styles have changed in watches as in motor cars, and that old timepiece of yours belongs to other days, with the horseless carriage that once chugged defiance to a jeering street . . .

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THE WATCH WORD FOR ELEGANCE AND EFFICIENCY

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(Prices slightly higher in Canada)

Refinement and beauty are linked with accuracy in this woman's wrist watch. The case is of 14-karat solid white gold, while the movement has 15 jewels.....$60

Only out of a long experience in fine watchmaking could come such a watch as this—good to look upon, faithful in service, 17-jewel, in a white gold-filled case.....$40

Designed to withstand the punishment of sport wear is this man's strap watch . . . a 7-jewel movement in a handsome 14-karat gold-filled case of white tone $40

She who wears this bracelet watch has both admiring eyes and the correct time upon her wrist. A 7-jewel movement, in a white 14-karat gold-filled case.....$30

That a strap watch can be handsome yet hardy is most eloquently proven by this Elgin. It has a 7-jewel movement, in a white gold-filled case.....$35

This watch is an excellent example of the value Elgin ever offers. The cushion case is made of 14-karat solid white gold. The movement is 17-jewel. The price.....$100

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I signed gladly without even discussing terms. This is another statement which folks all over the world will have difficulty in believing. Yet I assure them that it is quite true. I was so bewildered by my instantaneous success that my main thought was work rather than money. Vaguely I hoped that the latter would follow the former, but I was as yet too lacking in shrewdness to make good bargains. The result of my impetuosity in signing these early contracts was that I found myself tied up with London managements for years ahead at salaries which were simply ridiculous in view of my drawing capacity. However, this is a sore point with me and always will be, and as I shall refer to it again later, we will let it drop for the moment.

Tinsley wanted me to stay on at Gatti's for an indefinite period. He seemed to take it for granted that I would do so. And I remember with what a feeling of personal importance I told him that this was impossible—I had to go to Nottingham to fulfill a contract made many months ago. My first week in London, therefore, was not the start of a long metropolitan success. That was to come some months later when I returned and began to play three halls a night.

It was then that the press came in to consolidate the reputation I was rapidly building up all over London. Though I have always been grateful for any kind thing that is said about my work in the newspapers, I must confess that I have never kept a press notice in all my life. Of all the tens of thousands of columns that have been written about me and my stage life by the journalists of the world, I am certain I have not kept more than half a dozen cuttings, and these have been retained because they made me laugh. The majority of these cuttings, I should add, are highly spiced American *critiques* and appreciations written in very candid and full-blooded language. So that I am unable, even if I wished, to give you any indication of the truly wonderful manner in which the London press boomed me in these early days.

Looking back on them now, it seems to me that half my time was taken up in being interviewed by newspaper men and being photographed in a hundred different costumes and attitudes so that editors could illustrate the articles. This was of course very fine publicity for me. But it was nothing compared to the publicity I received in later years by the broods of tales and stories circulated about my personal characteristics in looking after the bawbees. At first I resented them, then I tolerated them, afterward I began to invent them myself and encouraged other people to invent them. They made up a battery of the very finest free advertisements any stage personality could have wished for.

The Right of Way

Yes, all the Harry Lauder stories that have winged their way round the globe during the past thirty years have only had the effect of putting more siller into my pouch. Indeed, if I go for a week or two without hearing a new one, or an old one revarnished, I think there must be something wrong with my unpaid publicity staff.

But I am wandering, as many of the old Scottish ministers used to do when they became all heated up with their pulpit fervor. Times and customs in the variety world of London have changed since the days I worked three and four halls a night for seven pounds a turn. Nowadays it is the exception for an accepted star to play more than one house. Twenty years ago, however, every leading artiste made one West End appearance a night and filled in the rest of the evening by visiting two, three, or even four, suburban halls.

Before the days of motor cars the topliner had a privately hired cab or two-horse brougham to take him or her to the different places of entertainment. It was often touch and go as to whether the driver could make the grade, as my American friends say, between halls widely separated, and often an earlier turn had to hold the fort until the belated arrival of the star. Sometimes the latter did not arrive at all, but this did not happen often—a tribute to the driving capacities of the old London cabbies. When I bought my first motor car—a small coupé driven by an engine that chugged like a locomotive—Tom was able to take me all over London and its suburbs without ever being late for a turn by more than a minute or two.

We often played four halls a night, two of them twice, where the double-program system had been introduced. Every policeman in Greater London knew my little car, and I think they must have loved Tom, for they allowed him to do the most daring things in the way of traffic dodging, cutting in, and stealing a yard or two of road wherever possible. Working at this pressure meant leaving home—Nance had come up to London from Glasgow and we were now living in a villa at Tooting—soon after six o'clock and not getting back until long after midnight. But it meant that even in my poorest weeks I was earning from twenty to thirty pounds a week—a fortune, as that seemed to me in these far-off days.

Last But Not Least

All the same it did not take me long to realize that I had made some shocking bad contracts with the London managers and proprietors. My singing and my songs had taken the town by storm. I was received everywhere with tremendous enthusiasm: I never played to anything but capacity. Halls in the various districts, such as Poplar, Shoreditch, Crouch End, Islington, Willesden, Mile End, Hackney, and so on, which might have been doing bad business for weeks before, suddenly found their doors besieged when my name was on the bills. My success was beyond doubt or cavil, as I once heard a London lawyer put it. I always gave of the very best that was in me. My nightly arrival at the stage doors was an event and my departure a triumph, with cheering mobs of admirers yelling all sorts of good wishes and congratulations.

At the old Tivoli, in the Strand, I definitely established myself as one of London's favorites. This was a very small hall, as variety theaters go nowadays, but its programs were the best of their kind in the world. It was the home and haunt of the young man about town, and a London trip by a provincial would have been considered a complete failure did it not embrace several visits to the Tiv.

Engagements at the Tivoli were not given for a week but for a month, six weeks and two months, if you were a leading artiste. And as many as ten, twelve or fifteen of the world's best performers were often grouped together on one Tivoli bill. The first time I played there was a memorable night in my London career. The people wouldn't let me leave the stage until I had sung every song in my repertoire—this much to the disgust of several famous artistes who were due to follow me. Afterward the management became wise and I was generally last turn, or very near it. This kept the house together until my arrival, and, I suspect, was much to the good of the bars. Those were the heydays—or nights—of London variety.

I have seen Tivoli bills which included, in one long list, such names as R. G. Knowles, George Robey, Wilkie Bard, Harry Fragson, Marie Lloyd, Vesta Victoria, Little Tich, Harry Tate, Dan Leno, Paul Cinquevalli, and some of the best straight singers and actors of the day. There was only one dressing room, presided over for many years by a pale-faced man called Ted, and the genial manner in which he handled his nightly collection of temperamental stars always won my unstinted admiration. Ted was one of my greatest admirers and fans. One night a red-nosed comedian came off the stage in silence, walked into the dressing room and complained bitterly about the audience being either asleep or dead.

"Oh, no, Joe," said Ted, just then assisting Tom to get me ready. "They're waiting for 'Arry, 'ere!"

This enraged the other so much that he lifted a boot and threw it at the dresser's head, missing it by inches. On the whole, however, the other artistes appearing on the Tivoli programs with me were warm in their appreciation of my drawing power. Some of them openly warned me that my amazing popularity wouldn't last and urged me to sting the managements for as much money as I could get away with while my vogue was strong "in front."

It was in my early days at the Tivoli, and later at the Pavilion and other West End halls, that I began fully to realize how precipitate I had been in signing up for periods of years for salaries out of all proportion to my actual worth from a proprietor's point of view. But as time went on a silver lining—aye, a golden one—appeared beyond the clouds of my financial missed markets. A wonderful pantomime engagement in Glasgow came along, and America began to beckon me.

The Christmas pantomime is still the predominant feature of the theatrical winter season in Great Britain. Nowhere else in the world does King Pantomime reign so securely in the affections of the people. Every decent-sized town in the kingdom has its own special pantomime, which may run from a month to six or eight weeks continuously. The leading London comedians and comediennes look to the pantomime season for engagements at larger fees than they can earn during the rest of the year. Indeed, I have known specially buxom young women who had difficulty in getting work at any other time being in special demand as principal boys, while others, particularly qualified to play such parts as Cinderella, Red Riding Hood or Goody Two Shoes, were always sure of a long Christmas engagement, even if they were unheard of for the rest of the year.

Harry and His Wonderful Lamp

In the case of known performers a successful panto contract was, and still is, a passport for subsequent engagements at enhanced salaries. I have known artistes' pay to jump from five pounds a week to fifty, merely as the result of hitting the high spots in some local pantomime. A pantomime audience is the most appreciative crowd of human beings that can be packed into any theater. Everybody comes to enjoy themselves, and if the fare provided is at all excellent the artistes have a cinch of a time.

I knew all this—especially about the money to be made in panto. So when I was approached to sign an engagement to appear in Aladdin at the Theater Royal, Glasgow, under the management of Messrs. Howard and Wyndham, the only question I asked was, "How much per?" To be quite honest, I did not get what I asked for, but as I had made a very liberal allowance for argument, I was more than satisfied with the salary fixed up. If I say that it was in the region of two hundred pounds a week I will not be very far wrong. This was an extraordinary jump from the seven or eight pounds a turn I was earning in London—and would have had to go back to, if the pantomime was a failure! So you may depend upon it I determined to leave nothing undone on my part to make Aladdin a triumphant success.

Which it was! I think it ran for thirteen weeks and we played to packed houses. All Glasgow went mad about this pantomime; even the railway companies ran special trains from the districts so that the people could see Harry Lauder as Roderick McSwankey. The book was as good a pantomime story as I have ever seen on the stage, and Howard and Wyndham had got together a perfect combination of artistes for its presentation. There was Bessie Featherstone, one of the loveliest girls in the profession, as Aladdin, Dan Crawley as the Widow Twankey, Imro Fox as the Wicked Magician, Alice Russon as the Princess, and José Collins as the second girl.

Poor Bessie Featherstone died in the middle of the run; Dan Crawley passed away several years later, and Imro Fox is also dead. Alice Russon is, I believe, still alive, and José Collins is today well-known as a musical-comedy star both in this country and in America. José was only about sixteen years old. She was an exceptionally pretty and vivacious girl, but showed no promise at that time of becoming the beautiful singer she turned out to be in after years.

The Magician's Apprentice

I had kept a "rod in pickle" for this pantomime in Glasgow. From the day I signed the contract some months previously I had been anxiously looking around for and thinking over ideas for a new song or two. I wanted something really special. Not a burlesque or a comic song, nor yet a character study; by this time I had quite a large repertoire of good songs, all of them popular, and I knew that I could get over in pantomime with the material I had on hand.

What I wanted was a jingling, simple love lyric. I felt all the time that I would like to strike a new and dominant note. Then one night on leaving a London theater the stage-door keeper handed me a letter. It was in a pink envelope, it had a seal on the back and the handwriting was in large sprawling letters.

"That's sure from a lady, Mr. Lauder," said the attendant. "I suppose you love a lassie."

"Yes," I replied, "I do love a lassie, and I'm gaun awa' hame to her noo."

I love a lassie! I love a lassie! I love a lassie! The words rang in my head all the way down to Tooting. I hummed them. I sang them to a dozen different musical phrases. I tried to get a verse out of them, but the elusive something just failed me. A few nights later I met Mr. Gerald Grafton, a well-known London song writer. I told him the phrase which had so impressed me. He was interested and said he would see what he could do with the idea. He worked on it and I worked on it and at last we hammered out the framework of the song which I have sung in every part of the world during the past twenty-one years.

It took Grafton and myself several weeks to get the words just pat, but the melody I wedded to them came to me all at once and I do not think I afterward altered a note of it. I knew I had got a great song. I knew it would be a winner. But I was scarcely prepared for the triumph it proved the first time I sang it on the opening night of the Glasgow Pantomime of 1905. The vast audience took the song to its heart instantly. Every night for thirteen weeks "I Love a Lassie" held up the action of the pantomime so long that it is a wonder to me the other artistes didn't enter a protest against my singing the song at all.

Had I only sung this song and done nothing else in the pantomime I think I would have been worth my salary to Howard and Wyndham. But I had a very fat part in the show—thanks to the man who wrote the book and to the extra work I was able to throw into my character of Roderick McSwankey. Roderick was supposed to be a young Glasgow boy who had apprenticed himself—for a premium of five shillings—to the Wicked Magician, who, on his part, had agreed to teach Roderick all the tricks and alchemies of the black art.

My constant anxiety, after parting with my five shillings, to keep in the closest personal touch with the Magician, never letting him out of my sight for a moment, proved to be much to the liking of the Glasgow people. Even in these early days, it

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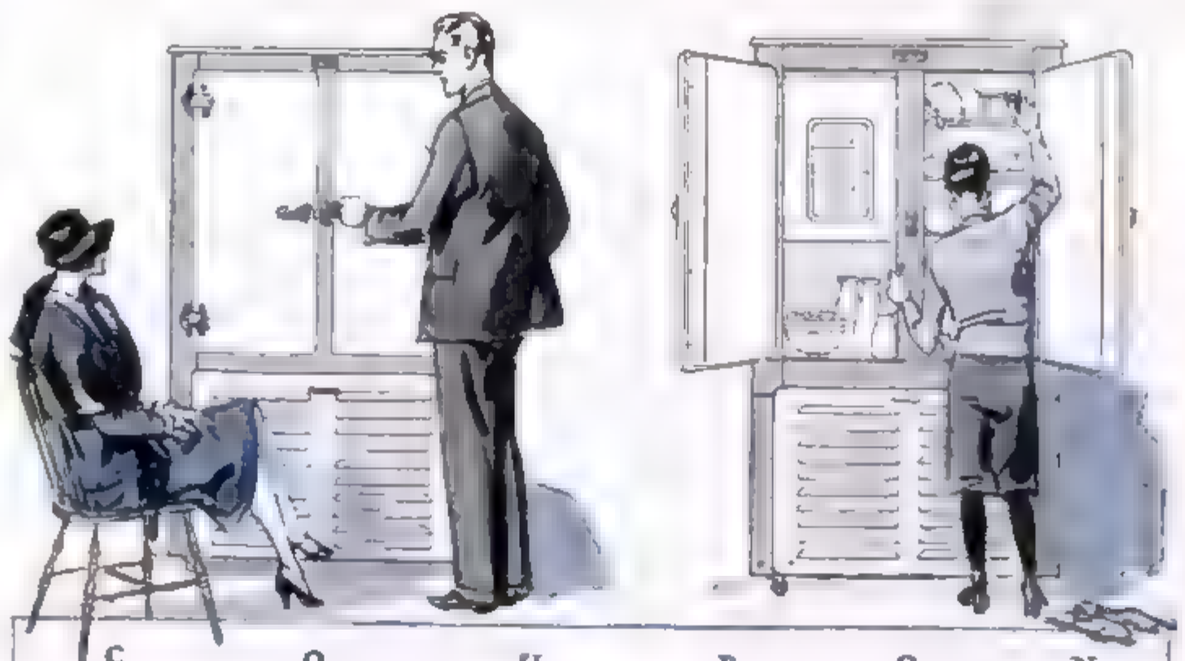

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(Continued from Page 51)

seemed, I had earned a reputation for—shall we say?—financial shrewdness, and my repeated wailings about my five shillin's never failed to send the house into roars of merriment. I had some very good scenes, too, with a stage polar bear, and there was a rich bit of comedy fooling between Dan Crawley and myself, both of us dressed up as women and talking scandal over a cup of tea and a cookie. Every now and then I poured a wee drappie from a half-mutchkin bottle into Dan's tea and the way he and I acted the garrulous women gradually getting fou was one of the hits of the show.

The Two Sides to a Contract

I sang several songs in this pantomime. One I recall was a female character song called "Once I Had a Bonnie Wee Lad" and another song was one I had tried out in London and elsewhere, entitled "Rob Roy MacIntosh." They both went well, but my great success was "I Love a Lassie." I think I sang this song for about three years without a stop. I couldn't get off the stage anywhere without singing it. Do I ever get tired of it? I am sometimes asked. Of course I do. I got so tired of singing Lassie—as we call it in the family—that I determined to get a companion song to it. But this didn't materialize for several years, until I struck "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," which has a story all of its own and is to be told later.

My work in that Glasgow pantomime really put me on the map as a popular favorite in Britain. I was besieged with requests for dates from all over the country, but to each and every inquirer I had, alas, to give the same answer—sorry, am booked up for years ahead.

As so often happens in the most important happenings of a man's life, I have never been exactly clear about the course of events which led up to my first visit to the United States. I know that previous to the Glasgow pantomime one or two people in the profession suggested that I should try a trip to America. But I did not pay the slightest heed to them. Some day, I told myself, I might be able to afford to cross the Atlantic for a holiday, but the thought of playing to the American people certainly did not enter my head. Besides, I was too keen on establishing my position in my own country. I must confess, however, that after my success in the pantomime at Glasgow and at subsequent similar productions in Newcastle and Liverpool, it was rather galling to have to return to London and resume turn work under old contracts at something like a twentieth part of the money I had been earning in pantomime. I felt that I was every whit as good a draw in the music halls as I had proved in the big Christmas productions. Indeed, my return to the London stage after closing down in Glasgow saw me receive a series of the most extraordinary welcomes at the Tivoli and elsewhere ever given to a popular star in England—crowded houses, tremendous enthusiasm and reams of newspaper publicity.

My London managers were, of course, delighted. But not one of them thought of coming to me and saying, "Lauder, old man, you're the biggest gold mine we have struck for years and I, for one, don't think it fair that you should only be getting seven or eight pounds a turn. I propose to scrap your existing contract and pay you a hundred."

Oh, no, a contract was a contract. My pulling powers as an artiste were admitted, but the managers did not forget to point out that they, on their side, had made bad contracts with other artistes which they were compelled to stick to. So that my success was really only balancing the losses they were sustaining elsewhere. With this logical attitude I could not, of course, quarrel, and so I had just to grin and bear my troubles as best I could. But I made up my mind that when the time came I would be amply revenged for what I considered—wrongly, I grant you, from a purely legal point of view—was little short of a grave miscarriage of justice. Sure enough, in after years I found myself in the position of being implored by a well-known London manager to accept a contract from him for two of his biggest halls.

"Tell him," I said to George Foster, then my agent, "that he can have me for four hundred pounds a week."

Foster rang me up in a few minutes and said he had delivered my message, but that the poor man had had an attack of heart disease on learning my terms. He was frothing at the mouth and quite inarticulate. Could I not come down in my price to a reasonable sum?

"Yes," said I, "I'll come down to four hundred and fifty. And if he doesn't accept that, my next reduction will be five hundred. Ask him if he remembers refusing me an extra pound twenty years ago." The contract at four hundred came along inside of an hour.

There was one British manager, however, who always gave me more than a straight deal. This was dear old Dennis Clarke, of Birkenhead. In the days when I was very young he gave me one or two engagements every year. I think my first salary with him was four pounds. At the end of the week he gave me five. When my salary was seven he gave me ten. And every year since then I have given Dennis a date or two without there being so much as a scrape o' the pen between us. He pays me what he thinks I have been worth to him and I take it without even counting the money. Again I can see some readers of these memoirs smiling a sardonic smile over this last sentence. But it's the truth I'm telling you. By his kindly treatment of me when I was a struggling young chap in the latter years of the past century Dennis Clarke made a friend of me for life. He is a true-blue Englishman. Poor old Dennis has had a rough time in health of late, having lost a leg as the result of an accident. But his great heart keeps him cheery. Here's tae ye, Dennis, ma lad! You're the heart o' corn an' no mistake!

When His Brake Refused to Hold

But I must get back to the story of how I ultimately fixed up to go to America. It was all due, in the first instance, to a lady. Her name escapes me for the time being—I may remember it afterward—but she was the British representative of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, at that time one of the largest firms of agents and impresarios in the United States. She had heard me in London and in the provinces and had written urging her principals in New York that I was a most likely bird for an American tryout, to put the position no higher. The upshot was that they got in touch with George Foster and he, in his turn, came to me at Manchester and reported that he had got a tentative offer for my services for a five weeks' run in New York—what did I say about the scheme? I told Foster flat that I wasn't at all interested in America. And in order to stop all further negotiations I said I would only consider a trip if they agreed to pay me—well, I mentioned a sum which I thought would effectually put the brake on even American vaudeville enterprise.

George set the cable working overtime at once and in a day or two I was face to face with a contract which literally made my mouth water. I forget just what I was earning that week in Liverpool, but it would not be more than twenty pounds. The first thing that occurred to me was to ask Nance what she thought. So I sent her a telegram to London telling her all about the offer and asking her if she would go with me to America in the event of the deal going through. Next morning I got the following telegram from my wife:

BOOK OF RUTH CHAPTER ONE VERSE SIXTEEN.
LOVE, NANCE.

At first I couldn't understand what it was all about, but my old Sunday-school training came to my rescue. I remembered vaguely the story of Ruth and Naomi—"whither thou goest, I will go"—and on looking up the passage I had certainly to hand it to my wife for a most apt and affecting reply to my telegram. After some further consideration I signed on the dotted line.

I set sail from Liverpool on the old Lusitania in the middle of October, 1907. Nance did not feel any too good in health at that time and cried off the trip. Tom, my inseparable henchman and companion, was ill with rheumatic fever in London and could not accompany me. So I took my son John, then a boy of sixteen and due to go up to Cambridge in a month or two. He had been over the water to Canada with his mother a year before; he was by way of being an old sailor and knew the ropes. Poor John! I can scarcely bear to think about that trip with him and the fine times we had together on board. He was very young, but he was very wise, and among his other accomplishments he could play the piano beautifully and sing a good sentimental song. What a favorite he was with the passengers!

Off to America

Little did he or I dream then of a World War which was to bring desolation and unending sorrow into our home and into the homes of millions of others. How glad I am now that I took him with me on that first American trip. It was the longest time we had ever been together; we only got to know each other properly during that two months' holiday. Remembering always my first trip across the Atlantic with my dear boy John, I never miss a chance of telling parents who are blessed with boys and girls to spend all the time they can with them when the bairns are young, because if they don't do so then they will be missing one of the purest joys of life in what Burns describes as "this melancholy vale."

As the ship drew nearer and nearer to New York I became quite nervous. I was about to launch another Scots invasion. I knew well enough that America was the happy hunting ground of thousands of my countrymen who had gone there before me; I was perfectly well aware of the fact that it was a magnificent land blessed by Nature with a bountiful array of natural resources and inhabited by teeming and prosperous peoples drawn from every corner of the globe. I was fairly well acquainted with its history. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln ranked second only in my estimation to Robert Burns and Walter Scott; one of the greatest and grandest books I had read in my life up till then was From Log Cabin to White House.

Would there be a spotlight somewhere in this wonderful country for little Harry Lauder? What chance had I of competing with the cleverest entertainers in the vaudeville firmament of the mighty U. S. A.? Could I deliver the goods? Honestly, I felt dubious. I mentioned my doubts and fears to John, sitting with me in our stateroom two nights out from Sandy Hook. In language and with an outlook far beyond his years, he replied:

"Dad, you'll be a riot! Don't you worry! I know America and the Americans" he had been in Canada for six weeks the previous year—"and they'll eat you up, bones an' all! But if you don't go down very well, there are always plenty of ships home. My opinion is that you were right to come over here, because if you can get away with it"—he had all the little professional touches, you see—"there's a bit of money to be cleaned up in the States. We'll do our best anyhow!"

This considered opinion of John's cheered me up greatly. But next day I happened on something which sent my spirits slap down to zero. This was an old New York paper which I casually picked up in the saloon, and in glancing through which I came across a criticism of myself and my work. It was not only unkind; it was vitriolic. It not only criticized my art but it vilified my personal appearance. It vomited scorn on my songs, my singing of them, on my legs and the way I walked with them, my nose and how I breathed through it; it slashed, stabbed and excoriated the British people for laughing at me and wound up by asserting that the free and discerning people of America would have none of "this Scots buffoon who had the insolence to call himself a comedian."

Grinding my teeth with rage I went in search of John. You will remember that earlier in my memoirs I made the statement that I have seldom or ever read a newspaper criticism of my stage work. This is absolutely true. I have never been on the books of a press-cutting agency. Had I, like so many celebrities, been in the habit of reading everything said or written about me over a period of years, this snappy column might have amused me immensely. As it was, it came to me like a blow on the jaw, and I saw red. Moreover, I was in a highly nervous condition on the very eve of my inaugural performance in New York. I don't think I ever saw a boy laugh so much as John did when he read the criticism.

"Pa, this is splendid," said John. "It's the funniest thing I've read in my life." And he started to laugh all over again.

"I'm glad you think it funny, son," I growled. "It doesn't sound at all funny to me. And if I meet the bloke who wrote it I'll plaster him up against the wa' like an Answers poster." I meant it too.

I was still smarting under the sting and injustice of the critic's venom when we arrived at New York. As usual, an army of newspapermen came aboard, and they all wanted to interview me at once. Somehow or other I got it into my head that one of the bunch must be the chap who wrote that criticism. So I refused to be interviewed until he stepped forward and confessed. "And I give him fair warning that I'll kill him on the spot," I added. The press boys all laughed, assuring me that they had never heard of such an individual; in any case, he wasn't one of the regular gang and I need not worry my head about him. But I was in no humor to be chatty that afternoon on the Lusitania and I am afraid I made a very bad impression on the first crowd of New York newspapermen to come in contact with Harry Lauder. One of the boys, in fact, pointedly told me that I was "a sour little guy," that I should "ease up on this fightin' stuff," and "come across with a story or two," otherwise I would be "handed the frozen mitt in li'l' ole New Yark."

The Parade of the Scots

Klaw and Erlanger had sent down one or two representatives to the boat to meet me. But I think that in view of my stormy passages with the reporters they kept in the background. I heard afterward that one of them went straight back to the office and gave a most disheartening account of my appearance and conduct.

"Boss," he is reported to have said, "this guy Lauder has arrived all right. But he looks to me to be more a tragedy than a comedy. He's roarin' at the pier porters an' generally playin' hell with the noospaper men. Threatens to kill every critic in the States that don't stand for his act an' boost Scotland as the king nation of the universe. He's four-foot-nothin' in height, so shortsighted that he has to wear telescopes for eyeglasses, an' looks all of a cheap immigrant. Boss, you should see his old coat an' baggy trousers; I'll tell the world he ain't no swell dresser. If this poor boob is a barnstormer, I'll throw in on an aceful." Naturally, this news rather disconcerted the staff at Klaw and Erlanger's, and I have no doubt the principals were

Continued on Page 56

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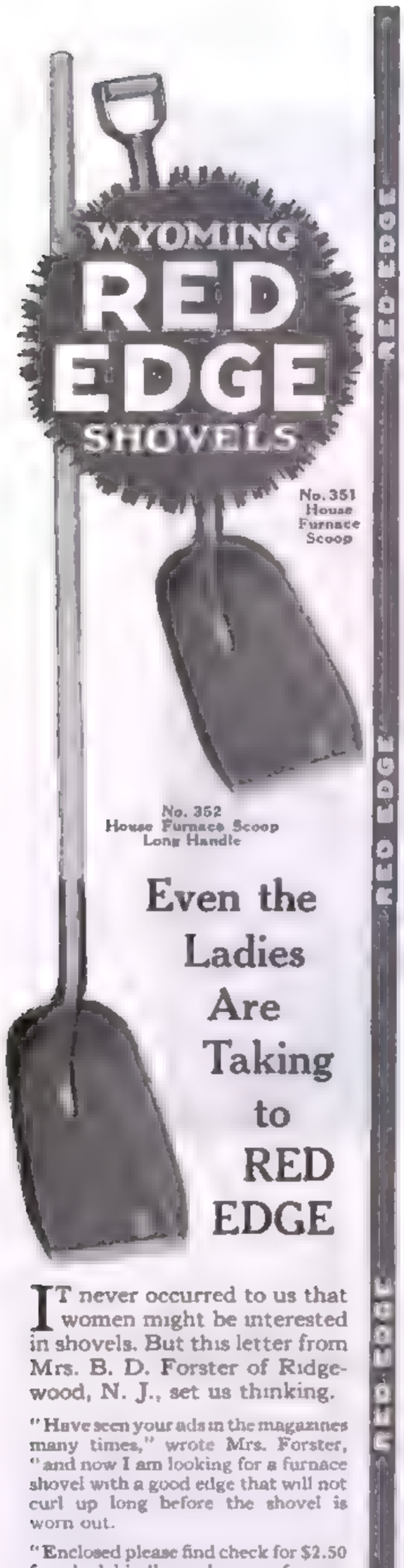

Even the Ladies Are Taking to RED EDGE

IT never occurred to us that women might be interested in shovels. But this letter from Mrs. B. D. Forster of Ridgewood, N. J., set us thinking.

"Have seen your ads in the magazines many times," wrote Mrs. Forster, "and now I am looking for a furnace shovel with a good edge that will not curl up long before the shovel is worn out.

"Enclosed please find check for $2.50 for which kindly send me one furnace scoop. This winter when Mr. Forster is away and I have to stoke the furnace I hope to be able to do so with some degree of comfort."

When you come to think of it, there must be thousands of women who fire the family heater—and thousands more who do a bit of spading in their gardens.

If anyone needs a light, perfectly balanced, keen edged shovel like Red Edge, it is a woman. As a suggestion, we recommend the long handle Red Edge House Furnace Scoop. We hereby extend a cordial invitation to all feminine readers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, who have struggled with heavy, battered and dull shovels, to write us for the name of the Red Edge dealer in their city.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.

We Spent 50 Years Learning to Make One Grade of Shovel

(Continued from Page 54)

already regretting their bargain. All the same they gave me a most kindly reception when we actually met next day.

If I had proved anything but a gold mine to the reporters on the ship, they got plenty of copy about me and my arrival in other directions. A very old British friend, Peter Dewar—then resident in New York and doing bright business in the sale of a Scots product now, alas, absolutely unknown in the States—had arranged for several pipers in full Highland dress to "blaw me ashore" and lead the way uptown to a tartan-draped motor car in which I drove to the Knickerbocker Hotel. Hundreds of expatriated Scots had also turned up at the harbor; they gave tongue to vociferous cries—Hielan' hoochs and shouts of welcome. This was all a surprise to me indeed. I had not expected anything like it. My intention had been all along to land in America very quietly, do my best to make a hit and, if I failed, to get away home again at once and regard my trip as an experience.

We arrived on a Friday. On Sunday I was so homesick that if there had been a steamer leaving New York that day I honestly think I would have booked a passage. But when Monday came I was on my toes—I had the I'll-show-'em feeling all right. John and I were at the New York Theater, Times Square, an hour before I was due to go on at the matinée. The people rolled up all serene. When the program opened, the house was full. My number going up was the signal for a tremendous outburst of cheering, led, I have no doubt whatever, by my good Scottish friends and admirers.

So This is New York

Once again it was old "Tobermory" that did the trick. I had not been on the stage more than a minute before I realized that I was going to make good. At the end of my first song the applause was terrific. I forgot all about critics, my doubts and forebodings of failure, and played as well as I have ever done in my professional career. "If this is New York, I am going to love you," said I to myself. That was twenty years ago. I have never had the slightest reason to revise my decision.

At my first matinée I sang six songs, in place of the three I had anticipated. But in the evening my reception was so warm that I had to sing ten numbers before I was allowed to leave the stage. All together I was on for just over two hours, a physical ordeal which had me completely groggy at the finish. But I was happy in the knowledge that I had won out and that the gloomy prophecies of my friend the critic had been falsified. Long before I woke the next morning John went out and secured copies of the leading New York dailies. He roused me up and insisted on reading the very flattering and flowery comments of the theatrical and vaudeville critics on my performance and my triumph. There seemed to me to be as many inches of headings as there was text to the laudatory criticisms, and one streamer cross line remains in my mind. It read:

HARRY LAUDER, GREAT ARTIST,
CAPTIVATES AMERICA

As he laid down the last of the papers John turned to me and said, "Pa, dear, I knew you would paralyze them!"

I kissed John, turned over in my bed and went to sleep again.

Those first five weeks in America seem like a dream to me now. Actually I was in dreamland most of the time. Everything was so new and strange and vast and breathless that my senses were in a "dwam" most of the time. I must have met hundreds and hundreds of people whose names I forget now, but they were all very kind to me. I had invitations to lunch, dinner, supper and even breakfast. Prominent New Yorkers asked me to receptions, dances and functions of all kinds. I was completely rushed off my feet. I began to think that life in New York was a bit too strenuous for me and to weary for the peace and quiet of working four halls a night in London.

Whenever I did manage to get an hour or two to myself I spent the time wandering through the streets of New York, taking stock of the immense buildings, watching the people hurrying and scurrying hither and yon, taking trips on the Subway and in the street cars and generally trying to grasp what New York stood for in the life of the new and wonderful world that had been opened up for me as if by magic. Here let me make a confession. After a week or two in the turmoil and frenzy I made up my mind that I liked the folks very much indeed, but that I would sooner die than spend the rest of my days in New York. It deaved me to death. A sense of oppression came over me. I felt that of a certainty one or other of the big buildings would fall on me. The cumulative effect of all this was a sense of choking—I was always fighting for breath, as it were.

Two friendships I made on this visit which meant much to me then, and they have become stronger and stronger with the passage of time. Col. Walter Scott swam into my ken the first week I opened at the New York Theater. His breezy, straightforward, generous personality, added to the fact that he seemed to be more Scottish than I was myself, appealed to me at once. We fell for each other right away and have been sworn brithers for twenty years.

An amazing man is Wattie Scott. He is the most perfervid lover of Scotland and all things Scottish that the world has ever seen. The lore of Scotland from time immemorial is an open book to him; he sleeps with a copy of Burns beneath his pillow. He is the perpetual president of a thousand St. Andrews Societies and Burns Clubs scattered throughout every state in the Union

All America knows what the colonel did in raising Scottish-American troops for the Front in the time of the World War. Not content with his purely Scottish activities, he is in the foreground of many good and charitable works in the United States; if there can be found anywhere in America half a dozen men or women willing to found a patriotic society to commemorate the Revolution, to perpetuate the name and fame of some illustrious poet or writer or citizen or soldier or sailor or humanitarian or benefactor, generally Wattie has only to be approached and all things are made smooth. If a bill has to be footed, he'll pay. If a thousand-mile journey has to be undertaken in connection with any of his organizations, he'll do it overnight and get back to his business in Broadway by the next evening train.

On Common Ground

Where and how he finds time for one-tenth part of the work he does has always been one of the monumental puzzles of America to me. One of his latest ideas was to establish a great Scottish university on the island of Iona. If it wasn't his, he was at least all over it. Walter asked me if I would subscribe to this great and glorious notion.

"Certainly not!" I told him. "I've seen Iona, and a university there would have as much chance as an ice factory leaning up against the North Pole."

But that's the sort of man he is. Just a great, big, open-hearted boy, anxious and willing to take the whole world into his arms and organize it on clan-association lines. He'll never know how much I love and respect him.

Another personal friendship I cemented during this first visit was between myself and William Morris. In these days he was Klaw and Erlanger's chief booking man and I had a lot to do with him while at the Times Square theater. Between this black-haired, handsome Jew with the little nose, and the canny, "grippy" wee Scots comedian with the big nose a mutual affection sprang up. We took to each other from the very outset.

Under his wing I have made nineteen trips to America and he has put me across in practically every town and city of any size in the States, from New York to San Francisco and from Mexico to the Canadian border; and I have never had a written contract with Morris from the first day in Liverpool, in the year 1908, when we settled our original bargain with a shake of the hand. For all his success and world-wide popularity with all manner of theatrical people, Will is a shy man, and I should hate to make him blush by saying just what I think of him.

Since meeting him and hooking up together I have got to know exactly what is meant by "the chosen people." All the same, mind you, I think Morris must have made a lot of money out of me. But, as I haven't done so badly myself as the result of our association, I am content to let it go at that. . . . Don't you think, Will, that I should have just a wee bit more out of my next annual farewell tour in view of the fine character I have given you in this book?

Waiting for a Bumper Crop

When my engagement came to a close at the end of the five weeks, Klaw and Erlanger were most anxious that I should either stay on in America or sign another contract to appear under their management at the very earliest date on which I could get released from my British bookings. As I had had a devil of a job to get away from these bookings for two months, I did not see how I could remain a day longer. As for a new contract—well, I wanted time to consider everything in its due proportions.

I was evidently a big hit in America—a wow! That was a fact which admitted of no shadow of doubt. Before the end of my first week I had been stormed with requests to appear in every large city in the States. Several of the big Scottish societies had even offered me as much for one night's appearance as I had been drawing in salary at the New York Theater. In short, I could see that there was a rich and fallow field for me in the New World. But I determined to gang warily in the matter of putting my signature to legal documents. I had had bitter experience of hasty decisions in this respect at home.

"Harry, ma lad," said I to masel', "there's nae hurry. America's waitin' for ye an' wants ye. America is ready tae weigh in wi' the dollars good an' plenty. Ye've sown the good seed—awa' hame an' wait for it tae bear fruit abundantly."

Realizing that this was sound common sense, I refused all temptations to get me to stay on. But lest my resolution should fail me at the last moment I packed up the night before John and I should have sailed and went down to the Carmania and locked myself in the cabin. Two o'clock the next afternoon would have been time enough. Urgent messages, letters and telegrams continued to arrive at the hotel many hours after the ship had sailed.

That, very briefly, is the story of my breaking into America. It was only a flying visit, undertaken with no great enthusiasm, and it never took me out of the confines of New York. But it was the precursor of many wonderful and delightful tours which have made me better acquainted with the people of the United States than perhaps any other traveler in the world. Indeed I must have seen and been seen by more citizens of the republic than any other man who ever lived. This seems at first blush a pretty tall statement. But work it out for yourself and you will see that I am not far wrong. Tom and I once sat down during a long railroad journey from North to South and tried to calculate how many miles we had traveled in the States together. We lost count completely after we had got to our first hundred thousand.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Sir Harry Lauder. The fifth will appear next week

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OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS
GYPSUM BOARD

THE GLORY OF KINGS

(Continued from Page 21)

And he said, in a flat and lifeless tone, "She told me what she thought of you, and she told me why she thought it. She told me you came to work for her husband in Black Hat, thirty-odd years ago. She told me you made love to her. She told me you stole her husband's mine. She told me that in the end, when he found out what you'd done, you killed him! That's what she told me!"

The other's eyes rested on the desk before him. They were steady, their glance fixed, not shifting at all. He was looking, Dave saw, at those envelopes which lay there, but it was not as though they held his attention. Rather, Dave perceived, the older man's thoughts were far away, and the scenes he contemplated were ancient and remote. There was something in his father's demeanor which blew upon the embers of Dave's anger. The other's passive silence had in it a suggestion of confession, an abasement which served to rouse Dave to a defensive ferocity of tone.

And he cried at last, his voice shrill and hot, "Haven't you got a word to say? Isn't that enough?" And when still the other did not stir, he exclaimed, at once accusing and beseeching:

"Why, father, ever since I was a kid you've talked about mother to me. You've pretended that mother was the only woman you ever thought of. And yet you made love to another man's wife. You've talked to me about business and honesty and credit and honor. And yet you stole another man's property. You've talked to me about a thousand things, and they sounded well. But you never told me you killed a man!"

He hesitated, added violently, "That's what she told me! That's what this fat, rotten woman in an ugly little desert town told me about my father. I tell you she cursed you, and at first I was angry, and then when I heard what she had to say, I couldn't blame her."

His posture relaxed again. He sat back in his chair and laughed bitterly. "That's what I ran into," he exclaimed. "That's what brought me home."

After a moment the other looked at Dave with a thoughtful eye. "Did she appear to you," he inquired, "as a woman deserving credit? Did you accept what she said without question?"

"I told you I went up to Black Hat," Dave returned.

"So you did," the other agreed.

"She told me this happened at Black Hat," Dave explained. "She said there were two old men up there who could tell me about it. An old fellow named Jellison, and this Jim Sookford. Her son drove me up there to hunt for them."

"I suppose," the older man said thoughtfully, "there's not much left of Black Hat now."

"Looks like a prairie-dog town," Dave agreed. "Mexican children peeping out of doorways." But he added relentlessly, "I went there, though, looking for Jellison and Sookford. And Jellison's dead. I don't know whether you know that or not, but Jellison's dead."

"I did not know that," Temple assented.

"I didn't find out," Dave confessed, "whether there was any formal inquest or anything of that kind. I don't suppose there was. I don't suppose there were any courts there, were there?"

The older man said thoughtfully, "After all, Dave, you have made your own investigations. Suppose we stick to them for the present."

Dave nodded defiantly. "All right," he agreed; and he went on, "Of course, if there was an inquest or anything of the sort and you were acquitted, you're all right. But if there wasn't, you could be brought to trial any time for killing Lou Roakes."

"You saw Sookford?" Temple suggested.

"I told him what Mrs. Roakes told me," Dave reminded the other. "And he said whatever she said was true. He didn't have any illusions about her. I could see that from the way he spoke, but he didn't suggest that she was lying."

He lighted a fresh cigarette and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief; was for no particular reason hot and wearied.

"Well," he said bitterly. "That's the story."

His father considered for a moment. "That's the story," he echoed. "That's the tale you happened on after you dropped off the train."

"Exactly," said Dave.

"And so you came home!"

"Of course I came home," Dave told him hotly. "Why shouldn't I? You think I'm going off into New Mexico or somewhere, after I know about this?"

Temple met his son's eyes. "In other words," he suggested, "you feel that this knowledge changes our relations."

Dave sat miserable. No defense, then. Just questions; just this calm, judicial, unperturbed tone. And his hurt anger stiffened. He had not gone so far as to formulate the thought his father put in words, but he would not admit that now.

"You bet it does!" he cried.

"You feel," his father persisted, "that it puts you in a position, as it were, to dictate to me?"

The boy was bewildered, wholly at a loss. He felt himself on trial, but he was defiant too.

"Well, doesn't it?" he challenged.

Temple leaned back in his chair. "Assume for a moment that it does," he suggested. "What do you propose to do?"

*

DAVE had asked himself what his father's attitude was like to be in the face of these accusations, and he had hazarded a guess or two. But the reality left him baffled and sick. So far as concerned Dave's assertions, the older man neither assented nor denied; seemed in fact scarcely interested. There was only in the occasional pallor of his countenance or in the rigidity of his posture a suggestion of a tremendous effort at self-control, an indication that he was stricken and tormented. But if this were the case, yet the older man did still control himself. He neither admitted nor denied that which Dave alleged; and Dave had a curious sense that his father seemed not so much interested in the truth or falsity of this old story as he was in the steady and attentive scrutiny of Dave himself.

The young man had a persistent feeling that he and not his father was on trial. He fought against it angrily. It seemed to him incredible that his father should surrender thus supinely; and Dave desperately seeking to drive the other to defend himself, assumed a truculent and combative tone.

"Wait a minute," he protested. "Let's not assume anything. You know whether the whole thing is true or not. Are you admitting it?"

"Why should I admit it?" Burdon Temple suggested. "At its best, this is an old story. Even if it were true, it has been true for thirty years, and my life has gone on much the same. Why should it not continue to do so?"

"Because you've kept it dark," Dave reminded him. "Because you covered it up."

"And you propose," his father asked, "to drag it out into the light of day?"

"I could if I wanted to," Dave asserted. "If you're going to act stubborn about it."

The elder man turned his head, looked out of the window. His offices were on the sixth floor, and surrounding buildings towered above them so that the prospect was limited; yet past the corner of the building across the street he could see a long vista of traffic, automobiles shuttling to and fro, pedestrians shouldering along the sidewalks.

He said thoughtfully, "We're apt to imagine, Dave, that our own concerns are vitally important not only to ourselves but to the world. You see that pack of people out there? If you were to toss a bomb into the midst of them, there would be only a momentary scattering, then a press of curious folk, and then the passers-by would still pass by as they are passing now." Dave made no comment, and his father continued, "What I'm trying to suggest to you is that after a man discovers his own unimportance, he acquires a certain freedom, becomes able to endure keen blows without too much repining.

"And also," he added, "there are in any situation at least two alternatives between which a man may choose. I asked you a moment ago what you intended to do. That is to say, whether you intend to broadcast this affair, or whether you intend to try to use it as a club over my head. I assume from your manner that the latter is your plan; but I can only remind you that if that is the case, your demands had better be moderate. Otherwise, I can always fight back, and I have weapons in my hands, as well as you."

He concluded with a little nod, as though to emphasize this point; and Dave sat silent, befuddled, sick with a grieved bewilderment. He had expected anything but this. Denial would have contented him; confession would have won his utmost loyalty. But this was neither more nor less than a challenge. Dave had come home in no mind to make demands. If he wanted anything, it was to be reassured; or at the worst, to be permitted to lend his strength to his father's for the years that were to come. He grinned bitterly and his lips drew away from his teeth. Burdon Temple appeared to expect him to turn this knowledge to his own selfish ends, to seize the advantage accident had given him; and the perception sickened Dave. Had his own life been so mean and ugly that his father could with justice hold such expectations? His teeth set and his head stiffened; yet he had even now some hope remaining. The tale must be a lie; he could force his father to avow as much. But to do so he must meet the other, accept the gage of battle, show his hand.

He said bitterly: "You mean you can have me arrested for forgery. But I can have you arrested for murder. The balance is on my side."

"But," his father pointed out, "you have no defense. You have, in fact, made a formal confession. There are a thousand defenses open to me, any one of which may be sufficient. You have no defense and no weapons. I can fight, and I have the means with which to fight stoutly."

Fight? Dave marshaled his forces desperately.

"I know," he agreed. "I thought of that. It's perfectly true. There'd be a noise. You could stand the noise, so long as it didn't reach one pair of ears. But you wouldn't care to have me go to mother with this business."

"I can stop that," said Burdon Temple, and his eyes for a moment were stern and hard.

"How?" Dave challenged.

"Son," said Temple grimly, "there are a thousand ways. I can send you to jail. I can turn you over to an institution as a dipsomaniac. Within forty-eight hours I can throw you into the forecastle of a ship and send you off around the world. Why, Dave, I can step out and hire a man to kill you, for less than five hundred dollars. Understand this. You're not going to tell your mother anything unless I choose."

Dave nodded. "I suppose you would," he agreed, trying to hide the terror which for a moment his father's demeanor awoke in him. "But you wouldn't do any of those things except to protect mother. I don't have to tell her. I can pass the word around. It would put a crimp in your business."

"You would not be credited," his father retorted.

Dave leaned back in his chair and lighted a fresh cigarette. He took time to think. "You know," he said, "you're hard as nails! But father, you made a mistake in turning me over to Counce. Counce likes to talk. He told me something about his profession, its ethics and its practitioners. He says that there are private detectives who do a lively blackmailing business. I remember he said he wouldn't wish his worst enemy anything worse than falling into their hands."

He hesitated, and he could not meet the other's glance. "So, I guess," he concluded, "you wouldn't want me to give this tip to a bunch like that." He saw for the first time a flicker like despair in the other's eyes.

"Dave," his father protested, "you wouldn't go so far!"

The young man said stubbornly, "Well, I'm just saying I guess you wouldn't want me to."

Burdon Temple studied his son, and the expression in his eyes changed subtly, as though, Dave thought, he found in some mysterious fashion comfort in the situation. And after a moment the older man remarked:

"You know, Dave, you've really given some thought to this. You seem to have attempted to foresee every possible contingency. I'm not used to discovering in you evidences of forethought. You've been apt to act on impulse, somewhat recklessly. It's been one of my complaints of you. But in this matter I will not be surprised to find that you have even formulated your demands." His tone was almost encouraging. "Is that so, Dave? What promises do you expect of me?"

Dave was more and more bewildered. He found himself forced into an incredible position; and he said—since he must say something: "I'm not asking for promises."

The other smiled faintly. "Put it in any fashion you choose," he suggested. "I suppose you have more to say. If you have given the matter so much thought, you must have decided upon your demands."

Dave stubbed out his cigarette, leaning forward to hide his eyes. The moment had a stark unreality about it; he found difficulty in crediting his senses. He had expected anything but this; even now could not believe. It seemed to him his father must be playing with him, making game of him, waiting to see how far he would go. It had occurred to him on the train that he might, if he chose and if the tale were true, compel the older man to this concession and to that. He had even considered what surrenders he might thus require. And now, driven to say something, these vague and unreal reflections recurred to his mind. He fought to play the game his father set for him.

"Well," he said, "the last time I was here in the office you made me sign a paper confessing the forging of that check. I assume you have that confession filed away somewhere, and the check too."

His father bowed faintly in assent.

"Send for them," said Dave. "Get the check and that bit of paper. I'll destroy the confession; and I want the check put through the bank in due form. Perhaps the best thing would be for you to indorse it under the indorsement I put on it. I suppose the receipt for payment has already gone to Mrs. Freeling."

"I had the check certified," his father explained, "so that her bank balance would be in order. The amount is held until we present the check for payment."

Dave nodded. "All right," he agreed. "But I want it put through and the whole matter closed so that it can never be dug

(Continued on Page 63)

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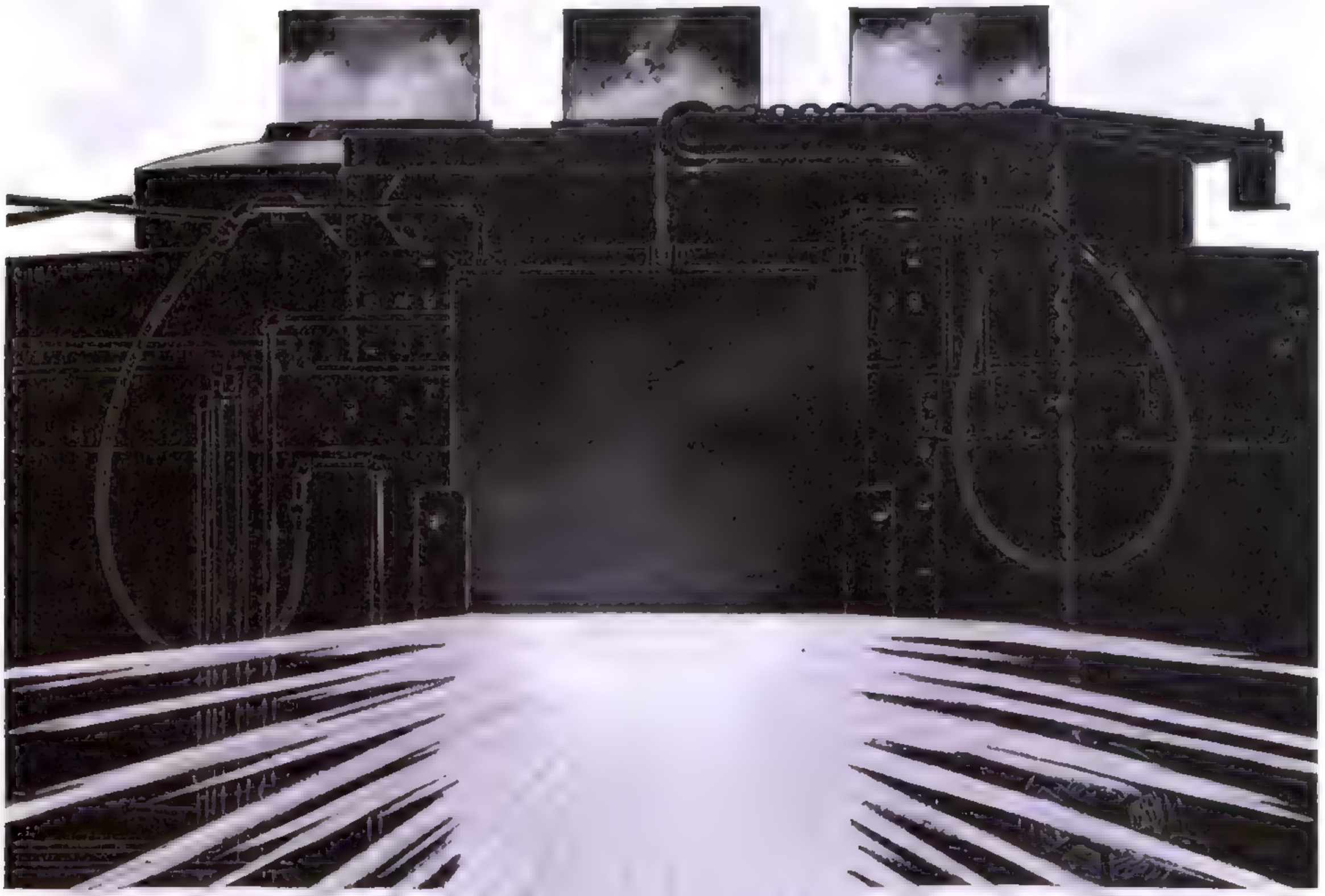

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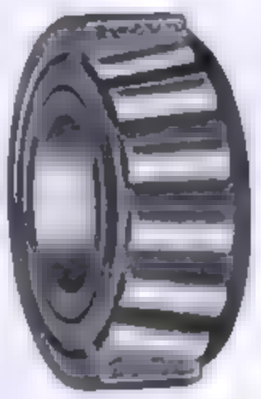

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

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up again. That's the first thing." He hesitated for a moment, and when his father did not move, Dave said sharply, "Well!"

His father shook his head. "That is only a beginning," he pointed out. "That would be for me to lay down my arms and throw myself on your mercy. Let us hear the rest of it first, Dave."

Dave asked hopefully, "You mean you're refusing?"

But his father shook his head. "No. No. But we'll take it all together," he replied. "What else would you want, Dave? Money?"

The boy's brow was wet. This was a grim game they played, and he was suffering. He felt himself met and baffled at each turn; forced along a path he had no mind to tread. He wished to cry out, "Why, father, you're making a fool of me! You know this whole thing's a lie!" But he was still young enough so that to do this seemed to him a soft, supine surrender.

He said desperately, "All right! Yes, sure, I've thought it over. I've had time enough. I could see that you might pretend to agree, and then change your mind. I've got to have more than promises."

"You think you ought to be paid for keeping still?" Temple suggested mildly. "How much, Dave?"

Dave made a helpless movement with his hand, and the older man spoke as though to advise him.

"I suppose you'll want to know my financial situation," he hazarded. "I can't tell you exactly, Dave. Of course, I'm wealthy, but some of it is tied up. You see, I've made arrangements to protect your mother against anything which might happen to me. Nowadays, that can be done by life insurance, but when I was a young man, insurance was not so well organized, and at my present age the premium on a policy of any size would be prohibitive. So I have created a trust fund for mother, and I've put the house in her name. As for the rest, it is the working capital of this business. I don't know exactly how much." He smiled faintly. "Would you like to call in accountants, Dave?"

Dave flushed with dull misery. He had been, it seemed to him, badgered almost beyond endurance. He said defensively, "I guess you know near enough."

His father surveyed him for a moment in a thoughtful fashion; he sat without speaking, watching his son. "You know, Dave," he said philosophically, "you're like the man who got the bull by the tail. You daren't let go. You said a while ago that you felt this—changed our relation. I presume you meant it shifted the balance of power." He checked himself, as though afraid of saying too much. "Suppose I make over two or three hundred thousand to you, Dave?"

Dave echoed tonelessly, "Three hundred thousand."

"I don't know whether you're competent to handle it."

Dave roused himself. He felt like an actor who plays a part; but sheer pride drove him to try to play it well. He lighted another cigarette, braced himself, strove to meet the other's steady manner.

"That's so," he assented, in what he meant for a casual fashion. "I probably think better of myself than you do; but with that much money there'd be no need to gamble; and I'd rather have security than risk. I could live on fifteen to eighteen thousand a year. You might put three hundred thousand into a trust fund, the income to me for life, or something." And he added, "And fix it so you can't change your mind."

"An irrevocable trust," his father suggested.

"Well, one you can't revoke, anyway," Dave agreed. "Fix it so that if we both agree, we can cancel the arrangement. I might want to use the money some day. Then, if we both agreed, I could."

The older man nodded, and his eyes were alert. "I see. Well, I might manage that, but it would somewhat cripple the credit facilities of the business, Dave."

Dave grinned bitterly. If this were his father's estimate of him, he might as well have the game as the name. "Temple & Company can get along," he said. "I'm a good deal more interested in myself than I am in Temple & Company."

He had spoken half to himself, as though his thoughts found utterance; but now he said, with a glance at his father, and in a harder tone, "I'm enough like you for that. You've always been a dictator and you've liked it. I'd like to try it myself for a while."

The older man hesitated. "Do I understand that you want to associate yourself with me here?" he asked.

Dave hesitated, weighing this; and he frowned sullenly. Threw back his head in a gesture half appealing, half defiant. "Why not give me a crack at running things," he exclaimed, "for a while? Elect me vice president, or treasurer, or something, so I'd have some authority."

He paused, and his voice shook and his hand was trembling; and the older man asked quietly, "Is that a part of the—price of your silence, Dave?"

And Dave, goaded at last beyond discretion, bitter and hurt and utterly lonely, cried in flat defiance, "Yes! All right! Yes! I'm going to be a boss around here from now on." And after a moment he added, in an abashment he could not control, "Or blow the lid off!"

For a little, silence held them; a long silence which Dave found harassing. He rose abruptly from his chair and crossed to the window to look down into the street. His father did not move. The older man's head was faintly bowed, whether in thought or in surrender it was hard to know. Dave looked back at him once, and swallowed hard, but he said grimly:

"Go on. Think it over."

And looked down into the crowded street once more.

The office for a space was quiet then, and Dave could feel his heart pounding against his ribs. He had been able to assume for a moment a certain arrogant and domineering tone; but now, while his father sat silent there behind him, a realization of his own proposals swept over him with benumbing force. His father, he was sure, would never consent, would never go so far; and Dave realized with a swift relief that if his father stood his ground he himself must yield.

"Blast it!" he told himself. "It's a bluff! I couldn't spill the beans! He knows that darned well!"

He had a curious wave of pity for the older man, and he came to the point where he was ready to whirl and stride toward Burdon Temple's desk and say, "Here, forget it! It's all a dream! Let's not say any more about it. I'll go back to work and do my darndest to behave myself!"

But before he could move to do so, his father spoke at last.

"Well, Dave," he said, and Dave turned his head to look at the older man, and Temple smiled. "You know," he remarked, "you've been singularly moderate."

"Moderate?" Dave echoed, astonished and bewildered.

Temple nodded.

"You ask me," he pointed out, "to do three things: To refrain from sending you to jail, to provide for you financially, and to give you a chance to work. But, Dave, I've never wanted to put you behind the bars, and I've always planned, as most fathers do, to take care of my son in so far as it lies within my power. And as for giving you a little authority here—why, Dave, I'd have been glad to do that any time you were ready to take it. I've tried to lead you to it. I'm a somewhat older man than you realize, and the routine of business lies heavy on me now and then. I've been hoping your shoulders would one day stiffen to bear that load."

Dave stared at him, and he felt his cheeks drawn and pale with astonishment. "Say," he protested, "are you laughing at me?"

Burdon Temple shook his head. "I don't find anything to laugh at," he replied. "No, Dave, I mean what I say."

Dave stood a moment and his heart was sick. The old story must be true, then! His father's surrender could only be interpreted as confession; and at the thought the boy was heavy with shame and sorrow for the older man. He said recklessly at last, from his own bitter grief:

"All right! Save your face if you want to! As long as you do what I say."

Temple looked at his son for a moment, and then bowed his head a little and touched the button on the end of his desk.

"Well," he remarked, "we needn't argue about that! You have nothing else to ask for?"

"That's the whole story," Dave assented grimly.

Miss Manter knocked, and Burdon Temple called to her to come in; and when she stood within the door, he said:

"Miss Manter, will you call up Mr. Frothingham and ask him to come in and see me. I have a trust agreement I want him to draw, and some reorganization of Temple & Company that he'll have to put in proper shape."

She said quietly, "Yes, sir."

"Also," he directed, "go to the safe and get the papers filed there under my son's name."

She nodded and would have turned away, when his glance fell upon those two envelopes which had lain all this time upon the pad on the desk before him. He picked them up.

"Oh, and while you're there," he told Miss Manter, "put these where they belong. The man I expected didn't come, so I shan't need them now."

Dave saw the girl look quickly toward himself, interrogation in her eyes, and he realized that there lay between her and his father something concealed from his knowledge. But a moment later she had taken the filing envelopes and gone, and he forgot her. There were too many things at the moment to fill his thoughts—too many other questions to which an answer must be found.

XI

THE arrangements which were necessary could not be made in an hour nor in a day. The three or four days succeeding were occupied in their completion, and Dave, bewildered and incredulous, expecting hourly to awake and discover that the business was all a dream, found himself by and by in the grip of a strange exhilaration.

He was the third party at innumerable conferences between his father and the attorney, between his father and the head of the trust department of the Mercantile Trust, between his father and other men with whom this and that had to be decided. Whenever anything was to be done, he listened to the discussions, and when a decision was to be made, Burdon Temple turned deferentially to his son for the final word.

Dave's opinion was required upon many questions as to which his ignorance was profound; and but for his father's tact Dave must have been forced now and then into ridiculous situations. The head of the trust department, going over, with Burdon Temple, the list of securities involved in the contemplated arrangement, pointed to this one and to that with the suggestion that they be sold and the funds applied to other purchases; and at first at such moments Burdon Temple asked his son's opinion.

"What do you think, Dave?" he would inquire. "Which do you prefer, the preferred stock of that company or its bonds?"

And when Dave hesitated, the older man sought courteously to explain, till Dave was bewildered by a recital of earnings, by a discussion of the depreciation charge, by an analysis of the recent reports of the company in question. The older man, perceiving his perplexity, was apt to say at the end: "I personally think so and so."

Dave learned to nod agreement with this, to say, "All right." And later, as his confidence returned, "You're right." And later still, "Exactly!" And finally, with an increasing assurance and in a patronizing tone:

"That's what I've been trying to get you to see all this time."

Just as Dave was a third party at these discussions, Miss Manter was a fourth. She sat at one side of Burdon Temple's desk, her notebook ready to be used when a decision was to be set down in black and white. Dave after a time grew inattentive to what went forward between his father and the other men; so much of it was beyond his present comprehension. He found himself more and more inclined to watch the stenographer and to wonder whether she understood the business in hand.

After a while his conjectures wearied and took another turn. He began to wonder how she lived, and what her background was, and why she had not bobbed her hair, and whether, when she went out in the evening, her costume was as severely practical as in the office here day by day it was. Now and then his father, addressing to him a question, startled him so that he had to ask:

"What's that? What did you say?"

Once or twice he discovered Miss Manter watching him, and there was a baffling quality in the regard she bent upon the young man. It was as impersonal as the glance which a surgeon gives to a doubtful lump in the wrong place in a patient's anatomy; and Dave, who had once had his tonsils removed, recognized the similarity.

"It's as though she's wondering whether the best thing for me is the knife or a diet," he told himself, and was amused at the thought. "Probably," he decided, "she thinks I'm a bad lot!"

He remembered, with an instinct to be fair to her, that if this was in fact her opinion, she had never revealed it. In their contacts about the office she was always courteous and polite, but also she was always impersonal.

"She acts as if I were fifty years old," he thought. "Or as if I were ten."

And, watching her one day while his father and Mr. Frothingham discussed the phrasing of a certain clause, he told himself resentfully:

"That's the trouble with her. It isn't normal for a nice-looking girl to be so impersonal where a handsome young man like me is concerned!"

And grinned at his own thought, secretly.

He decided that he must make more use of her in the office, by and by when his father should not be so regularly here. This future contingency was not in Dave's thoughts immediate. In so far as he planned the future at all, he expected to sit by his father's side and to lean upon his father's wisdom in matters that required decision.

He would have, of course, a private office of his own; probably the one Bugbee had been using. There was no real reason why Bugbee should be accorded this dignity. Bugbee, after all, was no more than a sublimated salesman. When he returned he would have to be made to understand this.

Of course Bugbee was all right, a sound and careful workman, but he lacked imagination, lacked initiative, lacked the adventurous spirit of youth. A useful clerk, Dave thought, and liked the phrase.

He anticipated, then, a regime under which his father would continue to come to the office day by day, continue nominally to occupy the directing position, while Dave would be the power behind the throne and Bugbee would become a sort of man of all work, a reliable errand boy. And when at the end of the fourth day the last document was drawn and signed and Dave and his father were left alone in the office, Dave drew a deep breath and felt his shoulders broaden in this new freedom and authority which was his.

"Well, Dave," said Burdon Temple, "that does it."

(Continued on Page 66

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And today, fully 1,500,000—75%
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TWO MILLION BUICKS ~ ~ TWO MILL

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still serving their owners!

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Supreme value—overwhelming demand—then still greater value and still greater demand—have formed the wonder-working formula of Buick progress. And this progress still continues.

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ON BUICKS ~ ~ TWO MILLION BUICKS

(Continued from Page 63)

Dave nodded. "Yes, sir," he agreed. "That's the foundation. Now we'll have to get down to details."

His father looked at him with a certain curiosity. "Details?" he repeated.

"I'll have to have an office," Dave reminded him. "I was thinking I'd take Bugbee's. He can go in with the salesmen. His will do very well for me when I get some new furniture and a couple of rugs. I think I may have it redecorated."

Burdon Temple's eyebrows lifted in an amusement which otherwise he concealed. "Well, Dave," he said, "that will take some time. Why don't you move in here?"

"Oh, I want you to stay here," Dave assured him. "Temple & Company can't get along without you, sir."

Burdon Temple remarked in an interrogative tone, "That is the second time you've addressed me as 'sir' within a few minutes, Dave. I find it rather pleasant."

"I didn't notice it," Dave told him awkwardly. "It just happened, I guess."

The other nodded. "What I was going to say," he explained, "was this: You've noticed since you've been home that your mother is tired, rather more so than usual. The summer has been hot, and hard on her. I was thinking she and I might take a trip together, now that you're here to keep things running smoothly."

Dave felt a quick doubt of his own abilities in this direction. "Go away?" he repeated in a startled tone.

"Of course, if you can't get along ——" his father suggested; and Dave said defensively:

"Oh, I can get along. Sure, you go ahead. Take her for a nice trip somewhere. Where'll you go? Up into Canada, where it's cool? Why don't you go to Banff?"

"I thought we'd take a cruise," his father explained. "Your mother likes the water. She's always happy on shipboard. There's a boat sailing from New York early next week for Norway. It will be cool there, a rest for both of us. That was what I had in mind."

"Oh!" Dave commented doubtfully. "That'll mean you'll be away quite a while."

"Ten weeks to three months," his father assented. "By the time we get home we're not likely to run into any more hot weather. Of course," he added, "I don't want to make it hard for you. After all, you're the one to decide, but I think your mother needs the change."

"Yes, that's so," Dave agreed, and he licked his lips. They were suddenly dry. Also he cleared his throat. "Yes," he repeated. "Yes, I guess that's right. I guess that would be a good thing for mother. Sure, you better go."

Burdon Temple nodded. "I was sure," he agreed, "that you would"—he hesitated—"would assent. In fact, I've gone to the length of ordering our accommodations. We'll take the Monday afternoon train." He looked at his son, and then went on again, "I suppose we can get all the current matters straightened out in the meantime. You may have some questions you want to ask."

Dave considered. "Well," he said, "we've been so occupied that I haven't got in touch with what's going on. You know better than I. Is there anything I ought to know about?"

His father smiled. "Most of the things you need to know," he replied, "will come up from day to day. You'll acquire knowledge as you go along. There are really only two or three general principles to remember. I've arrived at them by a lifetime of attendance here, by handling each problem as it comes along. You already know them."

"Which ones do you mean?" Dave asked guardedly.

"Well," his father explained, "you understand, of course, that our strength rests upon a basis of goodwill, that without our list of customers the house wouldn't have any standing. I've always tried to take care of our customers, to make sure they suffer no loss through fault of mine, and to show them a profit when I can and where I can."

"Sure," Dave agreed.

"Everything else contributes to that," his father explained. "Ordinary business honesty, of course, is fundamental. But honesty isn't always enough. Sometimes there is required something a little finer. You might call it honor. You might even call it valor."

Dave, faintly uncomfortable, grinned. "I've heard of them," he assented. "I've heard you speak of them before."

"I don't want to be wearisome," his father said apologetically. "You must be patient with me, Dave. You must realize that—I—am turning over to you the structure which represents everything I've been able to do in the world."

"I thought you might have something to say about details," Dave suggested.

"Well, there are only two details," his father replied. "There are only two principles on which you can rely to serve these customers of ours, who in their turn serve us. The first is knowledge. You needn't be ashamed to ask questions. 'The glory of kings is to search out a matter.' It's our business, Dave, to know what we're doing. It's our business, before we recommend a security, to be sure the recommendation is wise and well founded, and it's our business, before we condemn a security, to be sure that our condemnation is deserved. I've always made it my principle, when any question arose, to find out everything that could possibly be discovered and that might be pertinent to the issue in question."

"You can't always find out everything, can you?" Dave suggested.

"Not always," his father agreed. "But you have a reliance upon which to fall back when your inquiries run into a stone wall."

"What's that?" Dave asked.

"A very simple thing," his father said. "Character. If a man comes to you with a proposition, you will learn to appraise him as well as his proposition; and if you are in doubt about the thing which he proposes, your decision will be influenced by your estimate of his ideals, his acumen and his business integrity."

"Sure," Dave assented. "We don't want to do business with crooks. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

"There are a thousand illustrations of what I mean," his father replied, and stirred and rose. "But after all, Dave," he said in a tone of finality, "there's not a great deal I can tell you. You're in charge now. You're standing on your own feet. You've got to learn to walk alone."

Mr. and Mrs. Temple left on the Monday afternoon train, and Dave went to the station to see them safely started and to kiss his mother good-by. She was, he realized, very frail. He had been accustomed to see her at home where she was sheltered and protected, where as often as not she lay abed or reclined wearily in a great chair. There her weakness had not been so apparent as it was here amid the thunder and the throbbing in the station. He felt a great and unaccustomed tenderness toward her, and when he kissed her, he held her for a moment ardently. She reached up to pat his cheek, to say with a little smile:

"Your father and I are proud of you, David, being able to take charge of things this way."

And Dave met his father's eye over her shoulder and had the grace to color miserably. "I'll try not to ball things up," he promised. "Take care of dad, won't you, mother?"

"Don't you worry about us," his father assured him. "We're going off for a vacation, the first one I've had in years. It'll be a long time before you'll have a vacation, Dave."

"Oh, I'll take mine as I go along," Dave reminded him.

"You'll find it difficult," his father warned him. "Authority can be a stern taskmaster."

Dave had a moment just before the train pulled out in which he was full of lonely, choking pangs; and his eyes burned and he wished to cry out that they must not go. He stood beside the track until the rear car disappeared in the maze of the yards, till a returning porter marked him there and approached and asked:

"Get you a taxi, sir?"

Dave shook his head and turned toward where his father's car waited. There was nothing to take him back to the office, but he was suddenly afraid not to go back. He had in this moment for the first time a full realization of the load which his shoulders must support. If he did not go back to the office, something might happen through his absence for which he could be blamed, and he told the chauffeur to drive to the Mercantile Trust Building.

He and his father had spent the forenoon there together, disposing of such matters as admitted of settlement. They had spent thus the past two or three days, had even been there Sunday, and Dave's mind was a confusion of names and figures. He was bewildered by the effort to absorb and understand everything at once. When he came into the office now he was conscious that the eyes of the girl at the switchboard and of the others who saw him come in were turned upon him curiously; and silence lay around him as he crossed to the door of his father's office, which now for a space would be his own.

He felt this silence, recognized it; thus the tongues of a chattering group are hushed when the person with whom their conversation has been concerned approaches them. And he realized that the office must know—probably Miss Manter had told them—what had been going forward; realized that during the succeeding weeks they would be watching what he did.

"Ready to give me a kick if I stumble," he told himself resentfully; but he added, with a lifting of his head, "And just as ready to give me a boost if I make good. Like anybody else."

So he went into the office and closed the door behind him, grateful for a little time alone.

His desk—his father's desk—was empty. There were no matters demanding his immediate attention, and Dave was not sure just what he ought to do. He sat for a little idle, and then the office boy brought in two or three financial publications, issued during the afternoon, and Dave thanked the boy with a ponderous gravity and took them from the youngster with an air which suggested that he had been about to send out after them.

"A little late, aren't they?" he said, but the boy replied:

"No. Right on time."

Dave looked at his watch. "Oh, that's so," he agreed. "Thank you." And before the lad had left the office he was scanning their pages as though he had been impatient for the information they contained.

He had perhaps half an hour thus alone before someone knocked at his door, and he looked up, faintly startled at the sound, and after a moment said uncertainly:

"Come in!"

The door opened and Miss Manter entered. Dave got up from his chair, and then appreciated the absurdity of this and sat down again and lighted a cigarette to hide the color in his cheeks. She stood before the desk and he saw that the white collar and cuffs of her blue gown were crisp and clean.

"May I have a moment with you?" she asked, and he replied:

"Certainly!"

She said directly: "I wanted to let you know that this is my last week here."

Dave at her words felt a quick clutch of consternation.

"Your last week?" he repeated. "You mean you're quitting?"

"Exactly," she replied, and he felt uncomfortably that her tone was derisive.

"Why?" he protested.

"I have other plans," she said.

"What other plans?"

She smiled faintly. "I don't see that that matters particularly," she told him. "But I'm going to take another place."

Dave stared at her with a long scrutiny, and she waited for him to speak. In the end he relaxed in his chair and smiled, nodding a little. "I see," he commented. "Of course you know what's been going on, and you've decided you don't want to work for me."

"I've simply decided that I prefer to work somewhere else," she assured him.

"There's no one listening," he reminded her. "Why not be straightforward about it? I'm not finding fault with you. In fact I can understand your point of view. I can understand that you don't think very highly of me. Isn't that the case?"

"I have no intention of criticizing you, Mr. Temple," she replied.

He chuckled. "Bless you," he retorted, "you haven't done anything else but criticize me for the last four years. Every time you say good morning to me there is the most unfavorable sort of criticism in your tone. I don't mind. In fact I think you'd be wrong not to. But as long as you're planning to leave anyway, why not be frank about it? I don't resent it."

She made no comment, and after a moment he continued. "Let me state the case. You don't need to agree or to deny, but let me put it the way it must look to you. From your point of view I'm a pretty rotten sort. I get into a mess with a girl, I forge my father's name on a check, I'm sent off in disgrace, I get hold of an old story dating back to the time when father was a youngster and didn't know any better, and I come back and use that as a club to blackmail him. That's about the way it lies, isn't it?"

She still hesitated, and he said more firmly, "Come, isn't that it?"

She retorted coolly, "Well, isn't it?" And he chuckled at that.

"Yes," he agreed, "it is." And for a moment he was silent, wondering whether he had spoken truth, stubbornly repeated then, "Yes. Yes, that's just exactly it. So," he continued, "you're going to quit. You're going to leave and go somewhere else, going to work for a man you can respect. That's the idea, isn't it?"

She hesitated, said at last with a certain slow heat in her tones, "If you will have it, I think you've been contemptible, and acted contemptibly, and I don't care to be near you!"

He nodded, and for a moment his attention was concentrated upon the pencil in his fingers, which he tapped idly on the pad before him.

"I think there may be a good deal in what you say," he told her. Looked up quickly to explain, "Mind you, I'm not saying I've repented, or anything of the kind. I'm not arguing with you. Or, no, I'll take that back. I am arguing with you. I don't want you to leave. But I'm not trying to make you think any differently of me. The point is this ——" He hesitated and laughed uncertainly. "I don't know whether I can make my point," he told her. "I don't know whether I can tell you what I have in mind. I'm not even sure I have anything in mind. I'm sorry you're going, that's all. I wish you'd stay."

She looked at him with a sudden curiosity. "Why?" she asked.

He smiled. "There again you have me," he confessed. "I don't know why. I know what I'd have said a year ago, or six months ago. I'd have tried to flirt with you, asked you out to dinner, asked you to go for a ride, go out and dance somewhere." He added honestly, "I'd like to ask you right now. I'm not trying to pretend any inhuman degree of virtue or austerity. But that isn't all of it." He considered for a moment.

"Possibly it's vanity," he suggested. "It may be that I'm piqued by your opinion, that I'd like to have a chance to change it. But I don't really think it's even that."

He looked to right and left along the top of the desk and looked back at her again.

(Continued on Page 71)

Office heat . . . chilly street . . . sore throat!

From over-heated offices into chilly streets . . . out in the cold waiting for transportation . . . into germ-laden cars crowded with coughers . . . is it any wonder thousands are laid up with colds or sore throats—or worse?

Don't be one of them. After exposure of this kind, gargle with Listerine when you get home

Better yet, use it systematically night and morning during nasty weather. It may be the means of sparing you a long, painful and costly siege of illness. Many a cold weather complaint has been checked by Listerine before it had a chance to become serious.

Being antiseptic, it immediately attacks the countless disease-producing germs that lodge in mouth, nose and throat.

Again, we counsel you for your own protection to use this safe antiseptic twice a day, at least, during inclement weather. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle when you get home

In the* THROAT *and nose more than

50 diseases

have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

Watch your throat!

ITS NAME ALONE. The name Listerine Tooth Paste is a guarantee that it is the best paste that scientific knowledge could achieve. Large tube—25¢

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic

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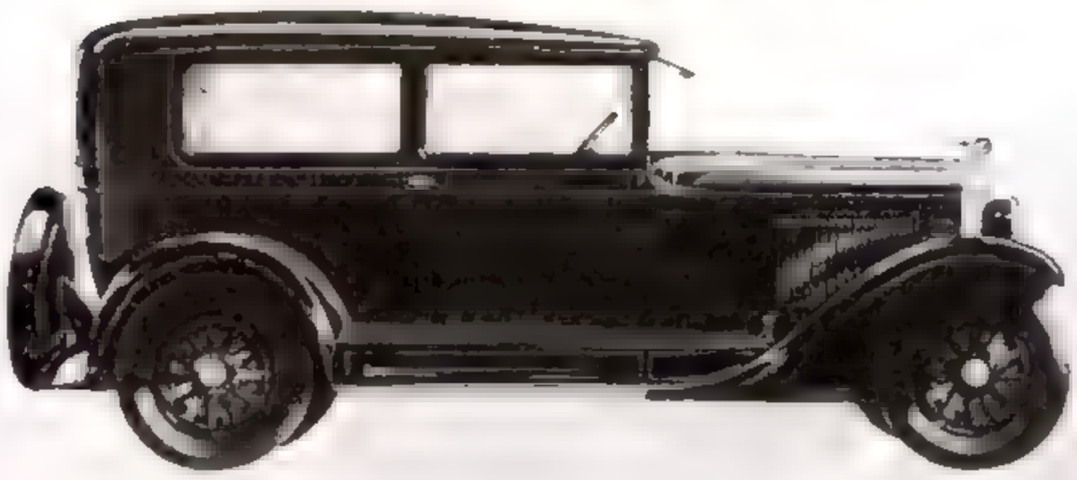
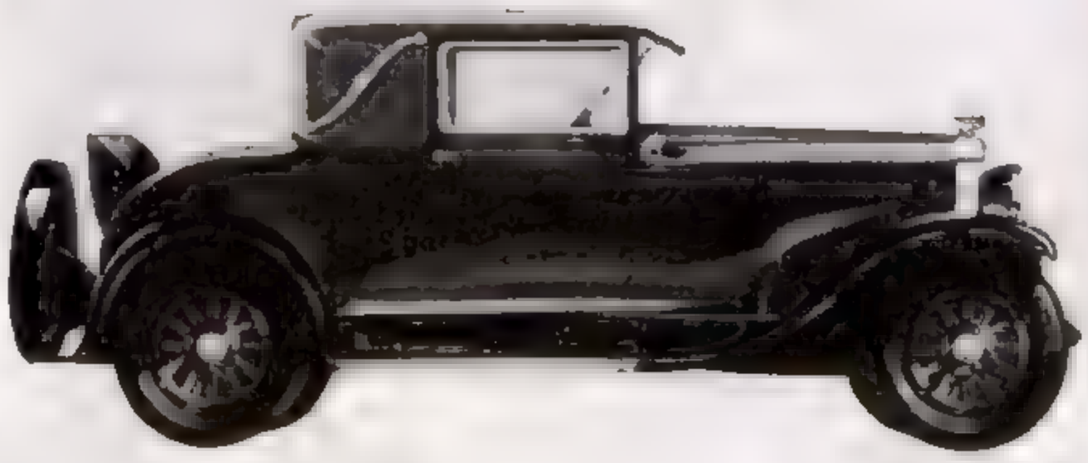


The Two-Door Sedan

Complete new Fisher design finished in three-tone Duco; tilting front seats; high quality corduroy upholstery, exceptionally wide doors; colored garnish rails and window reveals.

The Coupe

Admirably styled for business or personal use. Body in three-tone Duco finish; spacious rear deck with detachable lid for large baggage; package ledge behind seat; high-grade corduroy upholstery; wide doors; landau bows.



The Sport Cabriolet

Four-passenger type with spacious rumble seat in rear. Rear curtain may be rolled up; body finished in three-tone Duco; interior in mohair and rumble seat in Fabrikoid; door and instrument panels in walnut finish; nickel-plated landau bows; package space behind seat

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now bids for Even Greater Success

Now a Greater Car Than Ever Before

Superior smoothness, power and snap! Superior high-speed endurance! An instantaneous, unlabored response when you step on the accelerator while crawling along in high.... That's why the six is so widely preferred . . . and that's what you get to a new and unparalleled degree in the New Series Pontiac Six! . . . Now for the first time in any low-priced six, such thrilling performance advantages are available in a *complete line of body types*—each vividly beautiful, each new in style from radiator to tail-light, each priced amazingly low.... We urge you to visit the nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer to give the New Series Pontiac Six the careful study it deserves. You will find this new car just as far in advance of its field as was the original Pontiac Six whose sensational success is still one of the brightest chapters in automobile history. You will find a Six with scores of important new engineering and equipment features—with big, handsome new Bodies by Fisher—and a range of performance you never dreamed of getting in any car so low in price! Get a demonstration today.

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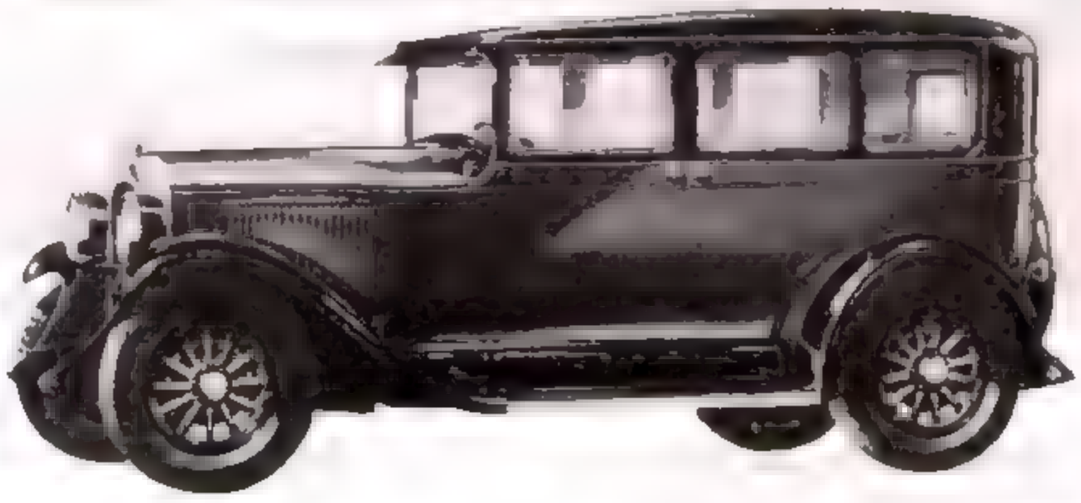

The Four-Door Sedan

A new addition to the Pontiac line. Roomy five-passenger body finished in three-tone Duco and particularly fitted for family use. Colored garnish rails and window reveals; mohair upholstery.

The Sport Landau Sedan

An entirely new Pontiac Deluxe body type. Nickel-plated front and rear bumpers, body in three-tone Duco with natural wood wheels, panels finished in walnut, colored garnish rails and nickel-plated landau bows; interior in high-grade mohair.

The Sport Roadster

Four-passenger body in two-tone Duco with comfortable rumble seat. Folding and removable top; [illegible] boot; one-piece windshield with nickeled stanchions; automatic windshield wiper and rear view mirror; front seat finished in Spanish leather, rumble seat in Fabrikoid.

Scores of Added Features including 4-Wheel Brakes

New Fisher Bodies—new lines, new Duco colors, new double beading, new hood and cowl.

New Fenders—new head lamps and tie rod, new running boards and paneled shields.

New G-M-R Cylinder Head—developed by General Motors Research. Proved on the Oakland All-American Six.

New Fuel Pump—with gasoline filter.

New Crankcase Ventilation—eliminates crankcase condensation.

New Carburetor—with accelerating pump, internal economizer and venturi choke.

New Manifolds and Muffler—for more efficient fueling and exhaust gas scavenging.

New and Greater Power—achieved by the foregoing engine improvements.

New Cross-Flow Radiator—revolutionary new type cooling system. New Indian Head emblem.

New Thermostat—automatically assures proper temperature of cooling system water.

New Water Pump—balanced impeller type with oil feeding bushing.

New Instrument Panel—tricluster type, handsome antique finish. Indirectly lighted.

New Coincidental Lock—on instrument panel. Turning ignition key also locks transmission.

New Dash Gasoline Gauge—on instrument panel. Liquid level indicator always visible.

New Stop Light—combination tail-light unit.

New Clutch—smoother, single dry plate type.

New Steering Gear—for exceptionally easy steering. New 17-inch steering wheel.

New Frame—stronger and deeper with even wider flanges. Adapted for Lovejoy Shock Absorbers. Includes new tire carrier.

New Axles. New Wheels.

new series SIX

$745

2-DOOR SEDAN (*at factory*)

Smooth As *Stabilated* Motoring

An open road stretching far ahead. The soft purr of a powerful motor. Just the joy of smooth, effortless Stabilated Motoring.

By a new method—quite apart from that employed by shock-*absorbers* or checking devices—Watson Stabilators attack the *cause* of rough riding *at its source.*

Instead of allowing tosses and bounces to get started, and then attempting to check or absorb them, Watsons eliminate the cause itself. Because Watsons get rid of excessive forces before they can act, no forces remain that *can* throw you.

Watsons think ahead—no matter how lightning-quick the bumps may come, they're on the job. The whole basis of Watson operation—eliminating the *cause* of a throw instead of waiting to *check* the throw itself—is fundamentally different. It is this big basic difference that explains the magical smoothness of a Stabilated ride.

Is it any wonder, then, that America's foremost cars come equipped with Watsons at the factory—and that, more and more, motoring America is finding Watson Stabilators the inevitable choice? Your neighborhood Watson dealer will gladly demonstrate Watsons on your own car. John Warren Watson Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR LARGE CARS

America's foremost heavy cars come with Watson Stabilators, Type C7. Tests showed these manufacturers that Stabilated Motoring is a necessity: Chrysler . . Cunningham . . Dodge Senior . . DuPont . . Duesenberg . . Franklin . . Gardner . . Hudson . . Jordan . . Locomobile . . McFarlan . . Meteor . . Nash . . Packard . . Peerless . . Stearns-Knight . . Studebaker . . Willys-Knight

COMPLETE FOR ALL HEAVY CARS $48 . . IN THE FAR WEST $49

FOR LIGHT CARS

Owners of millions of America's light-weight cars can now enjoy the new sensation of Stabilated Motoring. For the new Watson Stabilators, Type AA, have been expressly designed to conquer the riding peculiarities of small, short-wheelbase cars, such as: Chevrolet . . Dodge . . Oakland . . Whippet . . Chrysler . . Nash . . Star . . Essex . . Oldsmobile . . Wolverine . . Pontiac

COMPLETE FOR ALL LIGHT CARS $28 . . IN THE FAR WEST $29

(Continued from Page 66)

"Here's the situation," he reminded her. "Bugbee's away. He won't be back for a week, two weeks, perhaps longer. This establishment, Temple & Company, has been a one-man proposition. Father's run it, and Bugbee knows more about it than anyone else next to father, except yourself. You know, Miss Manter, I'm likely to make some awful bulls. I'll probably do it anyway, but I've an idea that you know a good deal about what's going on, that you're pretty level-headed. I'd like to be able to ask your advice now and then."

He hesitated, said ruefully at last, "Probably I won't take the advice when you give it to me! I'm pretty bull-headed, and I know it. But just now perhaps it's because I've just said good-by to father and mother—I'm feeling pretty much alone in the world. I'm like a dog that's been left to guard the house while the family's away. I'm inclined to bark at everyone that passes by, but if anyone should stop and pat my hand I'd throw my chin up and howl."

He looked up at her and saw, or thought he saw, a faint flicker of amusement, even of kindliness in her eyes. And he said abruptly, "Stick around, won't you?"

She stood for a moment looking at him, and then her posture altered and she asked in a professional tone, "Are there any letters?"

"Probably there ought to be," he confessed. "I'd write some if I could think of anybody to write to. Ought I to write to somebody?"

"Mr. Temple cleared up the morning's mail," she reminded him.

"What do you say?" he asked, returning to the matter in hand.

She hesitated, without replying, and then she turned uncertainly toward the door.

Dave watched her till she was almost gone, but when she laid her hand upon the knob he spoke again.

"You haven't said anything," he insisted.

"I'll be here till the end of the week, at least," she replied.

"Probation?" he asked challengingly.

"Unless I decide to leave before that," she told him, and he threw up his hands in a gesture of surrender.

"I'll be good," he assured her. "Stick around!"

She hesitated a moment longer, as though she might have said more. But in the end, without looking again in his direction, she turned and left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE RIVER PIRATE

(Continued from Page 5)

I kept wondering when we would be put in regular cells and meet the mob I knew was in the big place. So far we ate alone and never did get a flash at the shops or the yards or the places where we would be put to work.

After a while I learned that nobody got that until he had been in quarantine for two weeks. They are afraid to let new prisoners mingle with the mob until they are sure they have no disease that will show up in a couple of weeks.

So we went into quarantine tiers again and we were put two in a cell and made to exercise like a lot of school kids. We did not do enough work to keep us from going half crazy just from hanging around and wondering what would happen next.

Instead of two weeks, they kept us in quarantine over a month. I never did like work any too well, and I got so I did not mind loafing around doing nothing but clean up floors a little and polish bars for about half an hour a day. But some of the others got pretty nervous, and if the guards had not been right there all the time there would have been some sweet scraps.

After the month had passed they marched us into the warden's office again and we saw Craft and the warden and his helpers. It was all very busy then.

Craft called off our names and as each one of us stepped out they took two pictures of us, front and side view, and pasted them on the same papers the first keeper had brought with us.

When everybody had been mugged the warden gave us a talk.

"You men are here for deeds of your own," he started out. "There is no idea of punishing you past what the law demands and your guards will not do anything to make your life harder than it should be. They will in fact prove themselves your friends and be anxious to help you with any matters of advice."

He talked just like a man does when he recites a speech he has to make. His voice droned and his eyes roamed around and he said the words just as fast as he could to get them over with.

"However, you are here to pay the penalty for things which you did of your own volition and you must realize that there are regulations which cannot be violated. Departure from the rules of this institution can bring you only trouble.

"I know that some of you have the idea you are hard men. We will take that idea out of your heads just as fast as it appears. There are ways and means of punishing you which I hope none of you will ever learn through personal experience.

"You come from different places and from different stations in life, but you come for one reason and one only: You have broken the law. You have shown yourselves unable to be good citizens and honest men. That is why you are here.

"Depending upon your conduct here, is the time you must remain here and the treatment you will get here. It is entirely up to you. We will try to teach you useful things; try to teach legitimate trades to those of you who have special qualifications. My hope is that you will realize this and give no cause for discipline. . . . Go ahead, Craft."

Craft paired us off in twos and a man followed him as he spoke to each of us.

"What work have you done on the outside?" he asked first. When we answered, the guy following him would make a note on a paper. Then Craft would check our ages against the record, tell us over again what our sentences were, and finally detail us to whatever work he thought we would do best.

He came to the wop before he did to me.

"What work have you done on the outside?" he asked.

"Barber," the wop grunted. Craft raised his eyebrows and leered.

"Oh, yeah," he smirked, "barber. Now I remember. You are the strong guy that tries to cut throats! You got a fat chance to be a barber around here! I would just as soon put you in the delivery department and have you run around town picking up bundles. You would do very well with a razor!"

He put the wop in the engineer's department, which does not sound bad at all until you know what the engineer's department is. It is the coal pile that furnishes power for the whole plant. On that job a guy can shovel plenty of soft coal every day.

When he came to me he grinned: "You're the sandwich hound, eh?"

"My name is ——"

"I know your name," he said. "But we won't call you by that. I guess, after them sandwiches, we'll just call you Sandy."

"Yes, sir," I said. He seemed to like that.

"If you ever was caught working on the outside," he grinned, "what was you workin' at?"

"Ship's chandler," I answered—"that is, I was workin' in a ship chandler's joint."

"Doin' what?"

"Learnin' the trade, I suppose," I told him. "First I swept up the lofts, then I got a dollar a week more for workin' on canvas, and the last job was handlin' line and tackle."

The guy with the board that was following Craft leaned forward and spoke to him. I did not hear what he said. Craft turned and looked over his shoulder. The guy explained something to him. Then Craft shrugged and turned back to me.

"Can you splice rope and things like that, Sandy?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Well, we'll put you down at that kind of work. I guess you don't try to be very tough, do you?"

"No, sir."

"What is a marlinespike?"

"It's a round pointed thing you use to spread the strands of rope or steel cable, or to poke holes through canvas for grommets."

"It ain't for heavin' through windows, is it?" he grinned.

"No, sir. I done that accidental."

"Sure. I know. You wanted to heave it through a man's head. But out in our equipment loft there's a man you won't heave things at! That is, you won't if you got any sense at all!"

"I won't make no trouble, Mr. Craft," I told him. "I'm dead easy to get along with."

"So is Sailor Frink," Craft laughed. Then he turned to the guy with the board and told him to mark me down for the equipment loft.

In about half an hour a guard took me out of the warden's office and led me across the yard toward a low building close to one of the outside walls. The guard seemed young and a decent sort of a fellow. I took a chance on asking a question.

"Mister," I said, "I don't want to break no rules, but could I ask you somethin'?"

"Sure. Go ahead. It ain't sayin' I'll answer it," he grinned.

"No, sir. Will you tell me what Craft meant when he pulled that line about Sailor Frink bein' easy to get along with?"

"Sure. That's easy. The sailor just wants his own way. If he decides to take a smack at your ear some afternoon, you ain't supposed to object."

He saw enough of a joke in that to get a big laugh out of it. I did not.

We went into a loft that reminded me of old days. Down toward one end of it I saw a man sitting under a spread of canvas, and he was working on it with a palm and needle. He looked up as we walked in, and stopped his sewing.

"Here, sailor," the guard grinned, "we got a real helper for you."

The man looked me over with squinty eyes. He was tougher looking than the barber who had gone to the compartment. His hands were square as boards and just about as knotty and hard. There was a nasty scar across the right cheek of his face and he must have hated the prison barber, because his hair was very long and curled up around the edges.

His teeth were very yellow, like he was born with a chew of tobacco in his mouth and had never been without one since. But it was the snarl he gave me when the guard spoke that was worst of all.

"Sure," the guard laughed again, "this kid is a real sailor. He popped some guy with a marlinespike an' that's why he's here. You better look out. You ain't as tough as you were once!"

Sailor Frink kicked the canvas he was sewing off his legs and got up. He was a big man, and there was no telling his age. He might have been twenty-five or he might have been fifty for all his looks told me. He glared at me silently.

After a while he said, "We'll see how good he is, so we will."

His voice was husky and I do not know yet whether it was from hollering things on ships or from using it so little in the reform school.

I was surprised to see that Sailor Frink was a prisoner as well as I was. He wore the same kind of pants as mine.

"Take good care of him," the guard grunted as he walked out.

The sailor just stood there and looked me over. For all I could tell, he was as ready to knock me down as to speak to me. The guard was down near the door, talking with the regular tower guard that was stationed right above the loft door. I could hear him telling the other guard about me and they laughed over what he said.

Suddenly Sailor Frink whirled around and went to some short cordage that was piled against the wall of the loft.

"C'mere, you!" he grumbled in his husky voice.

I went over to him and he held out a short bit of three-quarter manila line. I took it.

"Put an eye-splice in one end o' that," he barked, "an' a back splice in tother."

"Yes, sir," I said, and sat down and bent the line over my knee.

"Damn it all," the sailor snarled, "don't be callin' me sir—don't!"

"All right."

"I'm Sailor Frink," he went on, his big shoulders hunched over me and his yellow teeth showing in something of a snarl. "Call me sailor, when you call me anythin'."

"That goes with me, sailor," I agreed. Then he went back to his canvas and slipped the palm over his hand again. I watched him as he waxed his thread; saw his big square hand haul the needle through and start another stitch. Then I turned on the splicing.

Eye-splices and back splices are easy. I was not afraid of that. Three-quarter line is about the easiest size to work. I knew that the sailor was just trying me out. There was no object in splicing that bit of line.

So I worked as well and as fast as I could, and I knew when I finished the job that I surprised him with the speed of my work. I dropped the line into his hands and watched as he looked the splices over. The palm still clung to his hand and he rubbed the splices like an expert.

"They didn't give me no knife, sailor," I explained. "I can't clean up them sea pennants I argin' off the ends."

He looked up and smiled his yellow teeth into sight. He knew what I meant by sea pennants, all right. I meant the ragged edges of the end of the line where it stuck through the last under strand.

"Sit down," he rumbled. "They been sendin' me lubbers that couldn't swab a deck. We won't have no trouble, we won't."

So right away I got a good break at the reform school.

The loft was as good a spot as there was for a prisoner, especially to me, because I always loved ropes and canvas. Because there was just the sailor and myself working in the loft, we were not bothered much. Once in a while a guard would walk through and make some remark, but they never bothered us.

Later on I found out that the sailor used to make things for the guards to take out with them and for that reason they let him alone. Right after breakfast every morning I would march out into the yard and walk alone to the loft. The sailor was celled in another building from me and we would meet at the door of the loft. From then until noon I never would know I was in prison.

We talked all day as we worked and the work was never heavy. Mostly we made tarpaulins for covering machines, mended heavy canvas belts used in the shops, kept

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HUDSON

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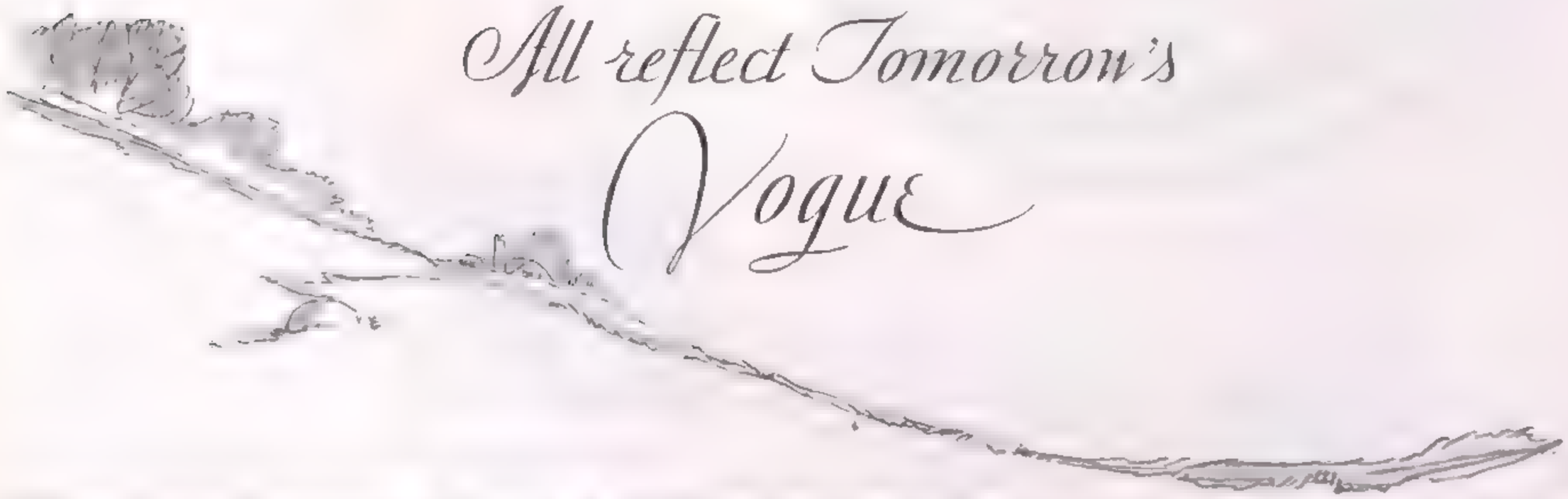

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Another New Food —by KRAFT

A startling new method that adds to the nutritive value of cheese and creates a new dairy product

This delightful new food, Nukraft, has all the health-giving properties of rich, whole milk . . . only more of them. It is a super-food that has an appetite appeal to every member of the family. Children love it. And it is equally beneficial to all. For Nukraft is a product of science, combined with the cheesemaker's art.

Cheese has been known as a healthful, invigorating food because it contains so many precious elements of whole milk—milk-sugar, calcium, etc. Four years ago the Kraft laboratories set out to find a way to obtain more of these desirable food properties from the milk and add them to cheese. The success of that research is Nukraft; a product that looks like cheese, tastes like cheese, but which, because of its additional food value, many think should be termed a super-cheese.

But aside from its wonderful food properties, Nukraft would be extremely popular for its exquisite flavor alone. You can use Nukraft wherever cheese would be used. It spreads, melts, dissolves and blends readily with other foods, therefore is ideal for all cooking purposes. Nukraft is as digestible as milk itself; in fact, because of the regulative qualities of milk-sugar, it is an aid to digestion. Try a package of Nukraft. You'll like it. Then eat it freely and often. For sale wherever Kraft Cheese is sold—everywhere.

CALCIUM—Nukraft is especially rich in calcium, even more so than an equal amount of milk or cheese. Scientists have lately discovered facts about calcium which they consider make it more vital as a food element than the widely discussed vitamins. The unfortunate part is that so few foods contain calcium at all, and only two—milk and cheese—have it in the right proportion. And calcium, they tell us, is the prime essential for sound teeth and bone structure; a fact that makes it readily understood why calcium is considered such an all important item in the child's diet.

Kraft Cheese Company, *General Offices*, Chicago

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the storeroom ropes and equipment in shape and did odd jobs that were in our line.

I knew the sailor liked me as soon as the first day in the loft was over. I got to like him too. He would sit there, as we worked, and tell me things about the sea. I knew that a lot of them were lies, but they were good just the same.

I found out that Sailor Frink had been in the reform school for seven years. He was supposed to do only five, but just as he had finished that stretch he got into a fight and nearly killed another prisoner. For that they took away all his good marks and gave him five years extra to serve.

"But I won't never git out o' this place," the sailor told me, "till they git somebody else to take my place here in the loft. When we pulled that shindig I was supposed to be tried outside an' git a stretch in state prison, but the warden here fixed it up the way it is, an' I'll never crash this can till I've served every day of the sentence, that I won't!"

"Maybe I could take your place, sailor."

"Maybe you kin," he admitted. "Anyhow, I'm the little mariner that'll try like hell to make 'em think so, so I am."

With that he asked me if I smoked and I said yes, when I got a chance. He went over to a little tool chest where he kept his tools and from the under part of it he got a knife and a long plug of tobacco. He brought them to me with his own pipe.

"You can smoke when Gerber is in the tower, Sandy," he told me—"Gerber is my shipmate—but you'll do a lot better if you learn to chew. That's what I allus do. Chewin' is a man's business."

From that minute on Sailor Frink and I were friends. I got to like him. He used to tell me about how he would ship on some schooner just as soon as he got out.

About a month after I went into the loft Gerber came down one day and talked with us. Sailor Frink pretended to look around pretty carefully, then he pulled Gerber over toward a pile of canvas. From under the pile he drew two sheets of high-grade canvas that I had seen him working on.

"See this here porch swing?" he asked Gerber. "It's as good a job as ever I seen, an' I've seen plenty. Take it out to the old woman, Gerber. Tell her to swing it up on the porch. The kid here made it fer you; he's a right kid an' a smart one, an' as good a loft worker as ever I seen, an' I've seen plenty."

Gerber took the canvas and said he would carry it out with him that night. He thanked me for it and shook my hand. Sailor Frink gave me the wink and I saw his game right away. I played along with him. He was showing them that I was good enough to do what work needed doing in the loft. I got the idea he was hoping soon to get a whiff of salt water and freedom. Sailor Frink was nobody's fool.

III

AFTER I got the job in the loft at the reform school, I was sitting pretty. I always liked making things of rope and canvas, and Sailor Frink knew a whole lot to teach me. We would sit there all day and chew tobacco and swap stories. Of course the sailor did most of the talking.

I learned that he was nearly thirty years old and that seemed, at the time, very old to me. He said that he had served one cruise in the Navy, but he hesitated a whole lot when I asked him what ship he had served on. I never said anything, but I did not believe him when he told me that.

He told me also that he had shipped as a deck hand on a coastal steamer and that just as soon as he got his sea legs he quit that and shipped aboard a schooner as an able seaman. That was where he got most of his experience, he said, and I used to sit there and listen to him and never realize I was in prison.

After a while he got more and more confidential and I knew he was planning a whole lot on me to do his work so that he could fix it with the warden to get out on parole. The way he got in trouble in the first place is worth telling. If he had put his scheme over he would have been on Easy Street in a year. But he did not put it over.

He was working on this schooner, so he said, and they went into dry dock for a general overhaul of the hull. While they were scraping bottom and painting ship, he would go ashore every night and hang out along the docks. In that way he met a lot of tough people, and one night he heard the skipper of his own ship buying rope from one of these tough guys.

The sailor was no fool and he guessed the answer pretty quick. The skipper, he guessed, was buying secondhand stuff and cheating his owners out of the difference. Frink made up his mind he would hold that over the skipper's head when they shoved off next time. He watched the rope that came aboard. You can imagine his surprise when he saw that it was all new stuff.

Right away he knew it must be stolen stuff. He went to the skipper and tried to make some money out of what he knew. The skipper knocked him down and fired him at the same time. Then Sailor Frink went to the birds who had sold the stuff to the skipper and tried to do something with them.

"They hung it on me pretty, so they did," he told me as we sat there sewing on canvas and spitting tobacco juice through a hole the sailor had cut in the false wood floor of the loft. "They were smarter'n me, a good sight. But they won't be next time! Since I been in this billet I has learned 'nuff to keep my dukes in front o' me, that I have."

"What did they do?" I asked.

"Got me pinched by the shore cops, they did! Swore I stole the rope, an' carried me right back to my ship, an' there the skipper hung it on me an' I were sent up here, I were!"

I did not know whether to believe that or not, but it sounded swell when Sailor Frink told me that if he had got away with that first scheme he was going to sell stolen stuff to all the ships that came into port. That way he could sell very cheap and still make all profit. He had a brain, the sailor.

"You could work that when you get out, sailor," I told him. "You are smart."

He did not answer. All he did was sit there and look at me with his eyes squinted and his yellow teeth chawing away slowly at his tobacco. His big square hands stopped work and he dropped the canvas to his knees. I saw the palm around his right hand sag back against the veins of his lower wrist and then I heard his husky voice:

"I been through school, I has," he sneered—"reform school. I must be reformed!"

I guessed that he did not like to talk about what he would do when he got out, so I never mentioned that again. But he used to ask me a lot of questions about the ship chandler's where I worked. Did I know how they sold their stuff? Did they have men to meet ships and talk with the skippers? How did they deliver their stuff? How did the owners pay for it?

I told him all I knew, which was not a great deal. I knew that we used to have men selling for us, because every little while one of them would come out into the loft and look over some new stuff we had just got in store.

"But mostly," I told him, "they sell the stuff before the ship ever gits to port. Mostly the skippers from the ships would come in with orders an' we would just fill 'em up. Then, I guess, the chandler sent his bill direct to the owners an' the skippers never had to worry."

The sailor gave that a lot of thought. At last he nodded. "That'd be the way o' it," he grumbled. "That'd be the way. They does things more an' more careful, they does, these days. But them would be big ships, they would. There's lots o' little ships."

"Sailin' ships?" I asked him.

"All kinds. Look at any river these days—look at any o' them. Filled, they are, plumb filled with little craft."

"Motorboats? Tugs? Ferryboats?"

"Little ships. Plenty o' them, Sandy. Hundreds—t'ousands."

After that we did not talk about it any more. Sailor Frink slid back the little board we always laid over the hole where we spit—he called it "the lee scupper"—and spat a whopper. Then he stretched himself and went back to work. I could always tell when the sailor was planning something out and I knew he was still thinking pretty deep about little ships. Thousands of little ships.

I soon got used to the prison life—they called the place a reform school, but it really was a prison. There were some very tough men there. But the food was pretty good and we always got all we wanted to eat.

It never lasted long, but now and then some bird would get a little nutty from being inside so much and start a rumpus. They had a hospital shack and it was always pretty well filled up. The wop who came to the place with me took a lot of teaching before he got any sense.

Once he swung on a guard and knocked him against a tier of cells. Another guard bent his heavy club about three times around the careless barber's head and he spent about two weeks off the coal pile from that. Maybe it was a relief to quit shoveling coal, but he paid double for it, because as soon as he was out of the hospital he went into solitary on "cake and wine," which is bread and water.

After thirty days of that he came out looking weak and shaky and with his fuzzy black beard all tangled and matted. They put him right back on the coal pile and I bet he sweat blood for a few days. The first meal he ate made him sick again, but they handed him a shovel and told him that was the best way they knew for him to learn to behave himself.

I never had any trouble at all, and after three months of seeing what suckers men were to try to beat that reform-school game, I learned better than to talk or fight back. Sailor Frink helped me there too.

"Take whatever comes," he whispered to me in his husky voice. "Take it, Sandy, an' know in your heart that you're beatin' 'em at their own game, you are."

Gerber, the guard, was mighty good to us on account of the things we made for him. He had no right to them and we knew it, because everything we used belonged to the reform school but as long as he did not care about that, we did not either, and it put us in soft to slip him things he could use at home.

After I had been there a few months Sailor Frink told me that he was going to make his bid to the warden for a parole. He asked Gerber to fix it for him to see the boss and Gerber said he would. The next day he brought down a printed form and filled it in for the sailor. Then Frink signed it.

Three days later he got his chance to see the warden and I sat alone in the loft while he was gone. I had grown to like the sailor a lot, even if he was the toughest-looking man I ever saw, and I half hoped that the warden would not let him go before the board of parole. Then I hated myself for being unfair to the sailor.

He came back just before the noon meal and his eyes were bright.

"Gerber is a man, he is," was all he would say to me.

After the meal I talked to Gerber and learned that the guard had told the warden I was a very good worker in the loft and he had watched the sailor closely and thought he had learned his lesson. It was hard for me to believe that a man would be held in prison just because he did work that few people understood, but it began to look a lot as though that was the case.

Two weeks later Sailor Frink went before the board. That was a lonely day for me. He was gone most of the day and I got to thinking what would happen to me when every day was the same.

Just as soon as he returned he got Gerber aside and they whispered for a long time. Then the sailor came back to me, but he was too excited to work. I could see that he wanted to talk a lot and for that reason would not talk at all.

"How did you make out, sailor?" I asked him.

"Whiskers, they are," he grumbled. "As fine a crew o' mossbacks as ever a man see, they are!"

"The parole board?"

"Aye, the parole board. Mossbacks, they are—mossbacks."

That was all he would say, but his eyes were bright and I guessed that he had high hopes of getting out. I managed to have a word or two with Gerber about it and the guard nodded his head and said that, while nobody ever knew what the parole board might do, Sailor Frink had a good chance of crushing out without climbing walls.

"He is a good guy, the sailor is," Gerber told me, "but he looks like a cross between a gorilla and a rhino. When them church people take a squint at his dial they see all the crime they read about in books."

But the sailor got out.

At the next meeting of the parole board he was called before them and told that he could leave as soon as he wished, but must make reports regularly. I was both glad and sorry when he came back and told me.

"They preached, they did," he snarled, his voice huskier than ever. "Them mossbacks preached to Sailor Frink! Told me, they did, that I had my chance now; told me they thought I had learned my lesson, that's what, an' would make no more mistakes on the outside!"

"You was smart enough not to laugh?"

"I never heaved a lip, Sandy, I didn't—never a lip." Then Sailor Frink called Gerber over and he put one of his big square hands on each of our arms and drew us together. "This here is a good lad, Gerber, he is," the sailor muttered, his squinty eyes darting up and down the loft to be certain that none other heard his talk. And then to me: "An' Gerber is a man, lad; a man, he is, to be trusted. Understand?"

"Sure. I understand."

Gerber nodded his head and smiled and suddenly stuck out his hand and we shook. I did not get what it was all about; thought it might be just that Sailor Frink felt so good on account of getting out. Gerber just smiled and said nothing.

Sailor Frink fussed around the loft longer than he needed. It is funny how a man will pray for seven years to get out of a place, then, when the chance comes, kind of hesitate and think about a lot of things and fuss around. It is true about places where you have worked, or lived, or even done a bit, like Sailor Frink had.

But finally he left and went to pack what little stuff he had and collect his fare to the place he was shipped from. Gerber went along with him and it was the next morning before I saw the guard again.

"Well," he said, "the place won't seem nothin' like it was, now that the sailor has gone."

"I'll miss him a whole lot," I answered. "He was good company. He told me stories about the sea and ships. Most of them lies, I suppose, but I sure liked them, in here."

"Sure. Sailor Frink was a good liar, but he never would lie to hurt a guy. He talked more about nothin' than any man I ever knew, an' less about somethin'."

"I see what you mean," I said.

"It's a good scheme," Gerber said, "not to talk much. Especially around a joint like this."

"You see a lot of 'em come an' go, I suppose," I said.

"A lot." That was all he said, just like he was trying to prove the wisdom of his own advice to me. After a second he turned away and beat it down toward the ladder that ran up to his tower. That day was as lonesome a one as ever I spent.

Three guys tried to beat the reform school that night; they tried to escape. It was just after lights out and the first I knew of it was when the big warning bell in the

(Continued on Page 78)

Choose them *Now*

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These New Parker Duofolds have been thrown from an airplane 3,000 feet aloft, and from the rim of the Grand Canyon—and not one has broken! Almost unbelievable but *true.*

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Note Parker Duofold Pencils, too. How the lead turns *out* for writing, *in* for carrying. How they are refilled without dismantling the pencil, more easily and neatly, and in 1/5 the time required to sharpen old-style kinds.

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32 Pen Patents (12 more on Pencils and Desk Sets). 47 Improvements. 35 years' Experience. Jewel-like Precision in manufacture and assembly. All these are Parker Features that you get only in a Parker Pen

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Filling plunger out of sight in one end, not inserted through one side. Pocket clip removable [and adjustable] in a trice without disfiguring the pen.

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Select your favorite pen point from six graduated styles—one to suit your hand exactly, and so finely tempered that it cannot be distorted from the shape you like by any other hand that uses it. A satisfaction when you lend.

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Please Be Sure

Go to your dealer now and see the finest writing tools that can be made to help you in your work.

Just one caution: Parker Duofold's success started others making colored pens. So don't depend on color to identify the genuine, but look for the imprint, "Geo. S. Parker," on every pen or pencil barrel that you buy. This is for your protection, the dealer's and our own.

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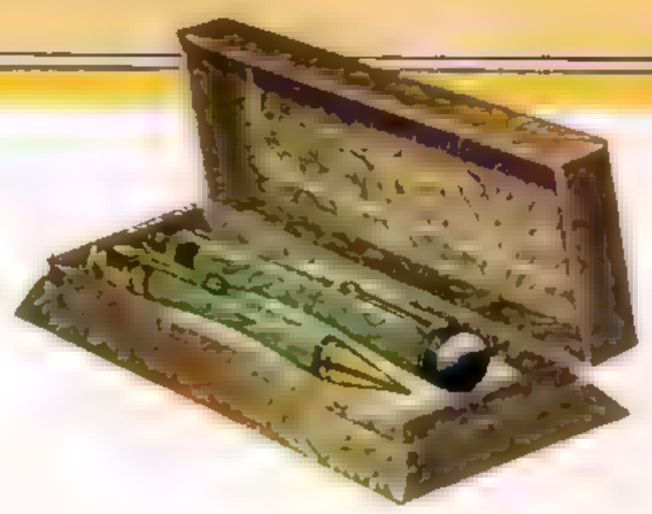

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Parker Duofold Fountain Pen and Pencil to match in neat box. Slender Lady Duofold size, $8. Duofold Duette in Junior size, $8 50 Duofold Duette, Over-size, $11.

(Continued from Page 75

yard began to ring. Right away every light flashed on and every guard started running up and down, checking up cells

Outside we heard the shouting of guards and the bell kept ringing and at last seven shots sounded and I knew some poor mug had got himself jammed up pretty. It only lasted about four or five minutes, but it seemed an hour. Finally the lights went out—that is, all but the standing lights that we were used to—and the guards came along and made us stand at the doors of our cells while they counted noses.

None of the guards would say anything except to walk along tiers and command everybody to go to bed and be silent. But they had a swell chance of quieting that mob—not after shots had been fired and the old bell rung.

We all wanted to know where the crush-out was tried and who tried it, and the voices never stopped, even though nobody seemed to be talking. A prison is always full of mysterious little sounds. They develop into voices and say things that nobody seems to understand but the one supposed to understand.

I heard the tower bell strike twelve that night. I heard the tramp of the guards as they walked through the yards and around the steel tiers to relieve one another. And just after that I heard steps coming along our own tier and I pretended to sleep, but the steps stopped in front of my cell and keys rattled.

"Rouse out, Sandy," the guard said to me. "Shake a leg now. They want you over at the hospital."

You never know what they will want next in a reform school, so I got into my clothes and said not a word. For all I knew, some guy might have tried to cut me in on the escape, and if that was the case I was in a tough spot and had better keep quiet.

They took me to the hospital and into a separate room, where three guys were spread out on cots.

One of them was the kid who had done all the crying on the train with me, the second one I never saw before, and the third was the long-chinned thief that had got away while we were riding to the reform school. I was surprised to see him.

He never let on that he knew me, and the guard went to the doctor and told him I was the man from the loft. Then the doctor took me to the cot and told me that the thief's leg had got broken in a fall off the wall and he wanted me to rig a line to fasten a weight onto. I got the measurements and went to the loft.

When the splicing was done I took the line back. All the time I worked the guard stood watching me, but he never would tell me a thing. When we got back to the hospital he was still at my side and had not said a word.

I gave the doctor the line and the guard started to take me out. As we went the kid who had been such a cry-baby on the train spoke to a guard. I heard him.

"Aw, go to hell," he told the guard. "I tried to crush this hell hole, sure I did! I'll try again and again, and I'll beat it some day too; and when I do some of you tough guys will see how it goes when the breaks are somewhere near even!"

Afterward I found out that the kid had been shot through the back while he was trying to escape and they did not think he would live.

Remembering him as he was when I met him a few months before, I sure had to admit that the reform school had reformed him, all right.

After Sailor Frink left, the loft was not the same. I got to missing him even nights in my cell. Looking back, I know that Sailor Frink was the first real friend I ever made and it was natural that I would miss him. But Gerber was very decent to me.

Two days after Frink got out, the guard came to me and asked how the chewing tobacco was holding out. I had got so used to taking the sailor's chewing that I never thought about where it came from. I went over and showed Gerber a little piece of the plug that was left.

"I'll bring you another plug tomorrow, Sandy," he promised.

"Gee, that's decent of you," I told him. "The joint would be tougher than ever without any chewin'."

"Are you findin' it pretty tough?" he asked.

"It ain't no merry-go-round at any time," I admitted; "but since the sailor's gone it's tougher than ever. Last night I got to countin' the bars in the main ring an' they shine a whole lot an' are hard to keep track of. I heard the midnight bell again before I could git off to sleep."

"Don't git to countin' things," Gerber told me. "That's a bad sign."

TO BE CONTINUED

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

and boil and boil. Fair Mariana Smith is like a dream; her luscious food is famous near and far; each of her funny stories is a scream—but heavens, what she does to Jimmy's car! Dear Molly Robinson, with starry eyes and girlish, irresistible appeal; a friendly soul—I hate to criticize, but spare me movie plots at every meal! There's Julie Brown, respected everywhere, dowered with the household virtues in a lump; she has a disposition truly rare—but Julie always was the perfect frump. Young Mary Warren has Diana's form, the best of pals for tennis, bridge and books; her mind is keen, her heart is big and warm—but who could eat the messes that she cooks? And Gladys Green has beauty, brains and tact; for Bobby's art her admiration burns; she'd be a model wife but for the fact that she spends twice as much as Bobby earns. Once Margie Morris used to be a peach, her witty jest and happy laughter loosing; but she does nothing now but nag and preach—she's just a lemon, now that she's reducing. That blonde of Freddy's—Flossie is her name—deserves the highest mark in dietetics—but chatters like a fool through every game, and says she simply dotes on athaletics!' There's Henry's wife, the sympathetic May, a true affinity, no doubt of that; I met her on the street the other day—and holy smoke, she sure is getting fat!"

Thus mused the sapient bachelor, and swore that when he wed, his mate should do him proud; her every quality he must adore, with every virtue she must be endowed. His subtlety should lift him far above the errors that had marred his friends' romancing—and then with promptitude he fell in love with Jane, whose only asset was her dancing!

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

The Hen Explains

I HAD a little speckled hen—
Her name was Lady Ann—
And when she saw an automobile,
Across the road she ran.

And when she saw another one
She ran across again,
And many a car that passed my house
Just missed my little hen.

I said, "Pray tell me, Lady Ann,
Kind creature that you are,
Why do you run across the road
In front of every car?"

My hen replied with proper pride,
"When I was but a chick
My mother—best of speckled hens!—
Taught me that clever trick.

"For when a savage automobile
Attacks in hooting wrath,
The wisest thing a hen can do
Is cut across its path.

"For then she has a chance to find
A leafy hiding place
Before the heavy car can stop
And turn to give her chase.

"Not many animals, I think,
Are wise as chickens are.
Excuse me—I must cross the road—
Here comes another car!"

—*Gorton Carruth.*

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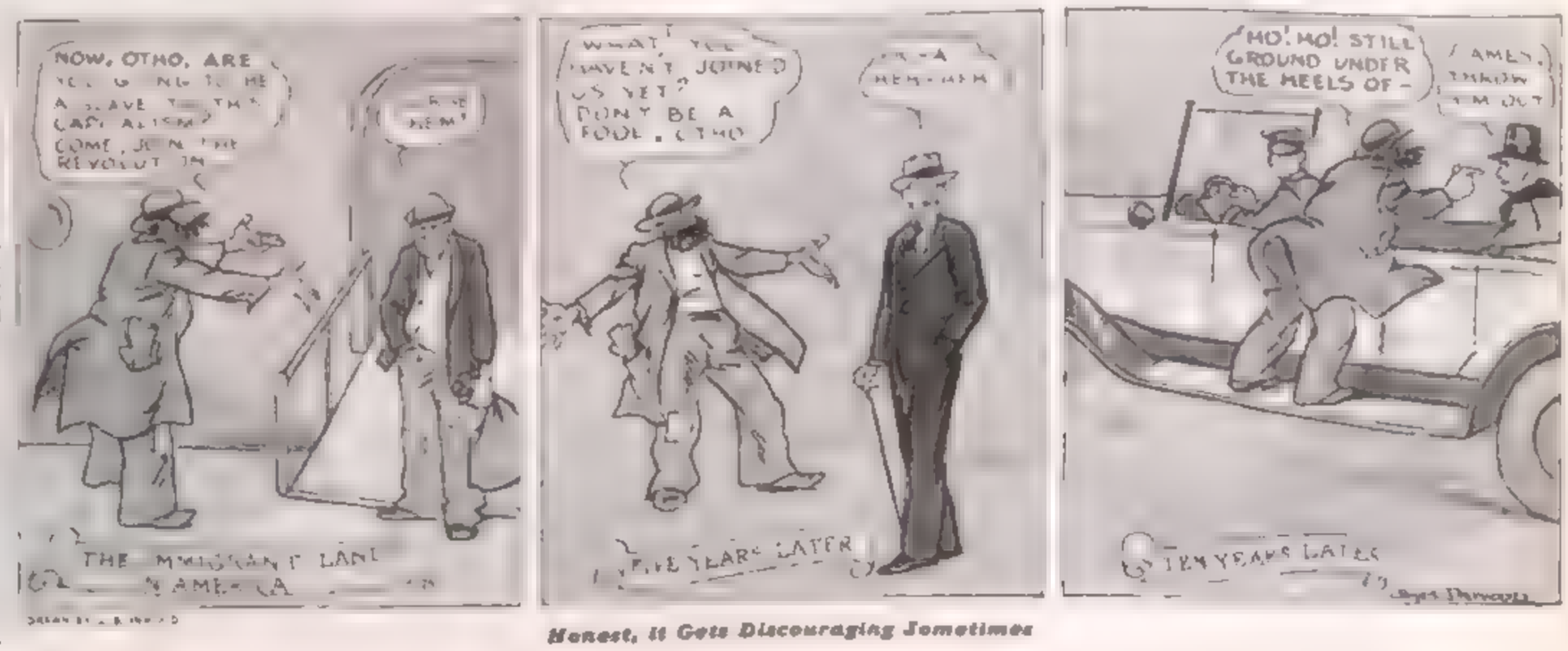

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CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN

(Continued from Page 9)

"Remember what ma said, now!"

"If I hear another word out of you ——"

"She said you wasn't to take a drink or do one single thing without askin' her first. You know she did." Junior's voice rose shrill with earnestness. "I warn you! I warn you!"

"You listen to me, you brat! If you don't get to bed and go to sleep right now ——"

"All right. But I know what she told me to do too. Ma's very last words were ——"

But his father was gone. He knew what those last words were likely to be. Just like her—she never did give him credit for a lick of sense!

He went back to the table and took a chair where he could buzzard the game.

"Want to sit in?" one of the players inquired.

"How much you playing for?"

"Twenty-five-cent limit, just to pass the time."

"Sure I'll sit in," replied Uncle Zed. "I love a small game of poker, but I don't get to play much."

"How's that?"

"Well, my wife don't like it, for one thing."

"That one's enough," somebody assured him.

"We play now and again at the courthouse," Uncle Zed went on. "Just a li'l' game—ten-cent limit. But even at that it runs into money, so I don't get to play much. From now on, though, you can gamble I'll make that bunch sit up. Yes, sir. If I don't make some of those suckers take notice ——"

"Made a piece of jack, huh?"

"Well, yes and no. It looks like maybe I got oil on my land. That's what I come out here about, in fact."

An electric change occurred in the atmosphere of the room.

"Where is this land of yours?"

The query came from a man to whom all the others had given the mister in their talk.

"A little ways east of here. It's the ol' Goostree farm. Do you gentlemen happen to know about where it is?"

"Sure! I know where it is," one of them answered, fingering his cards nervously.

"Well, that's my farm. It's right funny about that farm too. I never thought no more of that farm than nothin', you might say. It was willed to me by my aunt on my mother's side because I was named Zed, but many's the time I've wished I could get shet of it."

"Want to sell now?"

"I ain't made up my mind. The way I figure is that farm ought to fetch a right smart of money, now they've struck oil close to my south line. Yes, sir. I got word they'd brought in a well close to my south line, so I done borrowed some money from the bank and come a-runnin'. It was right funny the way the bank acted too."

"Yeh?"

"Why, they couldn't let me have it quick enough! And you know what banks are. Heh-heh!"

The others agreed that banks sure played close to their vest.

"Sometimes," declaimed Uncle Zed as he tossed away a busted inside straight, "I got so dog-gone sick of that farm I come near lettin' her go. Why, men, some years that farm didn't hardly pay taxes on it, and I had a pretty good tenant on her too—Sam Tuttle, his name is. Yes, sir, if I'd of had to depend on that farm for my livin' we'd sure enough starved to death."

"Say," one of the players cut in, "your name don't happen to be Roundtree, does it?"

"That's my name. How did you know?"

"Well, if that ain't funny now! Why, I've just got back from your home town, Mr. Roundtree. Come in tonight. They told me you'd left for the oil fields."

And then he abruptly shut up because the man addressed as mister was eying him like a snake. He added, in confusion: "This is Mr. Hooker, Mr. Roundtree. Mr. Hooker is our general manager."

As Uncle Zed shook hands and remarked he was pleased to make Mr. Hooker's acquaintance, he inquired, "General manager of what?"

"The Goliath Company."

A wave of unspeakable pride and joy swept over Uncle Zed. Here he was, playing poker with a multimillionaire, one of the biggest captains of industry in the state. And the Goliath had sent a man to see him in his own town! Maybe that would hold those smart Alecks for a while! How he wished he might have been there to see their faces when the oil official made inquiries. Perhaps they would change their tune now. Instead of being a joke in business, he'd put them all in the shade. Yes, sir—even Ned Carter, president of the County State Bank, wouldn't cut as much ice. And the famous Hooker was as simple and democratic—why, he was as plain as an old shoe!

"Dog-gone," gloated Uncle Zed, "if you could pick him out from me or any other bum." It was amazing.

It gave him a glow when Hooker addressed him as one business man to another, with the simple query: "Are you figuring on selling that farm of yours, Mr. Roundtree?"

Uncle Zed assumed a crafty expression.

"It all depends," he shot back.

The other nodded and asked for three cards. To Uncle Zed's consternation, he seemed to have lost interest.

"I sort of figure that farm ought to fetch real money now," observed Uncle Zed a little later. "From what I hear, she's slap up against that new well."

"We been slap up against a fence around a fifteen-thousand-bar'l gusher and then brung in two dry holes," sneered one of the players.

This was disturbing, especially as Mr. Hooker nodded corroboration. They played a while in silence and then—"What do you reckon your farm's worth?" Hooker inquired carelessly.

A curious tremor began somewhere inside of Uncle Zed and he could not find his voice. The great moment had come. A hundred times he had rehearsed the scene during the trip. He had almost memorized what he would say to the oil representatives when they came begging him to sell. He would sit and fix them with a gimlet stare while they talked, then he'd coolly light a cigar, wait just long enough to make them sweat, and snap with a click of his jaws "A hundred thousand, gentlemen, and cash on the bar'l head." But now Mr. Hooker was obliged to repeat his question: "How much do you figure that farm's worth, Mr. Roundtree?"

Uncle Zed gulped twice before he replied: "I figure she ought to fetch every cent of fifty thousand dollars. Yes, sir. I couldn't afford to let her go for less. That's a fine farm."

One of the players was so upset by Uncle Zed's price that he violently pushed back his chair, but Mr. Hooker remained calm. That was where experience gave him the bulge—this man was so accustomed to big sums of money that nothing fazed him. He remarked gently, "Well, maybe we can do business. It'll take some figuring, but maybe we can."

After that they brought out a bottle and everybody relaxed and became as chummy as a pair of stews. In no time at all the great Hooker was calling him Uncle Zed, and Uncle Zed was hailing everybody else by their first names—everybody, that is, except Hooker. For some reason, no matter how much this man unbent toward others, nobody presumed to get too friendly.

Uncle Zed signed an option on the farm before he went to bed and was able to tuck a check for ten thousand dollars under his pillow. It helped a lot when he woke up, too, because he did not feel any too spry.

"Cast your eye on that," he said to Junior as they were dressing.

"Gee gosh, pa, that's a lot of money! That's more money'n we ever had in our lives before."

"And plenty more coming from where that come from too."

"You mean to say you've sold the farm?"

"That's what I did. Fifty thousand dollars cash money, son."

Junior started to wiggle as though he had the itch.

"I don't care how much you got—I don't care if it's a million!" he cried. "If you sold that farm without telling ma first—wow, just wait, that's all! You just wait!"

Uncle Zed had to threaten before he could still this unseemly chatter. Then they went to breakfast. There Mr. Hooker offered to accompany his guest to a local bank in order to cash the check, nor would he hear of Uncle Zed's paying for either their night's lodgings or meals.

"While you're around here you just stay with us, Uncle Zed. We're glad to have you, and one of the boys'll fix you up with a car or horses so you can go wherever you like. How long do you expect to stay?"

"That depends."

"So far as we're concerned, you can get your money just as soon as the lawyers have passed on that title. And I don't suppose you want to hang round this neck of the woods for fun, do you?"

Uncle Zed did not. The money was what he wanted, and he aimed to return home the minute the deal was closed.

He had a wonderful time the next two weeks. These oil men were princes, sure enough—they couldn't do too much for a fella. There were always two or three of them ready to accompany Uncle Zed wherever he wanted to go. In fact, he was never alone.

The second night of his stay he joined a party of them to see the town, leaving Junior behind at the camp. As long as he lives, that night will linger in Uncle Zed's memory. No matter what increasing years may do to him, no matter how hobbled he may be by family ties—well, he had one good fling anyhow! For one night of his life he was one of the boys. And as Uncle Zed tilts back in his chair against the wall of the County State Bank building and watches the life of the town go by in the square, he can close his eyes and gloat.

And the poker games too. No longer a twenty-five-cent limit; just to make it interesting for Uncle Zed, they played for a dollar now. Not much could be made or lost in this game, however, and sometimes Uncle Zed chafed for action, but he comforted himself with the reflection that he sure would zip up the courthouse bunch when he got back. Yes, sir!

Early in the morning after another visit to town, one of his boon companions stuck his head inside the door and bellowed, "Hey! Come alive there, Uncle Zed!"

As Uncle Zed opened his eyes and stared blearily this man Frank laughed.

"Think you'll live till noon?"

"I ain't so sure," moaned Uncle Zed.

"Well, breakfast's ready and we ought to be moving pretty soon if we want to see that place I told you about."

When he had gone Junior gazed across at his father blinking in bed and demanded, "Where was you last night?"

"I had to go to town, son—on business."

"Huh! Business! You wait, that's all!"

"Wait what for? You aim to tattletale?"

Junior did not like his look, but said stoutly, "I seen you come in last night. I know what I know."

"If you know what's good for you, you'll keep your mouth shut. D'you hear?"

"Where's your watch?"

Uncle Zed felt under the pillow, then went through the pockets of his vest and coat five or six times.

"That's queer. I don't seem able to find it."

"Aha, you don't remember! Well, you went and gave it away to a friend. You told me so yourself—when you come in last night. I pulled off your shoes for you. You couldn't untie 'em."

"Suppose I did give it away. They've been mighty kind to me, ain't they?"

Junior snorted. He didn't believe that story a little bit. And then his father remembered. A pang of regret smote him. Why had he done such a fool trick? But she was a cute little trick, at that, and he chuckled with hang-over good humor.

Several more parties. During the day he rode horseback through the oil-blackened swamps with the production manager, visiting various parts of the oil field to see how it was done.

"Well," said Mr. Hooker one night, "those papers are all complete and you can get your money tomorrow."

"That's fine. I guess I'll be hitting for home then, Mr. Hooker."

The manager hesitated, then inquired, "What's this I hear about you buying some acreage? Sanders, down at the bank, told me."

"Yeh, I've picked up a little stuff." Uncle Zed did his best to be casual and modest about it.

"How much?"

"Well, there's two pieces. Yes, there's two."

"How much?"

"One cost me twenty-five and the other twenty-two."

"Hundreds?"

"Thousands."

The other gaped at him.

"D'you mean to tell me you've put practically all you've got in wildcat stuff out here?"

"This ain't wildcat, Mr. Hooker. Some of it is close up, you might say."

"You might say anything," retorted Hooker. "What did you want to go and do that for?"

"Well, it's only right a fella should invest his money where he made it, ain't it? That's the way I look at it, Mr. Hooker."

The general manager regarded him incredulously.

"Where is this acreage?"

Uncle Zed fished a couple of leases and blue prints from his pocket and proceeded to demonstrate.

"Why, that stuff belongs to Frank! Close-up stuff? Gosh-amighty!"

"Why, ain't it all right, Mr. Hooker? Ain't it good? Frank told me—he said it was a swell chance to get in on the ground floor. And it does seem to me like a man had ought to invest his money where he made it, Mr. Hooker—just like Frank says."

The oil man seemed about to say more—a whole lot more—but pushed back his chair instead.

"Tell Frank I want to see him, Tod," he ordered. "And tell him to come a-runnin' too." And he left Uncle Zed sitting beside the gas heater, sweating like a nigger.

In the manager's own room: "What's this about your selling that poor old sucker all that condemned stuff, Frank?"

"It ain't condemned, Mr. Hooker. It ain't condemned—not exactly. That Texas outfit is fixing to give it another test."

"It isn't worth ten cents an acre, and you know it. You've swindled that old man out of all his money. A fine crook you are, aren't you? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're fired."

These were fighting words, but Hooker was ready to fight. Of all the dirty rotten ——

"Fired, am I? Well, I'll get that forty-seven thousand, I'll tell the cockeyed world.

(Continued on Page 83)

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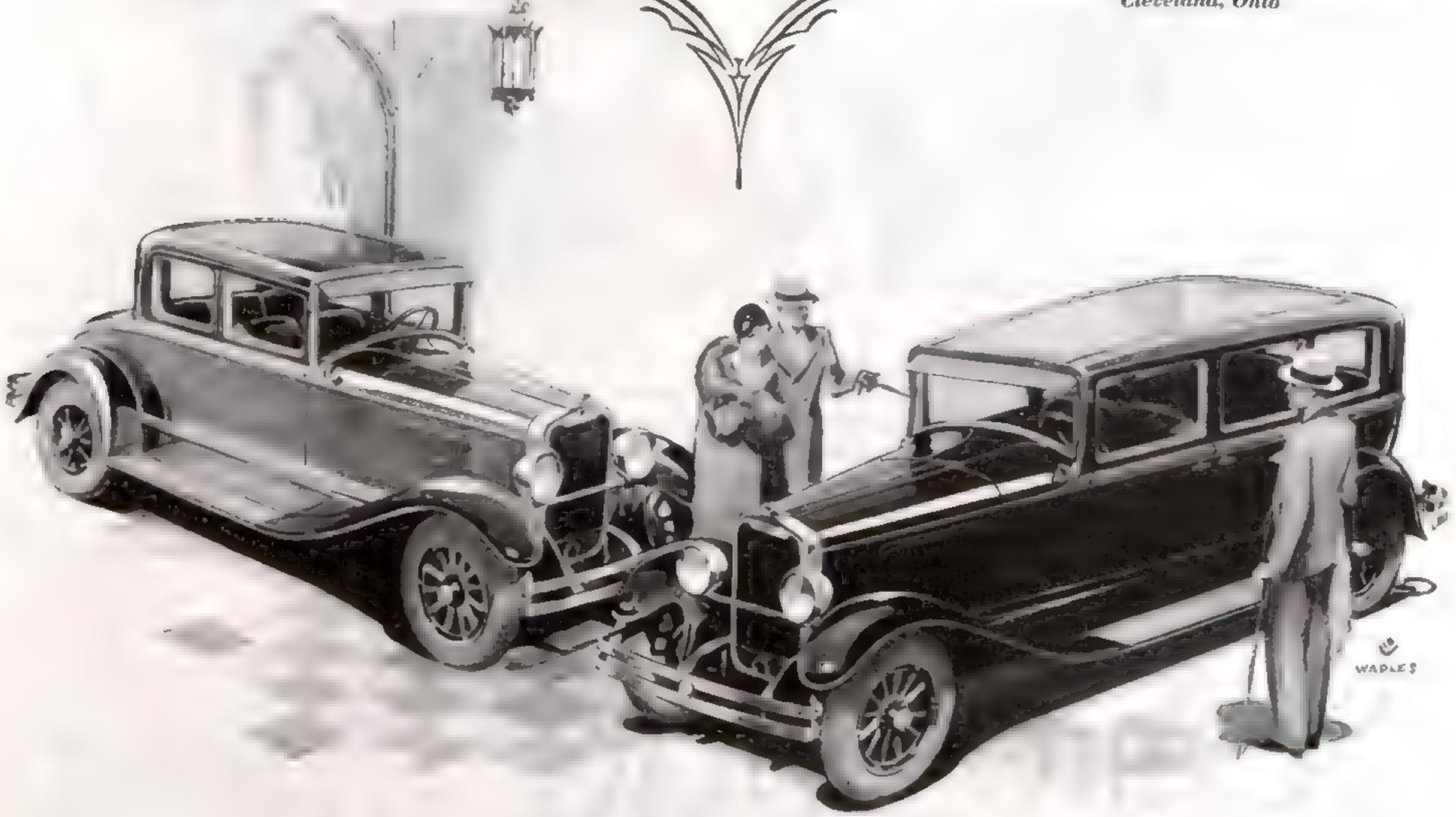

PEERLESS • HAS • *ALWAYS* • BEEN • A • GOOD • CAR

(Continued from Page 80)

A crook, huh? How about you? If I'm a crook, what do you call yourself?—buyin' that farm for fifty thousand when you can turn it over tomorrow for a coupla million!"

"You're fired."

"Not much I ain't! I resign. You can't fire me, Hooker, I don't care how much money you've got or who you are. Get me? I resign. And to hell with you and the Goliath! And what's more —— A crook, am I? How about sendin' a man special to get pore ol' Uncle Zed's wife's signature, when she didn't know no more'n a rabbit what she was signin', and you never give her a chance to find out?"

"The deal was explained to her. She accepted fifty thousand. You're fired."

"Of course she accepted fifty thousand. It looked like all the money in the world to that pore ol' lady, but if she'd had a chance to ask somebody ——"

"You're fired."

"I resign. But before I do, Hooker ——" He took a roundhouse swing at the general manager and it required four of the company's employes to separate them.

While this generous outburst over any imposition on Uncle Zed was an uplifting tribute to the warm heart of mankind, it did not actually save him a nickel. He had to pay Frank for that acreage—had to pay him every cent—so that when he boarded the train for home, he had with him less than three thousand dollars in real money. However, he had those leases, and a man who didn't invest his money where he made it—well, Uncle Zed had his opinion of that kind of fella, just like Frank said.

And after all, he was a capitalist now—he could talk on equal terms with the best of them in town. There would be no more catering to Bob Fowler so he could hold his job at the courthouse, and he didn't have to feel shaky every time he entered the bank to ask for a loan of fifty dollars.

The townspeople accepted him as a millionaire. When anybody talks about oil profits, a few ciphers don't cut any figure, so it is not surprising that the Daily Booster carried a piece to the effect that our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Zed Roundtree, had sold out a portion of his holdings in the new oil fields for half a million dollars, but had no intention of moving away from Pleasant Grove, than which there was no finer town on this broad green earth, and no finer people anywheres. Mr. Roundtree would continue to reside in Pleasant Grove, for old friends were the best friends, and what were riches compared with the joys of the spirit and the tried and true love of one's friends? Happy the man with faithful friends! Happy the town which could boast a citizen like Mr. Roundtree! Not a bit stuck up—just as simple and democratic as ever; might his days be long and prosperous! Mr. Roundtree's plans were still uncertain, but rumor hath it that he aims to put up a new building for a certain automobile company which shall be nameless, at the corner of Live Oak and the Square, and will also devote himself to charitable works and his numerous interests elsewhere.

This publicity cost Uncle Zed only two ten-cent cigars, and he got a priceless glow out of it and bought a hundred copies of the Booster to send to acquaintances. But after he had listened to Mrs. Roundtree for three solid days and nights, the curse of riches was borne in upon him.

"Why, we were happier when we didn't have nothing, you might say," he protested. "You don't give me a minute's peace. Here I go and make a lot of money for you, and you rip me up the back because I don't fetch it all home in cash. There's gratitude for you!"

"Gratitude! You're a fine one to talk, you are! After all we've been through, and all I've done for you, you get a fortune handed to you on a platter and then let a miserable crook talk you out of it. Investment fiddlesticks! Those leases aren't worth the paper they're written on. What's more, they did me mean about getting me to sign those papers. If I'd known ——"

Uncle Zed left her flat. He slammed the door, muttering, "She can't bully me any more. I reckon I've got some rights. You bet she can't! She can't scare me!"

Junior, who had lent an attentive ear to this dispute, remarked, "Pa needs a guardeen, and that's a fact. If I told you all I know ——"

* * *

At the end of the month Uncle Zed threw up his job at the courthouse. Retention of it hardly tallied with the Booster's story or his new position as a capitalist; and, besides, he didn't like the work. And he bought a smart automobile and held numerous conferences with enterprising residents who required only capital to make a killing in business. Among other enterprises into which he put money—or, at any rate, to which he subscribed—was a company formed to start a textile mill. To be sure, there was already a large one hanging on desperately in the rival town of Booneville, only fifteen miles away, and city newspapers sometimes carried pieces to the effect that the textile capacity of the country was greatly in excess of requirements; but it was a swell chance to get in on the ground floor with a good live man to run it, and it was time Pleasant Grove went in for manufacturing and showed Booneville up. That's where the big money was made. Look at all the multimillionaires in the East! Where did they get theirs? At farming? I reckon not—manufacturing, that's where they made it.

Before the expiration of sixty days all his money was gone and Uncle Zed had to borrow from the bank. However, his position was different now: they showed hardly a trace of caution in accommodating him with ninety dollars. Nor did the merchants press him with their bills. In the background were those enormous interests somewhere in the oil fields, and the Roundtrees could obtain practically all the credit they wanted at the stores.

Yet Uncle Zed began to grow anxious as the days passed and his money dwindled. He frequently absented himself from the game at the courthouse, which he had jacked up to a dollar limit, and there were scenes between him and his wife over what she had done with that fifty cents.

Then two bits of news reached him which completely changed the prospect. The Goliath Company had brought in a dry hole right in the middle of the Goostree farm

"So I'm a sucker, hey?" he said triumphantly. "I didn't know what I was doing when I sold that property, huh? Oh, no! Maybe not! If they're Goliath, I'm David."

It was vain for Mrs. Roundtree to give him the cackle. Uncle Zed promptly took the position that he had known it all along, and practically the entire population of Pleasant Grove accorded him credit for his shrewdness. Well, well, you never could tell! Here they had always considered Uncle Zed a no-account, and he ups and puts it all over those smart oil fellas.

The second piece of news clinched their opinion beyond peradventure. A new test adjacent to the wildcat stuff Frank had stung him with came in for five thousand barrels a day.

Immediately a pack of lease hounds descended upon Pleasant Grove to see Uncle Zed. The town went wild with excitement; there had been nothing like it since the home-coming of Senator Blakesley. Uncle Zed held conferences at the bank, on the sidewalk, in private rooms at the hotel—yes, sir—rooms specially engaged just to talk to him in. He even received deputations as he sat tilted back in an armchair against the wall of the County State Bank. It was a tremendous personal triumph of a misunderstood man, and his manner rapidly became confident and brusque, as befitted a captain of industry.

In spite of this triumph, however, he did not have the final voice in the transaction which made him rich.

"I about closed up with these fellas," he announced importantly one day at dinner.

"Oh, you have, have you?" Needless to say, this was Mrs. Roundtree talking.

"Yes, I have. What you got to say now? What do you talk in that tone for?"

"Because you ain't going to sign nothing," declared his wife. "That's why. I been asking around, and you can't do a thing without I sign, too—and I won't."

"Lan's sakes, woman, you talk awful foolish! We can't just sit and let that stuff lay. It's a lease. We got to do something with it, and unless we sell it right quick —— Well, you know what happened to the Goostree farm."

"We'll sell, all right. But it won't be you who'll fix it up this time."

"Ho, won't it? Who'll it be then? What do you mean by that?"

"Mr. Carter at the bank will fix it up for you—that's what. And he'll take care of the money too."

"What's this you're up to now?" demanded Uncle Zed, but his voice was husky and a vague alarm showed in his eyes.

"I'll tell you, Zed Roundtree. You need a guardeen. I been married to you now twenty years and you got no more sense'n a baby about some things. Givin' away your watch! What you got to say about that? So we've fixed it up to make a trust for me and Junior of what you get for those leases, and the bank'll take care of it for you and pay me an income regular, for me and Junior, and we'll leave you ten thousand dollars to do whatever you like with; but when it's gone you needn't think to get any more out of us, and sister Mary Lee and your Aunt Jen and your brother Fred and Mr. Carter at the bank—yes, and Junior, too, and Doctor Schoonover—they're all ready to swear you ain't competent to manage your business, and Doctor Schoonover's willing to testify ——"

"You try it!" cried Uncle Zed, his voice squeaking. "You just try it—that's all!"

Well, dog-gone if they didn't take him at his word. They did try it. What's more, they put it over. Uncle Zed soon realized he did not stand the ghost of a chance with the mass of opposition arrayed against him, and rather than suffer the humiliation of a hearing for mental competence he agreed to the trust. After all, there would be an income of close to twenty thousand a year—maybe he could talk his wife out of some of it.

They gave him ten thousand dollars cash—all his own, to do with as he saw fit. Determined to "show them" and run it up to an independent fortune, Uncle Zed lost it in three days playing the cotton market. Since then he has relapsed into a contented existence as a retired capitalist, instead of following his natural bent of a business giant.

Uncle Zed sits most of the day in front of a board in a cotton office, watching the quotations. He never has a dollar up, but the way he shakes and gloats or quivers and perspires at every turn in the market is a caution, because he is gambling millions in his own mind. He has a whale of a good time.

I HAD A HUNCH

(Continued from Page 26)

Gentlemen of the Ways and Means Committee, he said, this remarkable financier from the West, whose sole ambition is to create a town which bears his first name, is ignoring the God-given harbor which lies to the south of him—namely, Sabine Pass—and he has told you gentlemen of the Ways and Means Committee about the terrible storms which occurred at Sabine Pass fifteen or twenty years ago. But, gentlemen of the Ways and Means Committee—and the rising and falling inflection of his voice trembled with emotion—this remarkable young man from the West has not told you what would happen to his canal if a storm should ever occur again.

The "remarkable young man from the West" was by now a nettled young man from the West, so at this point he cut into the oration without ceremony, despite Mr. Dingley's ability as a gavel banger:

"Mr. Dingley, you stopped me before I finished my story. You didn't let me get into the record a most vital point. It is that the same kind of storm did occur last year and again Sabine Pass was covered with water."

The attorney for the opposition pointed an accusing finger at me and shouted, "And what, sir, happened to your canal?"

"Gentlemen of the Ways and Means Committee," I replied, "it did wet the waters of our canal, I will admit."

That got a good laugh out of everybody in the room, including Mr. Dingley and his confreres, and the attorney on the other side sat down much discomfited. A little later we went outside the committee room while the members deliberated, and after a wait of about thirty minutes we received word that our side had won by the slim margin of one vote.

Previous to the meeting taking place I had been to see my good friend President McKinley to tell him all about the canal and the attempt to block us. He seemed to be entirely familiar with the case and suggested that if the Ways and Means Committee should happen to decide in our favor it would be well for us to act quickly in cutting the four feet of canal which was the final barrier separating us from the Gulf, as our opponents were going to take other radical action in the event that this trump card failed. I was quite surprised that the President was so well posted on the situation, but I realized he knew what he was talking about and so I made my own arrangements accordingly.

Close to the Capitol was a telegraph office, with a window facing the broad steps leading down from the seat of Congress. I had a man stationed at this window all the time the meeting was in progress waiting for me to appear on the steps and wave a white handkerchief as a signal to him to send a message to Sabine, reading: "Connect canal." Our purpose was to get the good word south at all possible speed in order that the junction of the waters might be made without the slightest delay. Once we could forge the final link and our opponents could actually see the Port Arthur Canal connected with deep water, it would take a lot of heart out of them.

Just as I gave the signal and even before the message was on its way a very tall man, probably six feet six inches in height, came up to me. I recognized him as one of the members of the committee, a Tennessean, whose name I wish I could remember. An expansive smile overspread his features.

"Stilwell, that darned old remark of yours about wetting the waters of your canal got me just right. They had me won over to vote against you, but, darn it, when you cracked that one it turned my vote. And that's the reason the committee's verdict was seven to six in your favor."

So, as a business precept, it might be well to remember that if a soft answer turneth away wrath a wise crack may turn the scale of victory. The only thing—be sure you time it correctly.

Within sixty minutes from the moment I waved my handkerchief dredgers were at work cutting away the four feet of earth standing between the produce of Western farm land and the wide world. A few

(Continued on Page 86

An Appreciation *from the* three Graham brothers

To the public and automobile trade who so generously responded with their attendance and orders at the first showings of passenger cars bearing our name, we express our deep gratitude.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
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"My studio has designed this symbol of the integrity and unity of purpose back of the Graham-Paige."

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SPACE 40 IN COLISEUM AT CHICAGO
JANUARY 28 TO FEBRUARY 4, 1928
Also in lobby of Blackstone Hotel

SMOOTHNESS

To respond to each call for power and [illegible] with effortless ease that [illegible] should be seen easy — that is the secret of smoothness in [illegible] performance that makes driving a pleasure and riding a privilege

GRAHAM-PAIGE

(Continued from Page 83)

weeks afterward the job of building the canal was finished. And by the strangest of coincidences, on the very day the tools were laid aside, and Port Arthur stood as an unobstructed outlet for export shipments, Galveston was laid waste by a terrible tidal wave, and seven ships, lashed by the fury of the elements, reached the canal and rode in safety.

It is for this reason I described this hunch, which prompted me to abandon the purchase of the Houston, East and West Texas Railroad as our connecting line to the Gulf and to create the landlocked harbor of Port Arthur, as the weirdest that has ever come to me in my life.

It is needless for me to go into details here of the completion of the railroad. It was finished, owing to the litigation, two years before the canal was completed. Everything had been made ready in the interim to give the farmers the relief they so vitally needed. On the water front of Port Arthur I built a great double-tracked pier 4000 feet long. I went to England and arranged with Furness Withy & Co. for six steamers from the Continent and British Isles to pick up the grain the Kansas City Southern would deliver at our southern terminus for export. Our slogan, ever the lifeblood of all we were doing, had been the constant reassurance to the West that as soon as our outlet to the deep water was ready we would cut the export rates on grain from twenty-six cents a hundred to sixteen. And so we lived up to our word and did that, and a great cloud in the West was at once lifted.

Understand, I do not say this in self-praise, but as a tribute to the splendid, unselfish men who put their shoulders to the wheel and made possible achievements which no man single-handed could ever have accomplished. It was the work of all of us, not of any individual—George M. Pullman and E. L. Martin and William Waterall and E. T. Stotesbury and August Heckscher and the others.

Let me digress to say a word concerning Mr. Heckscher, whom I have always regarded as one of the great men of America — great in the fact that his joy in living comes, to a large extent, from his interest in his fellow man and his desire to better the world. Few men give such thought to others as Mr. Heckscher does. In my memory, side by side with the recollection of what he did for me, is the story of his generosity toward others.

When Business Boomed

Under the impetus of increased foreign trade the price of grain advanced at once. Seats on the Board of Trade in Kansas City commenced to mount and reached $3600, as against the valuation of fifty dollars they had had when the Kansas City Southern started. Kansas City became a great spring-wheat market. We built seven elevators on the Belt Line and leased them to different grain concerns. Trainloads of packing-house products for export started south for the first time in the history of this industry. The packing houses already located in Kansas City built additions. Other large companies opened branches there, locating them on the Belt Line. Business boomed for everybody—the farmers, the packers, the Kansas City Southern, the Belt Line, Port Arthur and the various towns and enterprises we had created on the route to our landlocked harbor.

The financial benefit accruing to agricultural interests was equivalent to an additional profit of eighty cents an acre in the earning power of the farms of Kansas and Nebraska. By this I mean that the combination of the saving effected through the reduction of the freight rate and the resultant increase in the price of grain for export raised the net income of the farmers to that extent. Farming itself, therefore, became a more profitable business and the value of land went up ten dollars an acre or more. The entire industry came out of the depressed condition in which it had been for years. Farmers were able to jingle money around in their pockets and go about their daily tasks with the feeling that they were not slaving their lives away in vain. Bank clearings in Kansas City reached the highest peak they had in a long period.

"We've started a worthwhile job, but we've gone only halfway," I told the directors of our road at a meeting not long after this era of prosperity in the Middle West had got under way.

"What have we left undone?" they asked.

"We haven't cut the rate on lumber. Here the lumber belt is 300 miles nearer to Kansas City than it is to Chicago, yet the rate is only sixteen cents a hundred from the lumber regions of Arkansas to Chicago and twenty-six cents to Kansas City. Isn't it a ridiculous situation? Don't you see that by reason of such charges everybody who builds in this section is forced to pay an unjust tax?"

I want to explain that the reason I was so often the fountainhead of such suggestions was the fact that I was much deeper in the subject than any one of my associates and could make deductions they could not, because all the data were constantly passing through my hands. In this instance the directors, actuated by the highest impulses of public weal, backed me up as they always did, and gave the proper authorization to reduce the rates on lumber. And our action landed us in the thick of one of the hottest fights we had ever had on our hands. The other roads now declared a boycott on us and would not under any consideration exchange cars with us at any division point. Our line at this time, I suppose, crossed twenty railroads, and their blacklisting of us meant that whenever we had freight for routing over other roads we had to take it down in our own cars and reload it into the cars of the other company. The expense was colossal. Our directors became alarmed, especially those who lived in distant cities and could not keep in daily touch with the circumstances. Some of them telegraphed me to ask, in view of the preponderance of railroad opinion against us, whether we were doing right.

A Fight That Succeeded

"The Kansas City Southern was built for two purposes: To make money for the people who built it and to correct an inequitable rate condition," I wrote back to them at once. "As long as I am president we will fight it out on that line, if it takes a year to do it." And again my associates came through with the regular stand-by assurance.

I timed my answer to the attack being made upon us for a meeting of all the railroad presidents called to be held in Chicago. The Kansas City Southern's repudiation of the closely knit front of the other railroads had so agitated the transportation world that there was an exceptionally large turnout at the meeting. My traffic manager accompanied me to the conference and

(Continued on Page 89)

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It's like a looking glass!"

Just like a mirror, the gleaming table top reflects her face. Mammy's deft fingers and Fuller Furniture Polish have quickly removed the film of dullness from this precious surface . . . working wonders right before childish eyes.

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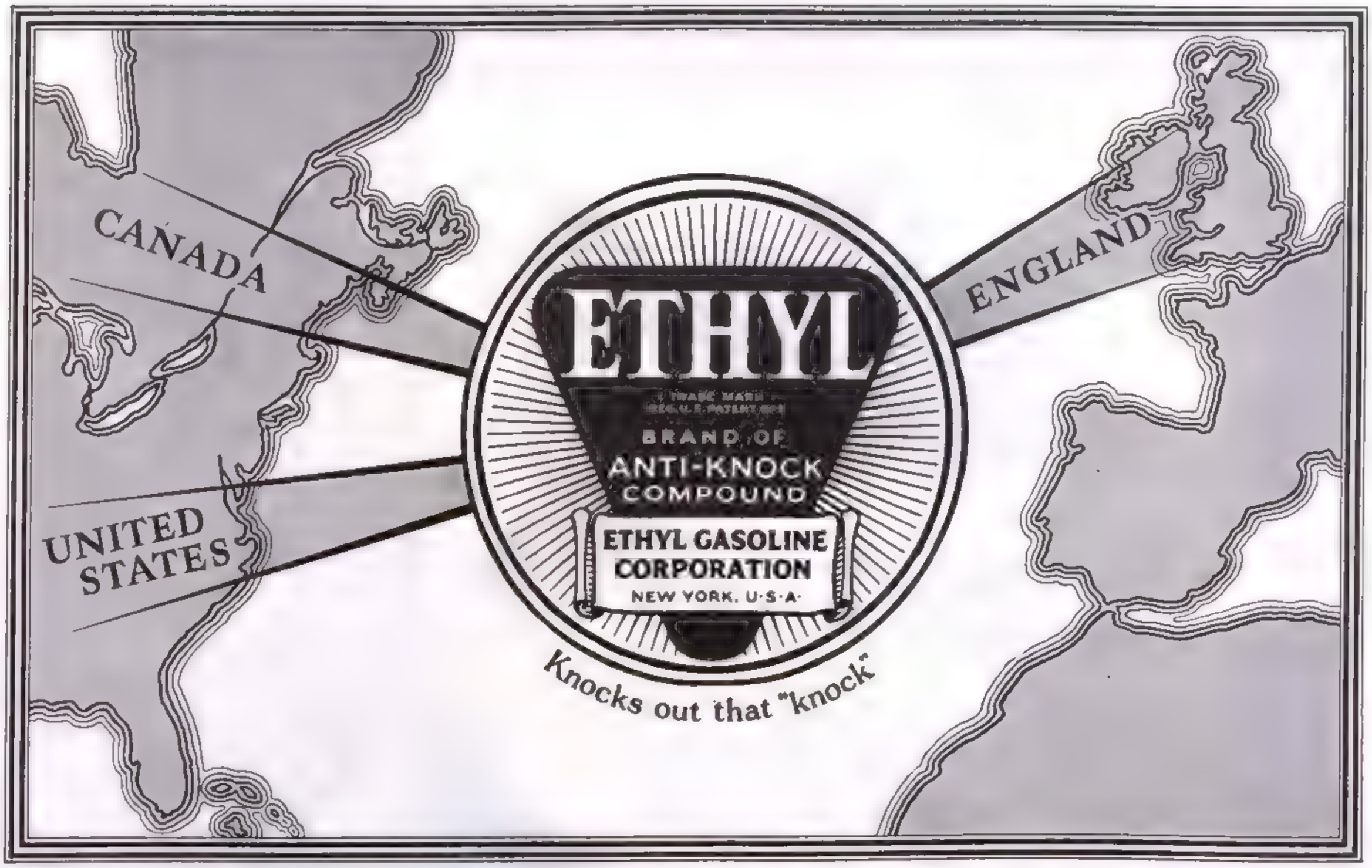

Ethyl goes to England

CONSERVATIVE fellow, old John Bull. Doesn't accept a new improvement until he is sure it *is* an improvement.

That's why the introduction of Ethyl Gasoline into England has an especial significance. Ethyl is now available to the British motoring public through the service of one of the oldest and largest British oil companies.

And the reasons why Ethyl has gone abroad are the reasons why more than 1,000,000 American and Canadian car owners are riding with Ethyl.

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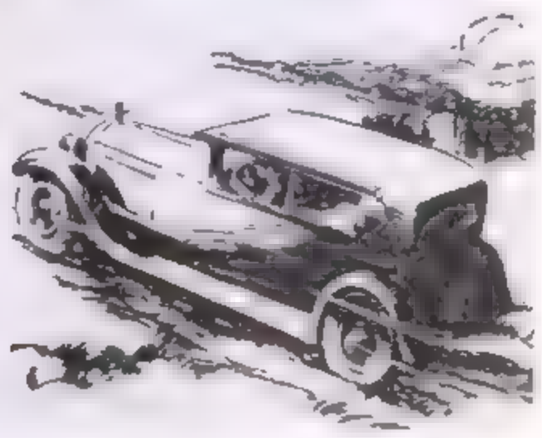
ETHYL GASOLINE



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we sat still while the other railroad men handed us as neat a roasting as ever two men listened to. I was their pet target. They said I was demoralizing the rate situation in the West and filling the people with a lot of nonsensical drivel about how our road was working in their behalf. Back of it all we must have an ulterior motive. What was it?

When they had shot their last skyrocket I let loose the answering barrage we had prepared:

"Gentlemen, you are wrong. We are not demoralizing the rate situation; we are equalizing it. If the railroads can haul grain from Kansas City to the seaboard—1400 miles—for twenty-six cents a hundred they certainly can afford to haul 800 miles for sixteen cents a hundred. Your whole trouble is that Wall Street dominates you. No strings from Wall Street run into the offices of the Kansas City Southern, and that is the reason we are able to do things you have not been able to do."

My purpose was to hit them a hard blow at the outset with these generalities in order that I might hold their undivided attention. I now went on:

"Whenever we build a railroad we get the right of eminent domain from the people, and it is therefore only just that they should be considered and served. In the South are the great ports of Galveston and New Orleans, and still there are no elevators at these places and the farmers have had to contribute at the rate of eighty cents an acre for export. But now we have Port Arthur, and we have told the farmers to ship their grain to that point at a greatly reduced cost—a cost which not only enables them to live happily but is sufficient to return a fair profit to us. And what we have done for the farming interests we are now doing for the people who want to build homes. Is it not plain to you that every man who has built a house in Kansas or Nebraska or Missouri has had to pay an unjust tax on lumber he has used?"

One of the presidents interposed: "Mr. Stilwell, it is you who are wrong. The rates on lumber to Chicago are not sixteen cents a hundred, as you say, but twenty-six cents."

"Yes, that is true. They are if any lumber manufacturer is fool enough to bill his stuff from the mills in Arkansas to Chicago. But, as the lumber producers of this region are not fools, they bill their stuff to St. Louis, which is ten cents a hundred, and then they rebill from St. Louis to Chicago, which is six cents a hundred."

Back in the Fold

Mr. Stickney, president of the Chicago and Great Western, turned to his traffic manager and asked if my statement was true.

"It is certainly true, Mr. Stickney," the traffic man replied. "Everything that is billed from the lumber region is billed just as Mr. Stilwell says: and in his meeting the rate of sixteen cents a hundred he is only giving the people of Kansas City what the people of Chicago have been paying. But we must remember that the lumber region is 300 miles nearer Kansas City than Chicago."

Mr. Stickney, an essentially fair-minded man, had jumped clean over the fence upon learning the exact status of things and was now a keen ally of ours. "Gentlemen, my own mind is made up. I am sending a telegram to the Chicago and Great Western offices at once directing that the boycott be lifted forthwith from the Kansas City Southern." And the boycott was lifted.

In fairness to these men I had been fighting I must say I was sure all the time they thought they were right and the reason they thought so was because they had not investigated local conditions. Their case and mine were not parallel. I had built my railroad with only one idea in mind—the lifting of the burden imposed on the users of freight facilities. These men I opposed were great financiers, with many problems to occupy their minds and therefore unable to concentrate on the one thought as I had. And it is to their honor that they corrected the mistake once they understood the circumstances thoroughly

And here, at this point of my narrative, we see the outstanding ambition of my life achieved. The railroad which I had told Mr. Batterson, president of the Travelers Insurance Company, I was going west to build was now finished. My short line from Kansas City to the sea was in operation. The rates had been cut. The friends who had stood by me had been rewarded for their faithfulness with handsome profits—Doctor Woods and Richard Gentry and E. L. Martin with about $300,000 each and others in proportion to their investments. It had taken about six years to do the job, and we now saw the fruits of all our work and worry—an enormous business for the road and the good will of the public. Our earnings were exactly as I had figured them—$5000 a mile a year, the same as the St. Louis, Iron Mountain, and Texas and Pacific, which had been in operation twenty or thirty years. And it is rather a strange fact that the prosperity we ourselves were enjoying and had created for the entire section suddenly dropped out of a clear sky as a boomerang against us.

Prosperity's Boomerang

The lumber industry seethed with activity under the stimulus of the far-flung building program which began as the result of the lower cost for materials. With agriculture making an abnormal demand on one side and lumber on the other, we soon found ourselves with insufficient empty cars to handle the volume of business. This would not have presented such a serious problem except for the fact that we had contracted with many lumber mills to provide adequate shipping facilities. When we could not make good the lumber companies sued us. I was at my wit's end, harried over a condition I had never dreamed of as likely to cause trouble. And the great difficulty was that I could see no way by which we could replenish our rolling stock, as the company had what is called a closed mortgage, under the terms of which we could issue only $25,000 a mile bonds. The various construction companies had received all these bonds and had agreed to let us have $1500 a mile for equipment, which was hopelessly inadequate. If we had not made this initial mistake of having a closed mortgage, but instead had worked out our financial program on the basis of an open-end mortgage we could have issued $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 of bonds for equipment. Our foresight, as we now realized, had been a little faulty. It had simply never occurred to us that our business could become as large as it had grown to be.

Again I turned to the man with whom in those days I always consulted when in trouble—George M. Pullman. I spent two days in Chicago going over with him the different details of our predicament, and after listening to the whole story with his customary sympathy, he said:

"Well, Arthur, we will have to try to find a way to help you. Mrs. Pullman and Mr. Calif and I will leave here Wednesday in my car. You and your engineer meet us at Kansas City with your car and a baggage car, and we will make a little trip over the road to see what can be done." Mr. Pullman made it emphatic that he wanted three cars in the special train, since that number would make easier riding.

We all met, as agreed, and made a slow trip southward, taking two and a half days to get to Port Arthur. We stopped at all the larger towns and talked to many of the business men, especially the lumber merchants, who showed us their piles of orders and told us how hard put to it they were without cars to move the product of their mills. At Port Arthur, Mr. Pullman and Mr. Calif studied the general activity which had sprung up in the brief period the place had been in existence. Ships were everywhere in the harbor and the elevators were stocked with grain for export.

Madison Square

ATOP Hogwallow Mountain, in the hills of North Carolina, there is a lonely cabin built with native logs—and CEL-O-GLASS. In the huge New York Life Insurance Company building, now in course of construction at Madison Square in New York, CEL-O-GLASS is being used for healthful, comfortable winter work inclosures.

Wherever you live—wherever you work there is a need for CEL-O-GLASS. It is *unbreakable*, highly translucent, extremely light in weight, weatherproof, durable, and unlike ordinary glass it admits the Ultra-Violet rays. It comes in rolls—you can install it anywhere with a hammer and tacks.

Bring the Ultra-Violet Rays Indoors

Scientists, and especially the medical profession, have discovered that the Ultra-Violet rays of sunlight contain valuable healing and germ-destroying properties. These life-rays pass freely through CEL-O-GLASS in sufficient quantities to enable you to ward off sickness during the indoor winter months. Children urgently need Ultra-Violet light to prevent rickets and other infantile ailments.

Don't Rob Yourself of Nature's Greatest Health Aid!

Ultra-Violet light cannot penetrate ordinary window glass That is why, although you receive plenty of "skimmed" sunlight through glass windows, you are being robbed of the healing Ultra-Violet rays. But by simply putting CEL-O-GLASS in your window frames you transform any room into a "health room."

CEL-O-GLASS is of vital importance for bringing Ultra-Violet light into poultry houses. It makes chicks grow faster and stronger and insures larger egg production. Use it for hotbed sash, porch inclosures, industrial buildings—anywhere pure sunlight is desired. Safe because it cannot break!

Only One Genuine CEL-O-GLASS

Be sure you get CEL-O-GLASS. If your hardware or supply store does not carry genuine CEL-O-GLASS, write us for the name of one near you who does. Sample and descriptive folder No. 55 will be gladly mailed on request. Address Acetol Products, Inc., 21 Spruce Street, New York, N. Y

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AN UNBREAKABLE TRANSLUCENT

The Broadened Road . . .

During the past few years, the fortunate thousands who could spend their vacations in Florida have grown to millions. Florida is now within two days' distance of four-fifths of the country's population. Railroads, equipped with all the luxuries of modern travel, have lowered their rates. Steamship companies have followed their lead. And almost the whole of America is networked with paved roads . . . carrying an ever-widening stream of eager vacationists southward. Away from the shut-in winters of the North. Into the warm outdoors—the life-giving, pouring sunshine of Florida.

This winter, with reduced round-trip fares, almost anybody can visit Florida. From New York to Jacksonville by boat, the round-trip fare is only $65.81. Tickets include meals and berth, and the return trip can be made as late as June 15th. From other cities, rates by steamship or railroad have been proportionately reduced.

The gateway to Florida, Jacksonville is a city of modern hotels and apartments. A complete system of paved roads gives Jacksonville quick access to the entire state. And the St. Johns River, navigable for nearly 300 miles south of Jacksonville, moves through the heart of Florida's renowned lake-district—an open hunting and fishing country.

Thousands of people make Jacksonville their headquarters every winter from which to see Florida. Less than forty miles from Jacksonville is St. Augustine, the oldest town in America . . . its storied buildings recalling vividly the dim, remote period of America's beginnings. Fernandina, St. Johns Bluff, New Smyrna—when will you see these venerable settlements along Florida's East Coast? Palm Beach, Miami and St. Petersburg, and Florida's other famous watering places are within easy reach by motor. And almost every town in this territory has its golf courses—green during every month of the year!

. Fresh and salt water fishing, yachting, tennis, horseback riding—a changing round of sports and diversions calls you every day into the out-of-doors. . . .

A vacation in Florida this winter can be almost as inexpensive as if you spent the time at home. Let us give you specific information—railroad and hotel rates, rents and any other factors that would influence your plans for a visit here! For further information, write to Believers in Jacksonville, P. O. Box 318, Jacksonville, Florida.

Believers in Jacksonville

"AN ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING. AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE."

Mr. Pullman gave me no encouragement throughout this journey. I was waiting momentarily for him to say something, but refrained from asking him point-blank what he intended to do, as I wanted him to take the initiative. He maintained his silence until we had practically arrived at the point where his car would leave our line and continue on its way to Chicago over another road. He called me into his car then and made an enigmatic statement.

"This is the tenth of May," he said—that was the date, as I recall it. "I want you to have all your directors at the Lawyers' Club in New York one month from today—June tenth. Bring over your Holland agent, your London representative and everybody else who has a working interest in the road. Will you do this for me?"

"Of course, Mr. Pullman; I'll gladly do anything you suggest." He didn't tell me what he had in mind, and as it was a pointed omission I did not ask. But I was consumed with curiosity all the time I was issuing the call to the various officials to be on hand on the day specified. To different ones who would ask me what it was all about I had to say simply that I didn't know.

Good Fortune Short Lived

"All I do know is that Mr. Pullman has requested me to get you together, and that's sufficient in itself. Don't forget that the Kansas City Southern has some big worries on its hands."

It was a delicious luncheon Mr. Pullman served us, and we went right through to the final course without our host giving us an inkling of what he had brought us together for. Quite frankly, I was more than fidgety as the meal approached its end. I watched every move Mr. Pullman made with hawklike interest, and was relieved at last to hear him rap for order and see him rise to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he began, "the grandfather of your president was my dearest friend and started me in life. I owe a great debt of gratitude to Hamblin Stilwell. But my good friend is dead and I cannot repay it to him in person. Fortunately there is a way, in spite of this, for me to show my appreciation. It is for me to help his grandson, who has come along to take in my affections a place beside the tender love with which I revere his memory."

As he paused his auditors sat in breathless stillness waiting for his next words. He continued: "I have been over your road. It is remarkable the business you have developed. The Kansaa City Southern will always be one of the great railroads of the West. But your financial structure is unfortunate. You have a closed-end mortgage and cannot issue any more bonds for equipment. If you should issue a second mortgage you would have to sell it at a ruinous price. I have made up my mind that you need $3,000,000 of equipment. I am going to furnish you the money on a fifteen-year car trust, on which none of the principal will be due for five years and no cash payment required. I myself will build 1000 of your cars. You can order the rest wherever you wish and I shall assume the obligations as fast as they are made."

A roar of cheers, as spontaneous and exultant as that of a Princeton host when it sees a football warrior plant the ball behind the Yale goal posts, swept through the dining room. The unexpectedness of it all fairly jerked me from my chair beside Mr. Pullman, and I was in an ecstatic frenzy as I stood wringing his hand with all the fervor of a man suddenly delivered from a frightful dilemma. It was in a mist that I saw the rest crowding around him—Mr. Waterall and Mr. Stotesbury and Mr. Heckscher and the others—to speak their thanks for his unheard-of act. Vaguely I noticed that tears were in many eyes, and for the first time I became conscious that my own were streaming. Never has there been a more impressive moment in my life, nor more dramatic. Mr. Pullman had planned his climax with the skill of a genius.

I returned to Kansas City immediately after the meeting and placed the order for all but the 1000 cars Mr. Pullman had agreed to build in his own factories, contracting for them at an average price of $580 each. The signed contracts had just reached my office from the various car-building companies, when Mr. Pullman telegraphed to me that I had better go to Chicago and take the necessary steps for him to assume the obligation legally. I wired back that I was delayed in completing some traffic arrangements I was making with a connecting railroad and could not get to Chicago until two days later. The business holding me in Kansas City was finished on schedule, and I left on the first available train with all the papers in my possession ready for Mr. Pullman's signature.

As I stepped off the train in Chicago I became conscious of an unusual commotion in the streets. Newsboys were dashing hither and thither calling out in deep-throated tones, "Extra—special extra!" and little groups of men and women were forming to read the black-faced headlines on the first pages. Out of the bedlam I caught a note so terrible in its significance that it made me pause and stand rigid, while the blood seemed to freeze in my veins. I listened intently to see if I had not been mistaken; it could not be true, what I seemed to hear. But now the raucous voices of the newsboys pounded against my eardrums with frightful clearness. They were calling: "Full account of the death of George M. Pullman!"

I reeled from the shock. My great and good friend gone—the man to whom I was more devoted than any man on earth; who had never failed to give his own valuable time to the solution of my worries, which must have been less than his own; who had measured up to the highest tests of true friendship, ever willing and eager to give more than he received. My own friend and the friend of my friends and the friend of my road. And as great as my own loss was I understood in that instant that the loss of the Kansas City Southern was greater. It seemed only a moment ago that he had stood before us all in the full flush of health and vigor and spoken the word which had solved our problems. I had been so elated then that the railroad I had built would achieve its destiny with ample equipment. But now we owed $3,000,000 and I had not a scratch of a pen which would bind the estate of the man who had wanted to be our benefactor.

An Expensive Delay

In the midst of my anguish a rather strange thought came to me. Subconsciously I meditated: "There is one mistake made by most men in their lives which is greater than all the other mistakes combined. I am face to face now with the one great mistake of my life. I have jeopardized the money of my friends and the interests of my railroad and my own position as a leader through this two-day delay in doing the bidding of my lost friend." And then I chided myself for permitting my mind to become absorbed with any thoughts relating to the commercial significance of Mr. Pullman's death. I knew I should be thinking of what he had already done for us and not what he could not do now.

I went to Mr. Pullman's office and found the place pervaded with an air of deepest grief. Mr. Wicks, the vice president, whom I also knew well, sat down with me and we discussed what a shocking thing it all was, both of us in tears. My companion was much concerned about the dilemma our road had been placed in through this tragic happening.

"Stilwell, what are you going to do? What can you do?" he asked, with furrowed brow.

"I don't know; I haven't the slightest idea. All I can do is to make the best of it and—and—but what's the use? I have no plan." Neither of us spoke for a while, and

then I continued: "I'm going to Philadelphia on the next train I can catch."

Wicks looked at me in astonishment. "What? You certainly can't mean that you are not going to stay for Mr. Pullman's funeral."

"Yes, that is what I mean. I cannot go to his funeral. I hate funerals and I never go to them, and his would be the last I could go to."

Mr. Wicks understood I was actuated by no spirit of heartlessness. He grasped my hand. "I see what you mean; I appreciate the things you are thinking of."

So I wrote a letter to Mrs. Pullman—the best I could to tell her how I sympathized with her in her great bereavement and how the world had lost one of its greatest noblemen. When I had sent it around to her by messenger I waved a little farewell in the direction of the spot where the mortal ashes of my friend lay and left the city, which was still ringing with the news of his death.

When I had got my old crowd about me in Philadelphia—many of them the same men who had attended the luncheon at the Lawyers' Club—I said:

"There are $22,000,000 of bonds out. Let each $1000 bond be exchanged for $750 new bonds and $500 preferred stock. Under this plan each holder of $10,000 bonds will receive $7500 of new bonds and $5000 of preferred stock. This will put back in the treasury of the company $5,500,000 of first-mortgage bonds. I can sell these at once, pay the bills which our friend Mr. Pullman would have assumed if he had lived, and we will have about $2,000,000 left for future equipment, which I am sure we shall soon need. There is no necessity of a receivership. I know every bondholder and I can easily get in all the bonds."

My suggestion was approved. It was also decided to form a reorganization committee, with John Lowber Welsh as chairman. A five-year voting trust was created to make sure that I could continue in the presidency of the road for at least that length of time. The plan of operation made the Provident Life and Trust Company our depository for the bonds as fast as I could get them in, at which time the Provident would issue receipts for them to be listed at once on the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges. As a starter Mr. Welsh and the others gave me their bonds for deposit, and within ten days from the time this conference took place I had collected a total of $2,000,000 worth of bonds.

New Bonds for Old

Once we had devised this scheme of financing, it appealed to all of us as one of the most practical steps we had yet taken. I reported to my associates the reaction I was getting from bondholders:

"They realize that with the road properly equipped our earnings will be at least 50 per cent more than formerly and that the market value of their new bonds and preferred stock is much greater than it has been for the old bonds alone."

Everything was going along without a hitch. I figured it would take between $400,000 and $500,000 to keep the company out of debt and to make the monthly payment on the equipment which Mr. Pullman had promised to take care of. Ninety days was the time I fixed as the period in which it could all be accomplished. I cabled this over to De Geoijen, our Holland agent, who had never lost his up-and-doing spirit from the time some years before when he had entered our service after getting all worked up over the plight of the Western farmers. He sent word back at once that if the Guardian Trust Company would furnish half the money needed within the next ninety days, he would furnish the other half and would bring over the Holland bonds, amounting to about $7,000,000, on the first steamer. I arranged it with the Guardian to fulfill its end of the bargain and told him to come ahead along with his bonds.

On the way across the Atlantic, De Geoijen, as he afterward told me, met a New York financier who discussed the Kansas City Southern situation with him and strongly advised that Mr. Thalmann, of Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co., New York bankers, be put in as chairman of the reorganization committee. I was opposed to having Mr. Welsh succeeded in that position, and De Geoijen and I had our first difference since that day I had renewed my acquaintance with him and he had given up his $3500 a year work as a coffee broker of Amsterdam to become the trust company's Holland representative on a three years' contract at $5000. But I determined to talk it over with the members of the committee themselves before taking too firm a stand.

Strangers at the Feast

Mr. Welsh, our chairman, said, "All right; for the sake of harmony and if Mr. de Geoijen thinks it necessary, I'm willing to resign in Mr. Thalmann's favor." As a matter of fact, it had only been at my urgent request that Mr. Welsh had assumed the responsibilities of this difficult job, for which he received no compensation.

So Mr. Thalmann was brought into the picture and the committee elected him chairman.

Another new personality entered into our affairs about the same time. In St. Louis I had known John W. Gates, and one day while I was visiting Chicago I ran into him on the street. He asked me how I was getting along with the reorganization of the road.

"Things are working out in fine shape," I said. "You can figure it out for yourself that the public thinks pretty well of us when the stock is selling for twenty-seven dollars a share. When you consider that we're going through reorganization, that's a mighty high price. But the best part of it is we're getting stronger every day. We're paying off our equipment debts and getting in the necessary money to take care of our future needs in that respect."

Gates scented an opportunity. "Well, at that rate, I guess I'd better go out and buy 10,000 shares of the common stock and deposit it with you."

He did both these things and also bought $100,000 or $200,000 of the bonds, which he sent along to me for deposit at the same time. Soon afterward he got in touch with me and said:

"I think I ought to be a member of the reorganization committee." Knowing him well and realizing that he was a power in the financial world, I consented and exerted my influence to win Mr. Waterall and Winthrop Smith over to having him accepted as a member. Mr. Welsh backed me up, and John W. Gates was put on the committee.

All these happenings are leading up to some startling climaxes, so I shall digress for a moment to explain in more detail my acquaintance with Gates, who even in those earlier days was the spectacular plunger of Wall Street. North of Kansas City was the Quincy, Omaha and Kansas City Railroad, running from Quincy 165 miles southwest, which had been in receivership about sixteen years. From Omaha running southeast was the Omaha and St. Louis Railroad, which connected with the Wabash about 160 miles out of Omaha for St. Louis. This road had also been in receivership for sixteen years or so. While I was building the Kansas City Southern and just before it was finished, I gave quite a bit of thought to these two properties and worked out what I thought might be the solution of their difficulties.

The terminus of the Quincy road, situated at a point where the Omaha and St. Louis connected with the Wabash for St. Louis, was only thirty-four miles across country. As I saw it, if these roads were connected so that the Omaha could send business to the East over the Quincy, and the Quincy could send business to the West over the Omaha, and if I could build a line seventy miles south, it would bring

(Continued on Page 94)

WILLIAM L. MUNK

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Every car that bears the Chrysler name is the product of that famous Chrysler Standardized Quality of engineering and precision manufacturing which from the beginning has pioneered and developed countless betterments for its cars of higher price and has applied them to its cars of lower price.

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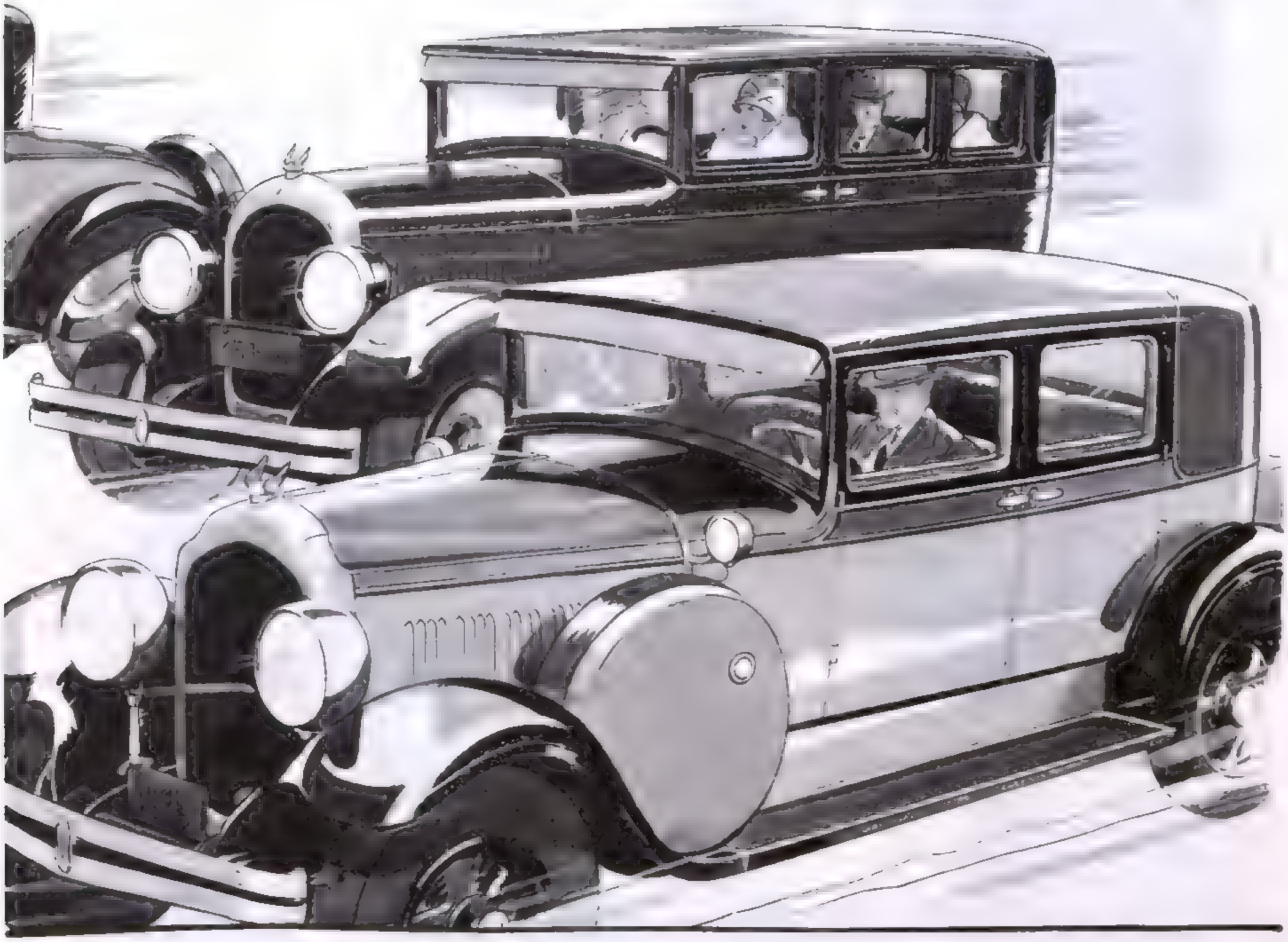

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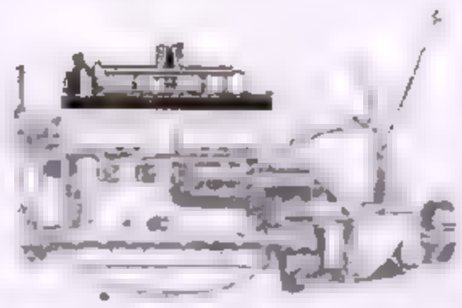
Compare the specifications—test the performance in any way you choose—you'll find a Chrysler, whether "52," "62," "72" or 112 h. p. Imperial "80," that will meet your needs and means better than any other car.

112 H.P. IMPERIAL 80



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MONROE
HYDRAULIC
SHOCK ELIMINATORS

(Continued from Page 91)

them both into Kansas City. It would also connect with the St. Joe and Grand Island and bring that road into Kansas City as well, making three more lines for the Suburban Belt, which E. L. Martin and I had built. As a part of the program I could also extend the Kansas City Connecting Railroad—my own line—forty miles north to bring it in as a user of the Belt. These changes would increase the business of all four of the railroads and their tie-up with the Belt would augment the earnings of that company considerably.

In New York I conferred with the members of the reorganization committees of the Omaha and St. Louis and of the Quincy, Omaha and Kansas and showed them that I could refinance their properties without the contribution of one cent from either of them. My plan was for them to turn over to me a certain number of their securities to sell. This would give us the money to make the changes, the changes would greatly increase earning power, and the increased earning power would make the balance of their securities worth 50 per cent more than their previous market value.

"The value of a railroad is based on its net," I told them. "It does not make any difference how many bonds you have in the hands of the reorganization committees, if the road cannot show earnings you cannot reorganize it, nor can you sell your securities. If I build this thirty-four-mile connecting link between your railroads and also build a line to bring them into Kansas City, the Quincy Railroad, for example, will certainly double its business. All it does at the present time is to leave Quincy, handle a little local business, run against a tree and stop."

The Railroad Life-Saver

The two committees accepted my plan on condition that I should agree to build the thirty-four-mile connecting link and the line seventy miles north, so that they might enter Kansas City. It was when I in turn accepted their condition that I had had my first business dealings of any consequence with Mr. Gates. He furnished me with one-third of the money—a little more than $100,000—to build the thirty-four-mile link.

I admired the ready spirit in which he did this and was therefore favorably inclined when he later suggested getting into the Kansas City Southern.

I carried my plan through as I have outlined it and was delighted when it worked out splendidly for everybody concerned, including the Belt Line. Indeed, the Quincy and the Omaha and St. Louis people were so grateful over having been taken out of bankruptcy that both elected me president of their roads, although I owned stock in neither.

As for the Kansas City Southern itself, the refinancing progressed so rapidly that we soon bounded back from the bad plight Mr. Pullman's sudden death had placed us in. It was agreed that no receivership would be necessary. I was chasing around the streets of Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia and New York day by day, going to the bondholders, explaining our proposition, getting the bonds, depositing them with the Provident and seeing that the bondholders received their receipts for the securities promptly. The Guardian Trust and Mr. de Geoijen, acting for his Holland people, were putting up whatever money was necessary to make the monthly payments on equipment.

Left Out in the Cold

On Easter morning, 1899, I picked up a morning paper at the breakfast table and read with the greatest amazement that a receiver had been appointed for the Kansas City Southern at Thalmann's request. The action had been taken in the early morning hours and was based on a forty-four-dollar printing bill. I was dumfounded. What could it all mean—that the road we had built up with such painstaking effort had at last met the fate which had overtaken so many of the lines operated from Wall Street? We were solvent; if any man in the world was in position to know this it was I.

I rushed to New York to protest to my colleagues about Thalmann's action, and with the lines of internal battle now drawn they swung with me. Thalmann retired from the position of chairman. But he remained on the membership of the committee, and I realized that for the first time in all the history of the Kansas City Southern I now had powerful opposition within the ranks.

Not long after this I incurred the enmity of John W. Gates in a similar manner, but in connection with the four northern roads, as we called them, instead of the Kansas City Southern. These roads were doing splendidly, and I was astounded when Gates proposed to me that they be thrown into the hands of a receiver. I protested vigorously.

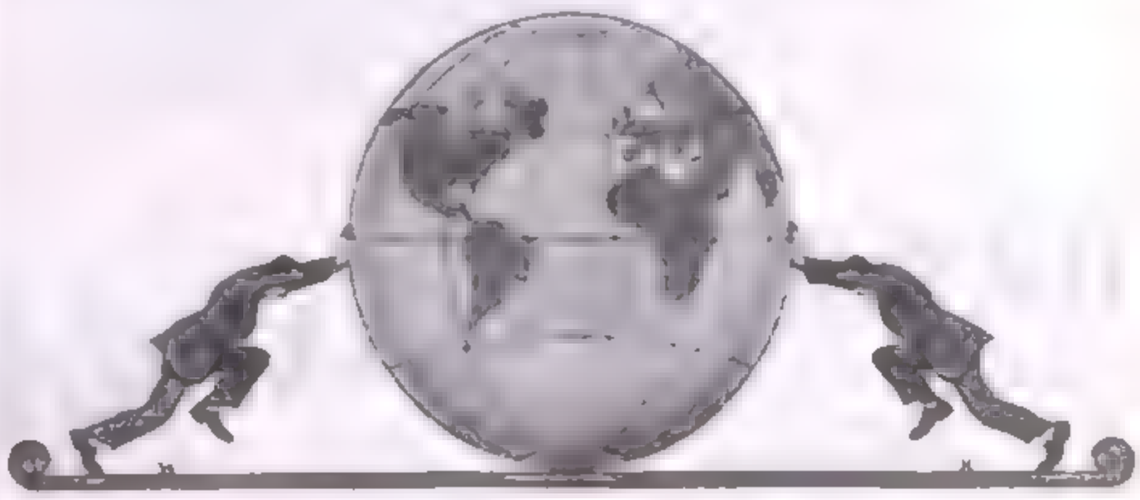
"Gates, I can't prevent you doing this, but I am going to see all the bondholders and try to keep them from sacrificing their bonds."

We sat in his private office when I made that declaration; he in a swivel chair behind his desk, enveloped in semigloom from the lighting arrangement, and I in front of him with the glaring rays of an electric desk light turned directly into my eyes.

I did it in spite of his vigorous protest. Yet I realized I had Enemy No. 2 in the household which had for years been so free of dissension. And this opposition was strengthened when I had a break with E. H. Harriman over our proposed joint purchase of the Chicago and Alton from the Blackstone Estate after I had put him on the reorganization committee to please some of my friends.

And so, when the election of officers of the Kansas City Southern took place after its final reorganization, about a year later, three members of the voting trust—Thalmann, Gates and Harriman—voted against me and I was left out of the road I had created. The line to the sea I had built to relieve the Middle Western farmers of an unjust burden was mine no longer. I might well have been in the doldrums, and perhaps would have been if that ability to rebound, which has been my great personal blessing, had not again manifested itself. For in this trying moment the old familiar habit of self-reliance was a volcano of activity—and I had a hunch.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr Stilwell and Mr. Crowell. The sixth and last will appear in an early issue.



The felt from which Knox fashioned this hat might well be named Chameleon—so perfectly does it adapt itself to varied costumes. Nothing could be simpler—nothing could be smarter than the jaunty brim, held in place by a debonair bow of the self-same material. $10.

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 31)

Frances Noyes Hart

between a golf course and a wheat field; there's an army post in Texas where I learned to think that taps was the loneliest sound in all the world until for years and years I didn't hear it, and that was lonelier still; there were two enchanted summers of golden days and silver nights in a villa on Como; and two heavenly autumns of cloudless skies and dancing leaves in a Normandy château; and a winter on the Left Bank in Paris, where windows looked out on a walled garden, and for a franc you could keep the copper bowl on the desk filled with violets—where in the gray afternoon the fire in the grate burned like a nest of golden eggs—and in the evening in the big salon you played a nice game called Poisoned Handkerchief with grave members of the Academy and the Cabinet who suddenly became exceedingly amiable lunatics. Being twenty in Paris is probably better than anything else. Unless it's being seventeen in Oxford—and having afternoon after afternoon on a green river, and evening after evening in a green garden where at nine o'clock you could still see clearly enough to read Evelina and Kenilworth and Jane Eyre aloud—and at eleven you could still smell the wallflowers and the lavender. And there was a room in Nice, filled with sunlight and flowers from November until May. And years in Maine, and years in the Adirondacks, and all those apartments in New York, and that house in the Westchester hills. . . . And those are just the places that I've lived in—not the places that I've stayed in for days or weeks or even months at a time. I haven't said a word about China or Russia or Hawaii or Jamaica or Nassau or California or Korea or Austria or Costa Rica or Greece or Japan or Bermuda or Cuba or Switzerland or Panama or—oh, well, maybe I didn't live in Washington after all. I don't see how I could possibly have found time for all those years there without being Methuselah's great-aunt.

My family? Well, if I told you about my father, it would sound exactly like boasting. So I won't. Except that he's been president of the Associated Press for twenty-five or thirty years, and likes yachting.

And if I told you about my mother, you would be jealous. So I won't. Except that she is prettier than her daughters, and does not like yachting.

And if I told you about my husband, you'd think that I was making it up. So I won't. Except that he is my Favorite Lawyer.

And if I told you about my children, you'd think—well, never mind what you'd think. I'll tell you about my children. Just a little. One of them is Jantie and one of them is Ann. One of them is exactly three and the other is precisely two. One of them talks all the time in words of five syllables and the other one talks very abstemiously in words of one. One of them has hair like golden bubbles and the other has hair like a golden cap. Both of them have very small noses and very blue eyes and black lashes that curl back and touch their eyebrows—you can't imagine how pleasant. And I could tell you a great deal more about them—oh, about a hundred and forty thousand words more—but I won't.

And that's all; you can see that it isn't very much of a biography; not the stuff of which memorable careers are fashioned. Still, there have been days that it has seemed to me that even History might have contemplated with envy.

The one when the bells rang and the searchlights wove and the guns boomed over Paris—and I realized that air raids were even more exhilarating than I had dared believe. The autumn morning on the Place de la Concorde when the clocks struck eleven and the bells rang and the guns boomed again, and tears were on every lifted face, because suddenly the world seemed beautiful—and safe. The day that my own daffodils came out under my own apple trees. The day that Lindbergh came home through a storm of cheers and falling confetti, and we remembered that after all, the only true tales are fairy tales. The night that I sat and watched the steel-blue lights whiten a hundred thousand straining faces while the gentleman that I desired to see win pummeled the gentleman that I desired to see beaten. The day that I found a really good copy of the first edition of the Shropshire Lad—and the day that I found a really perfect copy of Salt Water Ballads. The day that I realized that I was actually sitting in the middle of the first row reporting the greatest murder trial of the century, and the day that I realized that my eldest daughter was going to have blue eyes and a sense of humor. And the day that I saw my name in solitary splendor and fat black letters on the cover of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. And all the other days, too, some too beautiful to tell.

Perhaps if History would stoop to chronicle happy days, those forgotten countries and I would have histories after all.

Fannie Kilbourne

Nancy the curly-headed blonde, is an arrangement tidy enough to be unusual. But I must also admit that that was more good luck than good management. And good luck isn't as unusual in this country as it is in Russian fiction.

So, to get promptly to the one point in which I believe I differ from other products of my class, I am the only husband-made feminist I have ever met. Plenty of men whose wives refuse to believe that Woman's Place is in the Home have found that they don't mind so much, once they've grown used to it. So far as I know, though, my husband is the only one who ever deliberately brought it on himself.

Not that he was a feminist. I doubt that he had more than a hazy idea of the meaning of the word. But he did have the very comfortable conviction that a human being ought to be free to go ahead and get as nearly as possible what she wanted out of life—even if she happened to be a woman. And a married woman, at that.

I knew what I wanted, of course. To write. So much so that whenever life had got in my way so that I couldn't do it, I was cross and sick and generally miserable. But as to how to keep life from continually doing this, I had never formulated an idea. I thought it was wonderfully convenient that writing could be done at odd hours and in odd places and I should quite blithely have set out to pen the great American novel with one hand while I broiled the porterhouse or rocked the cradle with the other. It was my husband—God bless him!—who pointed out to me that no intelligent man would ever tackle such a combination.

"I don't cook and clean house and sew in my leisure," he said, "and I don't see why you should."

As I was, at the time, so near the lowest rung of the literary ladder that I was worth more, economically speaking, as a housewife than I was as a writer, it had never occurred to me that it wasn't writing which would have to be tucked into leisure hours. The idea that writing, whether one made much money by it or not, should seem of such genuine importance to another person, and a husband, at that, was a staggering and joyous revelation to me.

The new home that we planned had that principle as its corner stone. It was, of necessity, a very plain home. But the laundry went out and the meals came in, and I had as little to do with one as with the other. There were no monogrammed napkins; and the dusting, which we hired by the hour, was sometimes a trifle masculine in its touch. But it was home for a' that, and we lived in it as freely as a couple of young men keeping bachelors' flat.

I must admit that as a feminist I had to be spoon-fed. I had been so well-grounded in all the womanly ways of doing things that at first I didn't know how to use my freedom. It took me some little time to learn, for instance, that a bargain sale that spoiled a working day held no bargains for me; that bridge luncheons were poor business.

I believe one of the most valuable lessons the average business or professional woman has to learn from the average man is his easy-going refusal to be bothered with social responsibilities. When he goes in for recreation, he picks something that is fun. It's never the husband who says:

"We really must have the Porters to dinner. Of course, they're awful bores but they've invited us there."

A man never figures that one tiresome evening balances off another and leaves something to the good.

I was quite prepared, too, to take on all the traditional little wifely services. But before I had time to begin, my husband informed me that he had had his own clothes taken care of for several bachelor years before he ever met me and that he was quite willing to go on doing so. I have taken him at his word—we've been married eight years now and I've only the haziest idea of how he gets his socks darned.

The arrival of a pair of twins of course complicated matters considerably. Very few pairs of young bachelors are faced with that problem. But we both wanted two children sometime and were pleased, though a trifle taken aback, to have them arrive simultaneously. Fortunately, by the time they appeared, we were both completely sold on our unconventional way of running life. I had acquired a professional attitude toward my work and was no more willing to have it interfered with by the half-joyous, half-tedious routine of home and baby tending than a man would have been.

During the nearly four years in which we have been wrestling with all the problems of combining a double business and professional life with a home and family, I have come to the conclusion that, when such an attempt fails, it does so, nine times out of ten, not because of any genuine and unsolvable difficulties actually inherent in the undertaking but because one or the other of the partners is unable to cast off the popular pattern of how a home should be run. This pattern has been built up, detail by detail, tradition by tradition, through the generations when, for every home, there was a wife and mother devoting her entire time and intelligence to its management. A home which does not have such a woman in it is still more or less of a pioneer undertaking. And pioneers must be willing to break new trails.

This privilege of having a foot in each camp, so to speak, has influenced me a great deal in my choice of subjects in writing. Nobody living with two children in a big village house, even if it happens to be within commuting distance of New York, can possibly remain unaware of the poignant problems confronting the home woman. And at the same time, I feel an even more personal response to the difficulties of the young pioneers who, two by two, are trying out the new ways. I like to write of both kinds.

I have never been faced personally with the difficulties of the two-job wife of popular fiction. For I have only a job and a half. The difficult duty of seeing that our children have a happy home and loving, intelligent care has been a partnership problem. It is not so hard to delegate some of that split job of ours; there are, unfortunately, so many empty arms in the world. It is considerably a matter of point of view, a mutual willingness to challenge every popular tradition; to go after the essentials and let the pink ruffles go whenever necessary; to choose unfailingly the motherly heart rather than the trim-looking uniform.

As to the intimate part of being a mother which nobody wishes to delegate—and by this I mean something of real sympathy and understanding that does not depend upon such things as the personal tying of Sister's bib and the always being right on the spot when Brother comes home from school—this, I believe is largely a personal question and is answered pretty much the same by the same woman, depending upon her love and intelligence rather than on the question of whether the rival attraction is the dishpan, the typewriter or the card table.

I can't say that I have been turned into a very rampant feminist. I've never made a speech on the subject or marched in a parade. I answer to either my married or my professional name with happy indifference. And every now and then I cut loose on a highly feminine spree which may be anything from making fudge to buying a pink chiffon dress. If this makes me far from perfect in feminism, I at least have the satisfaction of knowing that my own brand of it works, and that it is never going to land me in any family difficulties. That is the great advantage of my one unique distinction. A husband does not quarrel with his own handiwork.

Winter. Indianapolis, Indiana

A New Daylight-Saving Plan

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More Time to Shop, or Take a Bracing Walk

More Money in Your Pocket—More Pep in Your Step

Slim, trim figures, sparkling eyes, and a clear, efficient brain all afternoon!—is the modern way of men and women.

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And this healthful Soda Luncheonette Plan saves you a full half-hour of daylight every day.

Get these scientific Sodas or Luncheonettes at Fountains displaying the *Red Diamond Label.* Yes, it's worth looking for.

The new-day Sodas come from a special, new equipment, known to fountain owners as "The 5-Zone Liquid Mechanicold." One zone keeps ice cream at just the proper temperature—firm, delicious—never mushy. Another insures pure, sweet syrups—never rancid in a Mechanicold. A third retains real garden-freshness in crushed fruits. A fourth keeps water at the temperature for perfect carbonation—more zip in the drink. From a fifth, package ice cream may be carried 20 miles farther.

There is a scientific "mixing point" for everything that goes into a soda. The Mechanicold maintains these mixing points as nothing else has ever done before.

Professors of a leading engineering institute proved this in a temperature of 98 degrees.

Fred Harvey, Liggett, Kresge, Metropolitan and McCrory Stores, Interstate Co., Owl Drug Co., People's Drug Co., The Nunnally Co.—all use Liquid Mechanicolds. More than 12,000 now in operation. The Luncheonette addition makes winter business equal or exceed summer's.

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Many Red Diamond Label Fountains are serving a *new sundae* called "The All-American." Ask for it next time, no matter where you buy your sundaes. There's a new taste to it, and it's good. Introduce it to your neighborhood. Treat your friends. See how they like it. Make a hit with them.

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HERE'S a secret all parents should know: School officials have discovered that children who ordinarily "turn up their noses" at milk, drink it with greatest relish when served with Stone's Straws. It's as much of a treat as drinking "soda."

It's so easy to keep Stone's Straws in the house for serving milk to children and for serving with other drinks, too. The handy 10c Home Package contains several weeks' supply.

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STONE'S
Sanitary
STRAWS

CORAL

(Continued from Page 17)

words, knocked her even a little cool? She was afraid he had. And now what would she do about it? She couldn't ask Minnie. Minnie had a very unaccountable mind.

"He is absolutely possible," Minnie Webb went on; "or if he isn't, you'd hardly notice it." Coral asked sharply, "What do you mean—you'd hardly notice it?" She didn't know. "I don't know. His manners are very good and plain; he really is nice looking; not like an actor—oh, not at all; and he speaks quite correctly. Quite, my dear. Still, there is something about him, if you can see it." Coral Mery interrupted her. "Well, I can't. I must say you are not showing me." Minnie was surprised. "I believe you're serious!" she exclaimed. "And why not? You always were a little spectacular, Coral. Mr. Nichols would be spectacular. And if there was something, you could correct it—in a week. I told you I thought he was heavenly. Jasper likes him too."

Coral gazed unfavorably at Minnie Webb. She wasn't, however, looking at Minnie but, in her, at their whole world. Suddenly it made Coral sicker than usual. It was so—so perfectly sure of itself, so stupidly final. It hadn't a trace of Leighton Nichols' eagerness and sympathy. Coral returned to her room in a profound loneliness of mind. She had been at the Webbs' for three days and her sense of isolation had steadily increased. It was idiotic, she told herself; she knew everyone intimately; with the exception of Leighton Nichols, she had known them for years.

Nichols, she realized, quite different from herself, was having a marvelous time. He had, actually, done extraordinarily well. Practically everyone agreed with her about him. Leighton told perfectly miraculous stories about moving pictures; he told them with great good humor about himself. Minnie's two daughters, both well under twenty, were nearly dead with excitement. With her, Nichols was quiet and intense. He was filled, it was evident, with equal parts of liking and gratitude. He depended on her, privately, for everything. He consulted her at every possible moment. Leighton Nichols was childlike with her. He made Coral realize that she was responsible for him. He had said it again and again: "Coral, you brought me here. You are responsible for me. I want to be a credit to you. I want your friends to like me. Now shall I wear a white waistcoat, or velvet or black satin? What about the buttons?"

It didn't really matter what Minnie thought, Coral proceeded mentally. Minnie was right and yet it wasn't at all important. Her own being, where it resembled Minnie Webb's, wasn't important at all. She regarded Leighton Nichols objectively, coldly—what was wrong with him? She interrupted that: Wouldn't it be better to ask herself what, how much, was right? Well, a very great deal was right—principally his simplicity. He was totally honest with her, transparent. He had, as Minnie pointed out, known a great many women—all kinds; he'd had all kinds of experience; and yet—he seemed to like, to prefer, her. Nichols was strange, she had discovered, about women. He liked them enormously, he simply had to be with them, but he had no admiration for them. Women, for Leighton Nichols, were not individuals; they were pleasure. But he was different where she was concerned. "He is," she told herself, "one of the most famous men alive, millions of people are quite mad about him, and yet he's like a boy, with me."

It struck her repeatedly that Leighton, as he so often insisted, did need her—very badly. Coral reflected that her decision where they were concerned would make an enormous difference in his life. She could make possible so very much that he passionately wanted and no more than guessed at. What, at heart, he wanted was superiority in a worldly sense. That, he had been wise enough to see, was different from luxury. He had luxury, but it didn't satisfy him. She could give him that unquestionably, and he could give her—she was confused by the thought of all he might bring into her life. Love principally.

Love and life, Coral thought, might be the same; that was, the feeling, the sense of vitality, love brought her could be life. The marriage she had deliberately planned had no faint resemblance to a marriage with Leighton Nichols; but then, however, she hadn't known him; really, she hadn't known herself. The main thing was that he would give her a great deal to do; she would have a great responsibility. That attracted her; it promised to be relieving. Coral realized, too, that Leighton would present certain difficulties. For one thing, he had been too much and too generally admired. His manner, his voice, with women were incurably personal. He automatically tried to make them like him. When this was accomplished, mostly he was satisfied, mostly he did nothing more about it—mostly.

Naturally, she went on, she wasn't quite so vulgar, so pathetically ignorant, as to be jealous. She knew men too well to expect the impossible. She didn't, really, want the impossible. It wasn't his manner that might disturb her, but his methods. He wasn't hard enough to be safe. Leighton Nichols was, to be quite plain, susceptible. An objectionable quality. Ordinarily Coral disliked susceptible men. Yet if she wanted warmth she would have to pay for it. Anyhow, she was thinking about Leighton's good qualities and not his faults. For one thing, he could and did work hard. He had told her enough to impress her with the actual endless labor involved in moving pictures. Time, he explained, was their great expense. In consequence he labored from early morning to late night. His life, contrary to a public conception, was the reverse of dissipated.

The men Coral knew best were rarely busy; principally, they did nothing at all. They played contract and golf and polo; they gambled and hunted and drank and sat on beaches. She was tired of them, and the thought of Leighton Nichols at work, creating things, gave her a sense of actual accomplishment and power. She would have a part in it. She, too, would be doing something. Minnie Webb was an idiot. . . . It was, Coral saw, after eight. She would have to start dressing. She absentmindedly rang for a whisky soda. A servant knocked and she said, "I forgot. I don't want it." The servant said, "Very good, madame." It wasn't good at all, she added, for herself. She was sunk. She looked sunk. It was plain she couldn't stand the dress she had intended to wear, with the silver girdle—not if she didn't want to look like a gin fizz. Red would be no better. It would simply slay her.

It became, suddenly, very warm; the woods that bounded the Webb lawn burned in a gold flame; the distance was like a violet smoke. Coral stood with Leighton Nichols on the terrace by the house. She desperately wished he would speak. The silence about her was unendurable. "I can't believe it," he said at last. "You are going to marry me. Coral Mery, you are mine." She couldn't, Coral thought, believe it herself. "Leighton," she said, "I want it to be announced at once. I want to marry you as soon as possible. I know myself, Leighton." He demanded, "Do you mean you might change your mind? Find out after all you didn't love me?" She spoke wearily. "I am afraid I don't exactly know what love is. You will have to show me. It isn't that I might change my mind ——" She was at a loss to describe her feeling. "I just know myself," she repeated feebly.

"I will show you what love is, Coral," he promised her in a voice low and deep. It was the richest voice she had ever heard. He touched her cheek. "We will announce our engagement at once—that is, darling, after a conference with my Company." Coral asked what the devil his Company had to do with it. "I will explain," he replied reasonably. "Perhaps we had better go in the house. It will take a little while." They found a seat in the darkening corner of a long paneled room where there was a somber color of books and the gleam of Georgian silver. Leighton kissed her with a beautiful tenderness. "My bride," he breathed.

Coral told herself that, at last, she was happy. She was at peace.

"Now," he proceeded, "about my Company. In one way they have nothing to do with our marriage, our joy; in another they have. Sometimes, my darling, a marriage is prohibited during the term of a star's contract, but I wouldn't hear of that. If I wanted to get married, if I needed to be married, I told the lawyers I'd marry. I wouldn't sign away my prospect of heaven." He interrupted himself to kiss her. "My heaven," he said—"my white heaven, sweet with silver wings. No, I wouldn't agree to that. Instead, one of two things could be done—I could marry and keep it entirely private so far as my—as the public is concerned; have, for a little while, a secret love nest. Or I could marry and make a lot out of it. It depended on the woman. Now with you, dearest, we will make everything out of it.

"Leighton Nichols marrying a prominent society girl. Don't you see? Miss Coral Mery pledges her heart to Leighton Nichols. A romance in the highest circles of society and art. A marriage of art to society." He captured her hands. "Now the Greatrex Company has the best publicity department ever known in the history of the trade, the most expensive. It costs hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. There is no limit to what it can spend. It will all, Coral, be turned over to us—the cameras and special writers and artists. It will plan our marriage with scientific exactness, nothing overlooked, nothing stinted." Coral said, "I hadn't thought of any of that."

"Of course not, dearest," he reassured her. "How could you have? You couldn't realize what marrying me meant. Now in our case, beautiful, only the greatest dignity will do. James Rice and Mrs. Mittig were married in an airplane. But we must have a cathedral—a cathedral and a great organ. You mustn't worry, Coral. The Greatrex publicity department will understand our need. They will agree with me completely. You must come to the New York offices and have stills made, in every sort of costume. Don't forget to bring a swimming suit. We want it informal and real." Coral said, "The swimming suit would be real and informal." She was a little dazed and showed it.

"Personally," Leighton went on, "I should like a marriage in the dress of the Middle Ages. Not for me, I am afraid, though that were a shame. In the Honor of Anjou I wore velvets and everyone said I looked my best. But no—for you, a white satin train held up by pages, heralds with trumpets. Now there, Coral, is a good idea—the wedding march played by heralds on trumpets. The publicity department will take to that. It will be marvelous!" he said in the deepest, the richest, voice yet. "Then we will leave all the magnificence and steal away, you and I, together for life—for beyond life—forever. Coral, forever—you and I." He kissed her.

"You must meet Mr. Emery, the head of our publicity department. His wife is a lovely woman," he assured her. "I wouldn't be surprised if they gave us a dinner. They will, certainly, and have all the notables from Los Angeles and New York and Chicago. The president of Greatrex ought to do something. And the presents—wait till you see the presents!" It was all

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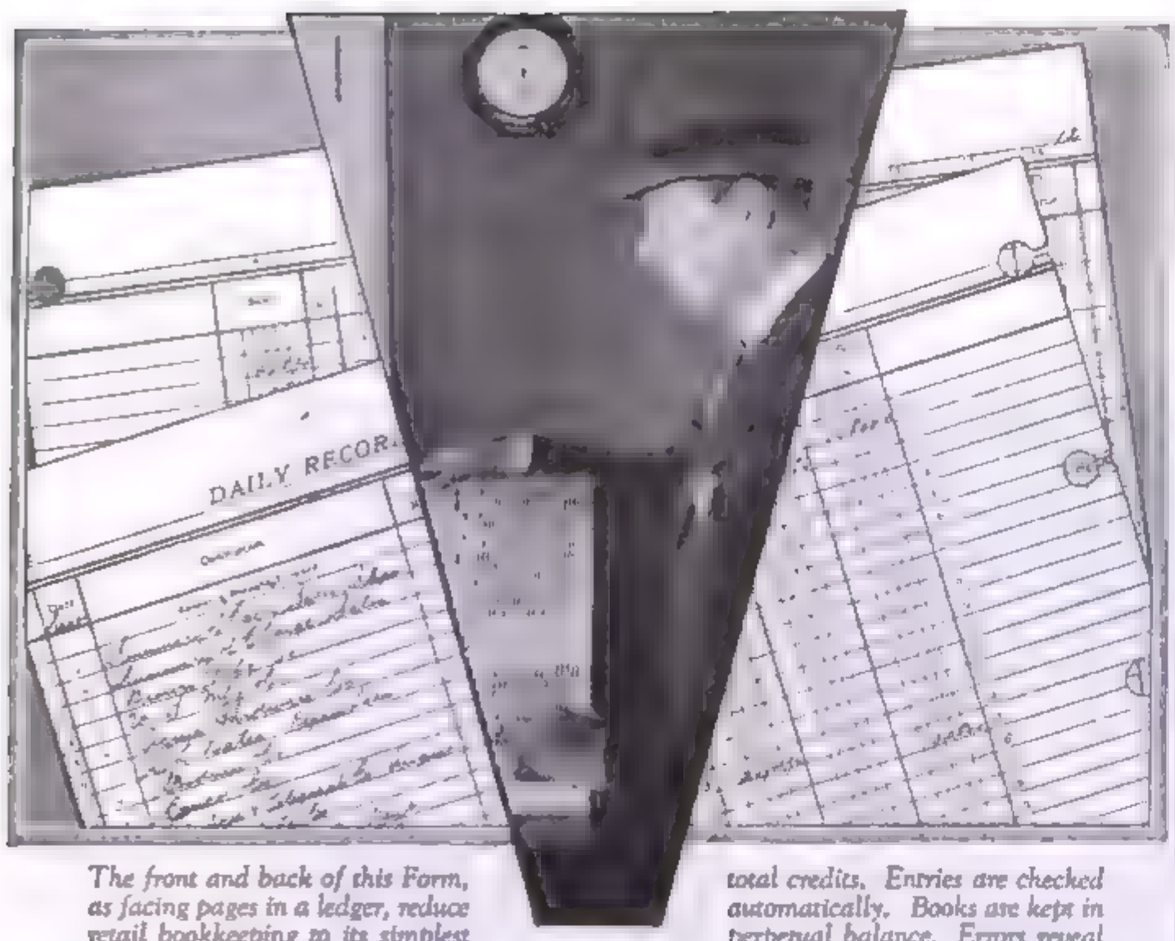
NASH LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE



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Simplify business control

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very amazing. "I don't want to be just conventional," Coral said at last; "but I must remind you that I am supposed to have something to do with my wedding. I really am. Leighton, I don't think I want a *robe de style* with pages. I don't specially think it's a good idea about the heralds. Wouldn't it look a little like a fox hunt? I mean the horns. A church, of course. And you did speak of the organ."

Leighton Nichols, she saw, was immediately depressed. He was the exact image of a disappointed, a dejected, boy. "I don't think you understand, darling," he told her. "You don't take in the fact that I am not just a private individual. I belong, in one way, dearest, to the world. I am all yours, Coral, and at the same time I am the world's.

"Anyhow, what I told you is the way the Greatrex Company will feel about it. It's what the publicity department will do. I think I explained—with the greatest dignity. Anything else would be out of place, for me and you, sweetheart." Leighton Nichols kissed her.

"Really, it is a privilege," he added. "Take Miss Nikkendahl, the head of the costume department. She is the only woman who has occupied that important position—the only woman. I wouldn't be surprised if she got fifty thousand dollars a year. Now she will be delighted to consult with you about your dress. You will have the benefit of her knowledge and vast resources. Why, Coral, there will be a conference about your wedding dress." Coral Mery realized that this was the time to correct him about her wedding dress. "No, Leighton," she said clearly, "I'm sorry, but there won't. There can't be a conference about my dress. I will have to decide that. We'll have to do without—I couldn't possibly think of her name—not if she got fifty times fifty thousand dollars. As a matter of fact, Leighton, I don't care how much she gets. I can't see how it is important to us—now. You will have to put up with me in what I choose to wear. What I wear hasn't been too dreadful, has it?"

"It's lovely, Coral," he reassured her—"lovely. Perhaps a little—well, a little somber at times, for your age, but becoming. I will admit that. But it's a shame about Miss Nikkendahl. I have made it a motto, darling, that we can learn from everyone—something, however little, from all, however humble. And Miss Nikkendahl is celebrated for her costuming." Coral pointed out, "I am going to wear a dress and not a costume." She began to feel a little harassed. Leighton Nichols kissed her. She wasn't to worry, he informed her. They had found each other, out of all the great lonely world they had come together, for all their reincarnations.

Walking through a Pullman car to their drawing-room, Coral said indifferently, "Hello, Kitty." When the train had started and they were settled, Leighton asked, "Who was Kitty? She looked like quite a girl." Coral told him that she had spoken to Kitty Herald. Nichols engaged himself with that name. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Beer!" Coral replied, "Of course. What of it? Kitty is an individual and no one cares."

He went on: "But that is the girl who was married two days. Why, Coral, she's supposed to be the richest society girl in America! You hear about her all the time." Coral supposed you did. Her manner made it plain that she wasn't interested in Kitty Herald's possessions. "I don't really know her," she explained. "I'm too old. I'd be dead in a week." Leighton Nichols repeated it was evident she was quite a girl. Only this time he said baby. "Do you suppose she'd come into our drawing-room and have a drink?" Coral Mery did. "Personally, I'm rather worn. Do we have to have anyone?"

"It's experience," Nichols replied. "I ought to see everybody, because of my work. Would it be all right if I went out and spoke to her—for you?" Coral told him it wouldn't. She'd die of excitement. "Send the porter, if you must. I warn you, you'll never be able to get rid of her."

Kitty Herald, it was evident, was very young, but it was just as evident that she was able. She was unnaturally thin and her head looked as though it were on fire. Her hair had the look of flames and she was always twisting and grimacing as though it were very painful. "Of course I knew who you were," she told Nichols. "I knew the instant you were in the car and it nearly asphyxiated me. I could have killed Coral. I could kill her anyhow—she knows everyone everyone else wants to know and does everything I want to and mostly can't. I won't say that now, Coral, when you have been so frightfully generous. If I'd been in a drawing-room with Mr. Nichols, I'd seen everybody else in hell." She tore off her hat and shook free her short burning red hair.

"I thought you might like a drink," Nichols told her. "I would," she assured him. "One—a little one. I've been on a boat in an ocean of gin—the Gordon Sea. I fell overboard." The porter again was sent for, glasses procured, and Kitty Herald had a small drink from Nichols' gold flask. "What an ecstatic flask!" she cried. "It really is too disturbing." She caressed it with her wire-thin agitated hands. "Do you like it?" he replied. "It isn't much. If you do, may I—would it be all right for me to offer it to you?"

She answered in a thin scream, "You may! It would. You have and I have." She leaned unexpectedly forward and kissed him. "Coral, I had to. It was necessary. Look, it has his name, Leighton Nichols! Positively no one will believe me. Coral will have to give me a letter saying it was yours."

She managed to lose the button from a slipper.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I ought to find it. It's a star sapphire." Nichols got down on his knees, searching under the seats. Kitty lightly put a foot on his back. "I had to," she repeated. "It wasn't in me not to. I can remember it when I'm old—Leighton Nichols under my foot. Now you can get up," she told him. He hadn't found the sapphire. "If you will permit me ——" he began. "I will," she interrupted him. "Only I won't waste it on a slipper. I'll wear it on a chain. Very intimate." Coral put in, "Do be quiet for a minute, Kitty. I've had a hard week. You know what it's like at Minnie Webb's."

"As a matter of fact, I don't," Kitty admitted candidly. "They never ask me." In that, Nichols told her, the Webbs showed little if any sense. "There was no one there half so entertaining. I thought it was a little dull myself, aside from Coral." Coral Mery gazed at him thoughtfully. "Dull?" she asked.

"Perhaps not dull, but a trifle heavy," he persisted. "Jasper Webb does keep on about his horses. I said that to Andy Spendler." Coral thought, Andy! Leighton Nichols had seen practically nothing of Andrew Spendler. Andrew conspicuously wouldn't care for him.

"It's sweet of you to say that anyhow," Kitty Herald told him. She slipped her hand inside Nichols' arm. "Brown eyes and red hair," he said. "I've never seen just that coloring before. What does it mean?" He could find out, she replied freshly. Coral said, "Don't be so fresh, Kitty. I told you I was sunk." The younger girl said at once she was sorry. "I'm sorry, Coral. And you were so good to me." Leighton Nichols announced that Coral was good to everyone. He leaned forward and caught her hands. "You are a miracle," he continued. "I owe you everything Now you have introduced me to Miss Herald."

"How long have you been in the East?" Kitty asked him. "I thought you lived in Beverly Hills. I read you hated society and spent your time, when you weren't working, in your library. You see, I know all about you. I actually do. I've been

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WHERE LIFE IS BETTER

CALIFORNIA

ICICLES or ROSES . . . Which do YOUR children see at the window-pane?

TO the youngsters, and their mothers, too, California is a place where magically there is no snow and ice in winter—where flowers bloom out-of-doors the year round. It is a place where people *must* be healthier and happier.

But men whose families urge them to find out something about California must also know how they can get along out here.

Most of us in California came here from other states. One by one, and thousands by thousands, we found that we could get ahead in business as easily as anywhere—that it required no sacrifice of opportunity to live in California.

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Few states are growing in population at the same rate as California. Only ten are growing even half as fast. Every month—every day—our cities and towns and countryside are enriched with new people from everywhere. They add new value to our investments, they produce more wealth, they are new customers. In five years San Francisco alone has built herself a new skyline of a quarter of a billion dollars worth of downtown buildings, to meet this new business growth. Where could you go to get ahead faster than here in growing, thriving California?

Plenty of Room

Remember this—success in California does not mean taking something away from the other fellow—it means *your* share of a prosperity that is growing greater every year—greater in San Francisco, the industrial and commercial capital of the Pacific Coast, the gateway to Hawaii and the Orient, the central distributing point for a thousand manufacturers—and greater in a hundred fine towns up and down our rich valleys. And, in addition, you and your family will enjoy roses at Christmas—out-door life all year for play and good hard work.

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(Continued from Page 100)

mad about you. . . . Oh, not too much—just a little one. I told you I fell overboard." Coral firmly took the glass from her. "If you make any more noise," Coral said, "I simply will die. You really do drive me frantic." Coral told herself that she felt a million years old at least. "Isn't Coral wonderful?" Kitty Herald demanded. "I heard she was like this, but I didn't believe it. I admire her frightfully, of course. But it's a scream." She got up to comb her hair and sat abruptly on Nichols' lap. "It was the train," she explained, without moving. "What an old age I will have, what memories!" It was highly doubtful, Coral said, if she would have an old age. "You will run yourself ragged in no time at all."

Leighton Nichols was at once confused, embarrassed and pleased. His arm fell for an instant about Kitty Herald's waist. She rose.

"We're at Manhattan Transfer and I must organize myself," she declared. "I'll see you in a few minutes. Can I drag you somewhere in New York? Where are you staying?" She looked directly into Nichols' eyes. "At the Ambassador," he told her, "Suite 1390. Can't we take you? I'll have a car at the station." Kitty, glancing rapidly at Coral Mery, said no.

When she had gone Nichols said, "That is a wonderful girl. So much life, such vivacity to her. She is like a flame," he declared; "the bright flame of eternal youth. With her the only child, she'll have I don't know how many millions." Coral saw that he had been enormously cheered by Kitty Herald.

He kissed her gayly on both cheeks. "I'll have a party," he declared, "at the Ambassador. Perhaps the Webbs would come and bring the Baroness von Merken. She is in New York. And Miss Herald—anybody you like, Coral. . . . Where is my flask?" Coral said, "You gave it to Kitty Herald. And we won't have a party—not now." She was almost too worn for speech. "I hate parties. That isn't what I want at all." Leighton Nichols had an astounding flash of comprehension. "You are tired," he announced. "My darling, tomorrow," Nichols said, "is another day." The train was in the tunnel and he kissed her. "Don't," Coral said sharply. "But we were in a tunnel, dearest," he pointed out. She hid her profound weariness in the act of making up her lips. "Will you tell me," Coral asked, "why you gave the porter ten dollars?" It was because he was so happy, he replied, because of her. "Then you should have given it to me," Coral told him. "It was too ridiculous."

Coral Mery's fatigue persisted in the form of a stubborn mental depression. She wondered if that were the effect of approaching marriage. It was, of course, a very serious affair. Rather, it was as serious as you made it. Leighton Nichols, she told herself, satisfied her completely; but beneath that assertion she was vaguely bothered. The quality in him that finally engaged her was his need for her; Coral did him, she couldn't help but recognize, an enormous amount of good, in a thousand ways, both small and important. She had, for one thing, enormously improved his appearance. Where he was inclined to be—well, picturesque, she had made him nicely conventional, rigorously masculine. Coral had discouraged colognes and a too elaborate broguing on his shoes. Leighton was wholly candid, his gratitude was frank, about that. He constantly acknowledged and dwelt on what he owed her.

She often thought, too, about his work, about her coming part in it. Her life would be very useful—at once useful and totally different, for example, from charities. It would be amusing and dramatic. "What," she asked Nichols, "are you going to do next?"

He wasn't sure. "The Greatrex Company want more box office," he explained. "I am not sure it isn't a good idea. I am a little tired of mental agonies—they're no good on the screen, anyhow—and drawing-rooms. Perhaps it will be a Western. That would be ideal, darling. I could take my bride into the great open. We could camp under the stars, rolled in a blanket." She would like that, Coral said.

"In a way of speaking," Nichols specified, "it would all be comfortable. A complete dressing room on wheels and the music I must have. Music," Nichols said, "is the soul of art. It is the inspiration of acting. The violins call out the strains in my heart, the emotions of recognition and sacrifice." Coral admitted she didn't understand him. "You must explain to me what you do, Leighton. What is the emotion of recognition?"

"The emotion of recognition," he said—"well, that is what it is, the emotion of recognition. You recognize—you recognize beauty. You become conscious of the nobility of man, the beauty of woman." Coral Mery was totally unable to suppress a conviction that he was talking nonsense. "It's just words," she insisted. "You get tangled up in them. Leighton, do you think you are clear enough about these things? You are so splendidly simple about yourself. You are so attractive, really. But when you begin about art —— I can't help it, Leighton, I hate art. Or perhaps I hate talking about it. It seems so futile. Does a moving picture have to be art? Must we call it that between ourselves? I'd so much rather not." Coral had, it was plain, again distressed him. "Really, Coral," he said, "I don't know how to answer you. If I may say so, dearest, you have a blind spot. When I spoke of box office I just meant a return to simpler things, the heart in place of the head. I was thinking"—he spoke very distinctly—"of my public."

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "Now you've said it!"

"I have," he agreed. "And what of it? I have a public. It will become, I trust, your public too. Coral darling, you really must not throw off on my profession, my art. I have a feeling you are always making fun of it."

"But I'm not!" she cried. "I want it to be as good as possible. I want you to be better and better. I must tell you what I think is silly. I'm like that." Leighton Nichols said that art was not silly—the art that hid art. Coral's depression increased. "Oh, hell!" she exclaimed, reckless. "What do you mean—oh, hell?" Nichols demanded. "I have wanted to speak to you, Coral, about cursing. I am a little surprised to see it in a lady, in my bride to be. Is it, do you think, becoming? Could it be called maternal?" Did she swear so much? she asked. "But I suppose I do. I'm sorry if you don't like it. But you want to marry me, Leighton. I'm a very special kind of person. It's my surroundings. Are you sure I am right for you? I think that underneath I am maternal. I'd like to be." She felt harassed to the point of tears. "Of course I want you, darling," he assured her. "Everything will be all right when you are mine, when I am yours. We will both learn. You will get to worship art."

All that was perverse in Coral forced her to say that she hoped not. She was, she realized, making a mistake with Leighton. She couldn't help it. She couldn't! He was so beautifully solemn. His voice was like a bell, like velvet. "I am hurt, Coral," he acknowledged. "At times you seem so light." She laid her hands on his knee. "Exactly," she said. "Don't you see—that is the way I want to be—to seem light? The harder a thing is, the lighter I want it to seem. That is how I want you to be. Leighton, if we are only solemn about nonsense it will all be perfect." He shook his head at her.

"Now, dearest, as you say, you are not making sense. How can you be serious about the ridiculous? Everyone will misunderstand you. Oh, no, Coral, the grave things of life must be met gravely, the gay moments lived gayly. You would destroy truth and the beautiful. I must conduct you with me back to the masters, to Mrs. Browning and Stevenson and to Milton. They will show you how to live. Lycidas is a gem, and Tennyson's In Memoriam." Coral was positively hysterical. "I will try, Leighton," she promised him. "You will have to be patient. I haven't read a line of poetry since school." Leighton Nichols was palpably shocked. He recovered sufficiently to glance at the watch on his wrist, a plain affair Coral had given him. "I must go," he said with a show of tender reluctance. "I am having dinner with our Eastern manager. If it is possible I will come back later." Coral said, "Don't. I'm sunk. Leighton, I actually think I'm going to bed early for the first time I can remember. Is that a sign of old age or happiness or what?" He couldn't tell her. Leighton Nichols kissed her on the forehead. "Rest, my darling," he begged her.

She was, when he left, enormously relieved. She had been at the point of screaming, jumping out the window. "Margot," she told her maid, "I am not in at all—to no one. I am going to bed. And you needn't bother about dinner; I am not a particle hungry." What was the matter with her? Coral hoped marriage was nothing like her present feeling. If this was love, somebody had been lying. "It isn't Leighton," she told herself. "He is exactly what I thought he was—a charming, warm, generous, simple person." In addition to all that, he was very important, the most impressive actor in moving pictures, a man famous over the whole world. They were going to be married.

Anyhow, he hadn't lately said anything about the publicity department of his company, where their wedding was concerned. He hadn't mentioned the sinister costuming woman. That was distinctly in their favor. Sleep avoided her; Coral turned and twisted through the night in an aching discomfort. It was horrible and apparently endless. At seven o'clock she rang for coffee. Margot brought a paper with the tray. "Mr. Nichols," she said, indicating it.

Coral drank a cup of coffee, black; she took another. She laughed a little. Then she bit her lip brutally. It bled on her handkerchief. "Kitty Herald," she said—"Kitty Herald!" Her emotion subsided; it became a dim increasing sense of relief. She really ought to feel outraged. She couldn't; Coral tried, but it was a failure. "I do hope," she thought, "that Kitty appreciates art. Leighton will want to conduct her back to the masters. If he did throw me for Kitty Herald, I won't have to read poetry."

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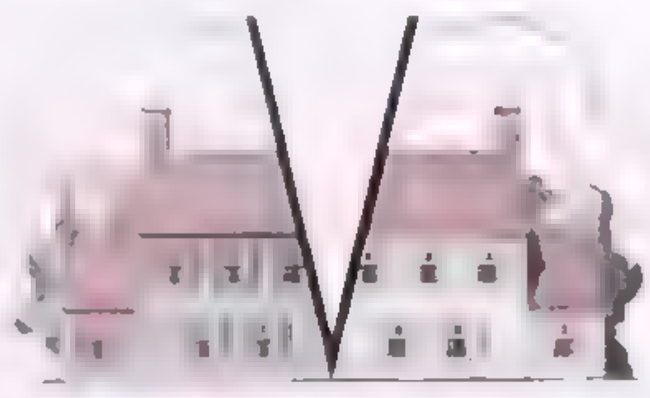

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THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER SPILLWAYS

(Continued from Page 28)

out of the river there in its lowest reaches neither can nor does run back into the river.

This water finds its way on easier lines to the Gulf of Mexico. In other words, the levees of the river are the only hills in this lower country. The highest land is next to the river. This land slopes off from the river to swamps, lakes, creeks and bayous, and thus finds its way to the Gulf of Mexico. So spillways cut into these levees would spill the waters of the river out into the Gulf. Nearly everyone in America is acquainted with the ordinary formation of the earth around brooks, creeks and rivers. In Louisiana alone we go up to the river; and when the river is in flood, we go way up to the top of the levee, and find the swollen Mississippi on top of the levee. In flood time this great river, a mile wide, in some places two hundred feet deep, with its current speeded up by flood pressure, is an awe-inspiring and terrifying sight.

We all know the damage to property done by the flood of 1927. Governmental authorities quote estimates of $236,000,000 direct and of $200,000,000 indirect losses—a total of $436,000,000. Yet only two or three lives were lost in this flood in Louisiana, while recently flood waters, probably not one-hundredth of the volume of the Mississippi River flood, are reported to have killed scores of people in New England. The answer is to be found in the confinement of the New England flood in hills and mountains. I am told that dynamite burns without explosion or damage if it is not confined. The floods in Louisiana spread out over almost flat ground. This lessens their danger to life.

The System Behind the Levees

So, to eliminate flood danger in Louisiana, we propose to tap the flood waters and drain them off, and run them into the Gulf. "If it is all so simple, common sense and easy, why has it not been done before?" you may ask. The reason is partly to be found in the fact that De la Tour's levee worked, that all the other levees have worked after a fashion, and the levees almost always work on one side of the river. For in flood time, if the levee breaks on the other side of the river, the waters rush out, flood heights are lowered, pressure is relieved, and the man on the safe side blesses the levees and believes in them.

If the levees broke in flood time it was because they were not high enough and not strong enough. Again, there were rich levee districts which could build powerful levees. These people felt secure in flood time, because they lived behind strong links in the chain, and they felt almost sure that their powerful levees would turn the river floods loose on thin, weaker and poorer levees across the river a bit downstream.

Then back of the levees there grew up a system. De la Tour was an engineer. He built levees. The next engineer built levees, and the next generation of engineers built them, and so on down. The power of human selfishness, the power of government, the power of money, the power of social interest, and the power of habit and tradition, stood back of the levee system. No one could prove that it would not work, provided the levees were built high enough and strong enough, and of course it would have worked if the levees could have been built high enough and strong enough. Undoubtedly it worked in periods of low water in the river, in normal water and in ordinary high water, and there is unusual or unprecedented high water only once in ten or twelve years.

Again, levees are the first line of defense in any plan of battle against the floods of the Mississippi River, and as a practical matter, they constitute the only line of defense that could be created against river floods in most sections during the centuries which have elapsed during the fight of the white man against the floods of the river. They are the infantry. No one is yet sufficiently progressive or so fantastic as to suggest the creation of a modern and effective army with the infantry eliminated. The most that anyone urges is that the army be rounded out with cavalry, aircraft, artillery, tanks and other approved equipment.

De la Tour could throw up dirt embankments along the river, could plan to surround the little military outpost of New Orleans with mud walls, and his scheme did work. Generations had to elapse before men and money enough could be commanded to dig a great ditch, or spillway, along the city from the river to the lakes, and thereby detour the floods away from New Orleans. And if this had been possible then, think of the howl that would have gone up from the gentlemen who owned the lands through which the first spillway was to be built. No one wants a spillway on his property and no one wants a spillway next to his property. Everyone wants the water kept off his property. If it has to be put somewhere else, well and good, but not where it will affect the interests of "me and my wife, and my son John and my daughter Sally."

No one can remember when the first voice of protest was raised against the confinement theory and the confinement practice of fighting these floods. Everyone along the southern reaches of the Mississippi knows that the whole argument was started before his day.

But the fellow with the outlet, or spillway, theory had only the idea. The men who controlled the government and the money built the levees.

Values back of the levees were established on the basis of confidence in the levees. To question the levees-only theory was to put yourself in the light of a trouble maker, an opponent of the status quo, a visionary.

You were really questioning the conduct of the war—the war of your own people to protect life and property from Mississippi River floods—and what did you have to offer after all? Only a theory. It is true that it was backed up by the accepted fact that water will run downhill. It was true that the floods mounted higher and higher; that they always broke the levees, flooded the country, creating increasing menace and destruction. It was also true that if the levees had been high enough and strong enough, the flood would have been forced on through the river to the Gulf.

The Government Takes a Hand

Basically the reason for opposition to spillways and outlets for the river in Louisiana grew out of the limited appropriation of money made by the Federal Government for river control from Cairo down. Take the case of the man at Greenville, Mississippi, for example. Spillways and outlets in Louisiana would have eaten up a great proportion of the several millions of dollars' appropriation available for Federal purposes for all flood-control work along thousands of miles of levees. If the money went into spillways in Louisiana it would not go into levees at Greenville.

No one then dreamed that spillways and flood ways might relieve Greenville of its flood heights; and to resort to another method of river flood control, in addition to levees, meant an implied reflection on the integrity of levees as a method of flood protection. So, up the river, senators, congressmen, business men and members of levee boards, and the people generally, fought for the status quo, and fought everyone else who fought for a change.

As a result of the 1912 flood agitation by Louisianians in Washington, the House of Representatives took flood control out of the hands of the Rivers and Harbors Committee and constituted a new Committee on Flood Control.

Through the agency of this committee South Louisiana, including New Orleans, finally secured the adoption of a bill by Congress, April 17, 1926, authorizing the appointment by the Secretary of War of a board to survey the lower river sections and report on the construction and maintenance of controlled and regulated spillways in the lower Mississippi. Chief of Engineers Taylor and his successor, General Jadwin, consulted on the naming of this board.

A year from the date of the passage of this act, South Louisiana was fighting the greatest recorded flood in her history. The report of this board, popularly known as the Spillway Board, is now one of the published documents of the Government. The board consisted entirely of army engineers. Col. Wm. P. Wooten was chairman. It reverses the old confinement, or levees-only, theory, recommends in one of its projects a vast spillway or flood way down the Atchafalaya basin of Louisiana, and recommends spillways above and below New Orleans. Thus the spillway and flood-way theory was adopted by an official agency of the Government.

For Modern Flood Fighting

In the spring of 1927, Gen. Edgar Jadwin, Chief of Army Engineers, authorized the publication of a statement that spillways would be recommended for New Orleans and the lower river. With the opening of the 70th Congress, President Coolidge submitted to Congress the report of General Jadwin on the flood problem along the Mississippi from Cairo, Illinois, to the Gulf of Mexico. That report, like that of the Spillway Board, is a revolutionary document in its recommendations for Mississippi River flood control, for it provides flood ways and spillways along the greater part of the length of the lower Mississippi. Simultaneously with the report of the chief of engineers, the Government published the exhaustive studies and recommendations made in the reports of the Mississippi River Commission. That commission comes out for flood ways along the upper river, for a great flood way running through the Atchafalaya basin in Louisiana, and recommends spillways in the main line of the Mississippi levees above and below New Orleans.

In other words, when the engineering and scientific world determined that it was no longer practicable to control the floods of the Mississippi by levees and confinement alone, it moved over as a practical unit to the theory of fighting floods with flood ways, spillways, and in taking into consideration all modern flood-fighting weapons.

The layman naturally asks whether the new methods will work. The answer of some millions of laymen as well as of the civilian engineers and river experts who lived in the lower valley is practically unanimous that any one of the schemes proposed will absolutely do away with menace from any known or recorded flood and with the menace of a theoretical flood something more than 20 per cent greater than any Mississippi River flood that anyone knows anything about. All the schemes which come with recent governmental approval will work. Any of them, carried out, will provide safety to those who live along the lower river.

Will the spillways work? Of course they will. They always have worked. When the flooding river has broken through the levees in South Louisiana the water has always run out, and has lowered flood heights for distances above and below the crevasse. A crevasse is generally referred to as a natural break; only once in the history of Louisiana is there record of a crevasse, or cut, in the levees having been made lawfully, and by man's instrumentality.

When the great flood of 1927 was bearing down on New Orleans the leading men of the city decided that they would not wait

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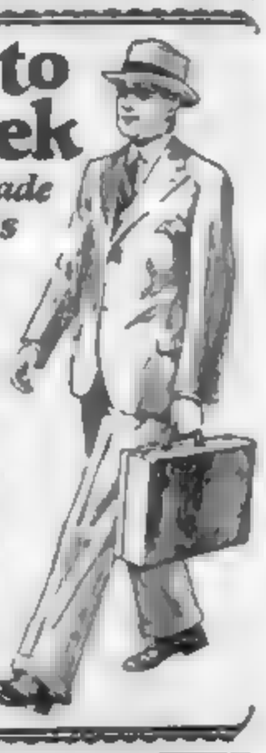

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City
One package to a person

for Nature to take its course. They knew that the levees of New Orleans were stronger than were the levees in the country districts above and below the city. But they did not want to wait for the accident of the inevitable crevasse which would come somewhere, create a natural spillway, and protect everybody else in the neighborhood except those who were overflowed by the crevasse. So, after negotiation with all the authorities, it was determined to create a cut, or spillway, at a point on the east bank of the river known as Caernarvon. This spillway created at Caernarvon worked just as did the Poydras crevasse, a few miles distant. This crevasse was a natural spillway created by the river in a flood of 1922. Both lowered flood heights at New Orleans almost two and a half feet.

Somehow, in the flood of 1927, the fact that New Orleans has evidenced her faith in spillways by her deeds seems to have been overlooked. The city, operating through its levee board, went down the river fifty miles, acquired title to thousands of acres of swamp lands and destroyed the levees on the east bank of the river for a distance of twelve miles. There, below Pointe a la Hache, out of its own funds it created an experimental spillway. This spillway took from a half to three-quarters of a foot off flood heights at New Orleans in the 1927 flood. And in times of flood every inch of flood height is important.

It would seem to any sensible man who knows the flood problem in the Lower Mississippi that it should have been solved long ago. This is the great river of the United States, and nothing appeals more to the imagination of the American people than the doing of a great work in a great way. It takes a big river, operating in a big country, to do four or five hundred million dollars' worth of damage when it goes on the rampage, in just one of its many great floods. It's easy to write about it, to talk about it, and to evolve theories and opinions on the question of controlling it, but it has not been easy to get something really done about it.

The Plan and the Money

There must be complete Federal control and complete Federal responsibility for the Mississippi River. New Orleans people can express this opinion without being subject to carping or unfair criticism, because New Orleans has always built and maintained her own levees. Neither Federal nor state governments have contributed anything material to the millions upon millions of dollars which have gone into the giant fortification of earth which New Orleans has thrown up to protect the city from the river. New Orleans has contributed to the building of levees and spillways in other sections of the state. New Orleans has always protested against the piecemeal system of flood control which has grown up, an evolution based on the policy of doing the best one can with the tools in hand.

The floods in the river can be controlled by some such system as that which enabled the Federal Government to take over the Panama Canal and construct it after vast losses and disastrous failures had occurred as a result of previous attempts to design and build the canal. You can't drive a nail with a tack hammer. Canute couldn't sweep back the tides with his broom, and you can't finally solve a vast engineering and economic problem such as is presented by the floods of this river without a great plan, carried out by men of great ability, with resources ample to do the work when and as it needs to be done. Fighting and conquering the floods of the Mississippi is war

The plan without the money is of no good to the people of the lower river. The people who might have been induced to contribute were practically wiped out of resources by the 1927 flood. Many of their levee districts were taxed to the limit before 1927. Farming has not been too prosperous an occupation anywhere. These poor people in the overflowed region thought that they were making an investment in taxing themselves to the limit in building levees. Will their neighbors on high ground tax themselves by state bond issues to make material contributions to a national flood plan as part of the nation? Nationally they will. For a local flood plan they will not. Suppose Mississippi and Louisiana agreed, and Arkansas refused. A flood-control system is a chain. If the links are not supplied in Arkansas, Louisiana would be flooded from Arkansas, and so it would go.

Passing on the Floods

Perhaps we needed the vast and disastrous flood of 1927 to concentrate the attention of America and the world on this problem. Surely it was an expensive bit of publicity. Some of us who have struggled with this problem, who realize its vast importance and the terrible potentialities of the river for further havoc, appreciate most keenly the many expressions of kindly feeling and sympathy which have come to us. We appreciate the well-meant intent of some of the advice we receive as to the perils which surround us in legislation at Washington. But what we really need is help in passing a sane bill which will provide money and start the dirt to flying.

The condition of the main stem of the Mississippi River from Cairo to the Gulf undoubtedly creates a national emergency. The executive departments of the Government recognize this, and Congress shows a disposition to recognize this. The river itself is unique; its major flood problem is unique among all national flood problems.

Is there not equal argument for emergency legislation on the tributaries of the river? Yes and no. The great floods in the river may come from any single tributary, or from a set of tributaries flooding simultaneously. They may come from Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Ohio, Montana, the Dakotas or Oklahoma. But wherever they start, they must come into the main stem of the river between Cairo and the Gulf.

Unprecedented rainfall in any one of thirty-one states of the Union adds to the flood menace to Louisiana. Rainfall in any place in the valley, except in Louisiana, creates flood heights in the Mississippi in Louisiana. If the rain falls in the lower section of the state it drains away from the river and goes directly to the Gulf.

What makes our flood menace in Louisiana? First the clearing and draining of the lands in the upper Mississippi Valley. Every possible expedient has been adopted up there for passing the bulk of the surplus water of the upper valley on down the river. Lands are tiled, drained and leveed. Machinery for shooting floods down on us is perfected. Louisiana has pursued a policy of trying, in turn, to pass these ever-swelling waters along to the Gulf through the narrow mouths of the Mississippi and the Atchafalaya. It cannot be done.

Now the facts are that we in Louisiana don't intend to agree to the construction of more works of any kind which will dump greater floods down on us in a greater lump unless necessary works are intelligently created to aid in getting rid of these waters. In other words, the place to begin taking care of the floods of the Mississippi River is at the mouth of the stream, where the

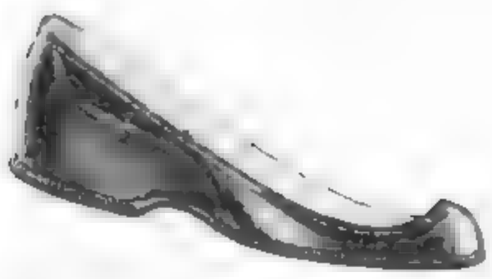
(Continued on Page 108)

This "Fairy" arctic weighs only nine ounces! Tan heather wool jersey top; moiré rubber foxing; Monopul slide fastener.

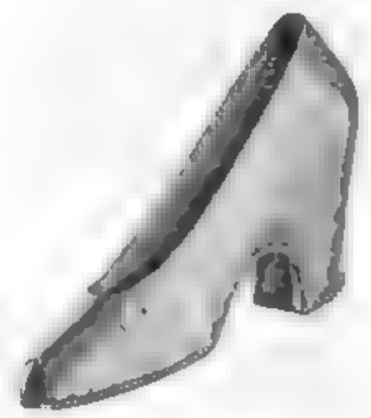
The "Betty" has an adjustable snap fastener on the strap beneath the cuff. Weighs only eleven ounces! In tan, gray, or black.

This modish galosh, with visible or invisible Monopul fastener, is about one-third lighter than last season's styles. Moiré rubber foxing; tan or gray fabric tops.

So light.. so smart.. so colorful..



Special construction makes this men's rubber hug the shoe without gaping; the Conformo sole shapes itself to the lines of the shoe sole, made for medium or wide toes.



The Ariel. Three ounces light; no lining; carry it in your handbag. Moiré finish in black or tan; Conformo sole; elastic top prevents gaping and wrinkling.

These new styles in Ball-Band galoshes preserve every curve of the silhouette and match the costume color scheme!

DAINTY shoes and sheer stockings need rubber footwear to protect them from the storm—rubbers and galoshes that retain the trim lines of shapely feet and harmonize in color and texture with the mode in coats.

Ball-Band's designers have perfected these smart styles, with exclusive fabrics and smart moiré effects in rubbers and galoshes that are now the vogue for outdoor wear in bad weather. Excellent materials tailored to fit the shoes, and skilled workmanship, give long service in footwear that is amazingly light.

Look for the Red Ball

Ball-Band's own Monopul slide fastener —sure to work, easy to operate and light and flexible on the foot—insures snug lines around the ankle and leg. Other styles have trim straps with adjustable snap fasteners which add a chic touch and prevent gaping. Fabrics of richest texture — produced in Ball-Band's own mills—in tan, gray and black, offer an interesting variety, with fine knit linings that are washable with a mild soap and soft brush.

The Red Ball appears on all Ball-Band rubbers and galoshes. Be sure you see it. Ask your dealer for Ball-Band by name. If he cannot furnish you with the style and size you want, we will be glad to send our illustrated booklet and the name of a dealer who can supply you.

BALL-BAND

BOOTS • LIGHT RUBBERS • HEAVY RUBBERS • ARCTICS
GALOSHES • SPORT AND WORK SHOES • WOOL BOOTS AND SOCKS

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG CO
467 Water Street, Mishawaka, Indiana

Real Service that *Saves!*

WITH its wheelbase of only 60 inches and tread of 48 inches, the Harley-Davidson Package Truck threads the heaviest traffic with greater ease and safety than any other light service vehicle.

Compact — yet carries a quarter-ton of merchandise *at an operating cost of less than 3 cents per mile.*

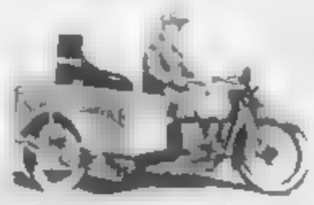
No hunting for parking space — no long carries. Frequent stops are made with minimum loss of time. Distant deliveries and service calls become profitable.

The Package Truck not only saves time and money — it is a traveling advertisement of your business and *ever-ready service.* It holds old trade and creates new.

Practical facts about Package Truck service, selected from the experience of forty-eight lines of business, will be sent you on receipt of coupon below.

Call your local Harley-Davidson dealer for a demonstration.

A tire and battery service outfit—one of seven stock body styles. Ample carrying space for extra tires, batteries, etc. Also has built-in air tank.



A unique special body that thousands see and remember. At the curb or in traffic it is an effective advertisement.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Department S. P. Milwaukee, Wis.

PER 3¢ MILE

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
¼ Ton Capacity *Package Truck*

Harley-Davidson Motor Co.
Dept. S. P. Milwaukee, Wis

Send complete information concerning Harley-Davidson Package Trucks.

Name

Address

Business

MAIL THIS COUPON

(Continued from Page 106)

floods accumulate. Build us plenty of outlets here and we can safely take care of all of the flood waters the valley passes to us.

Louisiana lost $60,000,000 directly in the 1927 flood. About 200,000 of her citizens were flooded out and rendered homeless. Tens of thousands were impoverished, and consequential losses were almost as great as were direct losses.

If the state could have induced the Federal Government to aid in establishing spillways or outlets for this water, not a dollar of damage would have been done in the state of Louisiana by the 1927 flood. No one in America has ever seen a flood volume equal to that of the 1927 flood. Yet, with intelligent and relatively simple engineering works constructed along the Mississippi in Louisiana, a flood much greater than the 1927 flood could be controlled without the loss of a single life and without damage to a dollar's worth of property.

Our real trouble with the Mississippi River problem has been a lack of ability to make our problem known to the American people, to impress the country with the need of action at Washington.

Leaders in America's politics and national thought and affairs preach to Louisiana from a distance, without either knowing or understanding the state, its people and its problems.

As the fight for flood-control legislation opens up in Congress the country is bound to be confused as to whether we along the river have done our share, and as to whether we are now asking something unfair.

Have we contributed locally to protect ourselves from the floods the nation's river brings down on us from 43 per cent of the nation's area?

Within a given period in Louisiana—since the time that the nation began to contribute at all—local interests have put up $110,000,000, while the nation has put up $32,000,000.

As for the river states from Cairo to the Gulf, I quote from an analysis of General Jadwin's report made by ex-Senator Leroy Percy, of Mississippi, for Chairman Frank Reid's House of Representatives Flood Control Committee. Says Senator Percy:

> General Jadwin gives the expenditures by the localities since 1882 at $167,000,000, and the expenditures prior to 1882 at $125,000,000, making $292,000,000. If to this you add the amount which he estimates to have been the direct loss from the 1927 flood—$236,000,000—you have in contributions and flood losses of a single year, $528,000,000, against a contribution for levees by the National Government of $71,000,000. An excess contribution by localities up to this time of $457,000,000.

Senator Percy did not add the $200,000,000 of consequential losses to his staggering total of nation's losses. But this item created additional reason for the investigation and report on Mississippi Valley flood losses by the National Chamber of Commerce.

SOME HAVE STOPPED DRINKING

(Continued from Page 13)

It is sometimes argued on country-club porches, in the magnificent hotel lounges and in drawing-rooms that women are drinking more than they did in former days. I do not think so. The Salvation Army in its Eastern division operates ten rescue homes for women—chiefly unmarried mothers—in New York, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo and Boston, with a total capacity of 500.

Before prohibition, in each of those homes we were always trying to straighten out half a dozen or more drink cases, and if you can imagine anything more tragic than a newly born baby lying in the arms of a drink-soaked mother your imagination outstrips mine. Today, in all of our rescue homes, there are no more than half a dozen inmates whose situations are complicated by an addiction to beer or wine or whisky.

A Flop House for Women

There is one institution in a large city of the country which is operated by us as a home for working women, most of whom spend half their night hours cleaning office buildings. It is depressing, back-breaking, knee-torturing work at best. Formerly we were accustomed to have that home filled with women who merited the term "drunkards," and, mind you, it was beer that made them drunk. Today, in that same home, occupied by women doing the same kind of work, there is only an occasional instance of one getting into a state of drunkenness.

One woman in particular no longer lives in that home. Instead, she is established in a small flat which she keeps as spotless as the offices she scrubs at night, but some of my officers remember when she was entirely without shame or decency, a woman who scrubbed only that she might drink. Twice in the years since prohibition this woman has been drunk. She is not a strong character, and no matter how wistful in her desire to be a decent, respectable woman, she was helpless to keep herself so when there was temptation housed even in the grocery stores where she went to buy food.

I do not believe there is in all America today a hotel enterprise low enough in the scale of its accommodations to be called a flop house for women; yet I can remember when there were some in every large city. There was one in Cherry Street in the New York tenement region not far from the place where a fine young man named Al Smith was growing up.

It was an unroofed yard in the rear of a frightful tenement. Nearly all the grocers in that region maintained drinking rooms in the rear of their stores. Women who entered the grocery to buy food, and then had a few drinks in the back room, often forgot that they had left children home who needed the food which was the initial object of their errand. Many of the customers of the grocery drinking places were homeless women and when they were sleepy with beer they would go into that tenement to which I have referred and pay for the privilege of sleeping in one of the bunks that were built one above the other in tiers of three. If they had only five or ten cents they were permitted to go into the yard and sleep on the ground. In the summer, from one of the tenement flats overlooking that yard, you might look down and see twenty or more American women snoring there in a hideous concert.

Across the Ocean

Most of those women were too old to get into worse places the proprietors of which were all too willing to welcome younger women stupefied by drink. Our workers in that tenement field today believe that most of the patrons of the flop house for women are dead, and they know the type is not being recruited.

I wish all those who question whether any change for the better has been worked in America might go abroad and observe the conditions in the slums there. In one of our homes in London which shelters about 200 women, three-quarters of the number are so absolutely degraded by drink as to appear beyond the hope of redemption. They are in rags and tatters, bleareyed and indecent. Drinking is responsible for their condition and there is no good ascribing the cause to anything else. In Dundee, Edinburgh, Glasgow and other industrial cities the Salvation Army homes are trying to work some sort of regeneration in a type of womanhood so degraded

that one shudders to think of their condition. You could not recruit such a lot of women in this land of prohibition if you tried. They are not here, although we used to have some bad ones.

There is some drinking among the poor in the United States, beyond question, but the amount is, happily, far less than when liquor was to be had at every corner. One of the means I have for measuring the amount of poverty attributed in the old days to drunkenness and the amount which may be so attributed now is examining the records of our investigators who make up the lists of those families to which the Salvation Army distributes Christmas baskets. The investigators report on the cause of the poverty of each family.

Before prohibition the cause of poverty in three families out of four was the drunkenness of one or both parents. Recently I caused a count to be made of the causes of the poverty of 1000 families that received Christmas baskets this year. Instead of three out of four cases being caused by drink, the count showed only one out of ten. Bootleg alcohol makes poverty with quite as much potency as alcohol that is bottled in bond, but there is so much less of it than there used to be, and there is so much less poverty.

In each of the large cities of this country the Salvation Army maintains a type of institution that we call an industrial home. In New York City there are five. These are places in which hard work and simple religious truth are combined as a cure for human waywardness. Unfortunate men spend varying periods in them and work their way back to respectability. They sort and bale waste paper and repair furniture and clothing collected from the homes of citizens. The paper is returned to the mills and the remade furniture and clothing are sold to laboring people at nominal prices. Often the men who have had a period of healing in one of these homes are placed in positions and frequently they are reunited with their families. It was this work which gave the Army its famous slogan: A Man May be Down, But He's Never Out.

On the Road to Independence

One of the most successful of these institutions is operated at present by an officer of wide experience who performed important service for us just behind the lines in France during the war. Recently he was asked to report on the kinds of men who are being rehabilitated in the institution under his command, with especial reference to the cause of their need for such assistance. This is what he said:

"There are about four classifications. First, the young fellows who have just arrived in town are looking for a job and are temporarily up against it. Second, there are old men who are finding it difficult to get jobs because employers are reluctant to hire old men. Third, there are the homeless fellows whose wives have died or whose homes have been broken up by some other cause and who lack the force of character to establish new homes. Finally, there are the boozers.

"We take care of about 100 men and the average stay with us about three weeks. In the old days fifty to seventy-five of our inmates were drunk over Saturday and Sunday. Now if as many as three return to the home drunk we feel we are being badly treated. All these fellows would be broke at the end of each week if there were saloons about, but the majority of them now save the bulk of the small wage we pay them during their stay with us. Consequently it is easier to start them back on the road to independence."

A few months ago I caused to be submitted to the managers of fifty-five of our industrial homes in more than fifty cities a questionnaire designed to discover the results of prohibition, the results of its nonenforcement and certain other things on which it was felt that they might throw light because of their daily contacts with a stream of men who in former years were almost uniformly victims of the saloon business

"Do the inmates of our industrial homes show any improvement in their present social state as compared with the preprohibition days?" I asked.

All the answers were in the affirmative; but there were twenty-three explanatory or modifying remarks which give a picture of the type of men who are making use of those homes nowadays. Clearly there has been a great change.

The automobile enables farm hands, construction workers and other types of migratory workers, when their unskilled, seasonal occupations come to an end with cold weather, to swarm into the cities. Formerly these migrants traveled illicitly on the railroads and sought food and shelter in saloons. Now they arrive in the cities much cleaner, wear better clothing and possess money. With the open saloons unavailable, they are generally seeking more wholesome recreation. They are more concerned about their appearance. These men—the bulk of them—represent a distinct class of American workmen. If the saloons were here they would be little better than tramps. The speak-easies have not enough lure to strip them of their funds and so they survive between jobs in a fairly wholesome state. They represent a problem in social adjustment, but they are no longer a national disgrace.

When P's and Q's Went Unwatched

One of our institutions reported that only 21 out of 220 such men who had been cared for in recent months had been heavy drinkers. They were eager to improve their condition; they were more presentable; their physical condition was better.

We also asked our managers what they had observed with regard to the savings of these men. From a comparatively small home one manager replied that he had been unable to detect any improvement; the other fifty-four reported an improved condition. Some of these pointed out that wages were higher, making it easier for the men to accumulate more money, but all pointed out that when the saloons were operating openly such accumulations simply meant an increased prosperity for the saloon keepers and their partners, and a debauch and then empty pockets for the workers.

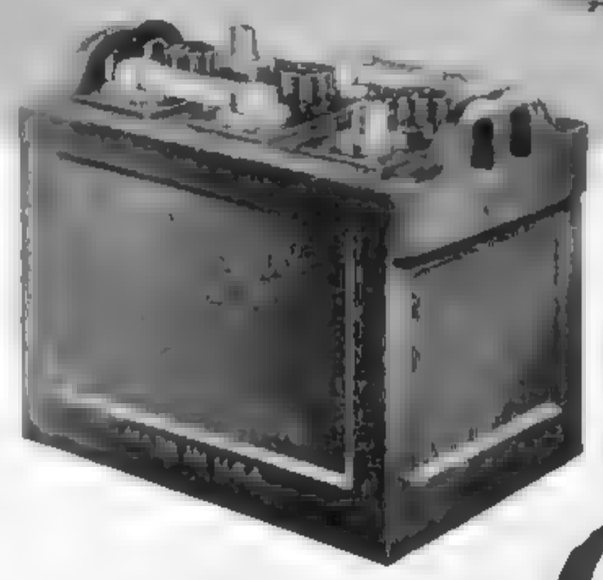
The most inspiring thing uncovered by the questionnaire was the unmistakable fact that younger men who seek the shelter of those homes are cases rarely complicated by addiction to drink. The drunkards are old men whose craving is, short of a great spiritual change within themselves, incurable. Another encouraging fact is the increased amount of permanent good that is done to individuals in the stream of men passing through these Salvation Army institutions. Formerly we were grateful when we could get them sobered up, even temporarily. Now we may get at the cause of their wandering quite often, reconcile them to their families, reawaken their ambition; and we can do this glad in the knowledge that thousands of saloon keepers are not waiting to undo that good work. So much for the homeless men of the United States.

One of my chief officers, who has lived in New York City since he was a boy of ten, was the son of a saloon keeper. Now he is in charge of our relief work in ten Eastern states. He is the field marshal of a host of our people whose work of mercy takes them into the homes of poor people that have been afflicted by poverty, caused sometimes by the death of a wage earner, sometimes by illness, sometimes by a train of disasters that have wrecked the supports of a home, and sometimes—I am distressed to report—by drink. Of course there is still a great deal of misery caused by alcohol. What I am trying to show is that the volume of it is amazingly, gloriously lessened.

This officer, when he speaks of the results of prohibition, recalls his boyhood as the son of a saloon keeper.

"Then," he says, "there was scarcely a family in our neighborhood on the lower

Officials' pagoda with Prest-O-Lite broadcasting booth in the foreground



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AND RADIO POWER UNITS

From the beginning, Prest-O-Lite and the Speedway have been inseparably associated.

Prest-O-Lite storage batteries are built and constantly tested in stock cars at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway—one of the world's greatest automotive proving grounds.

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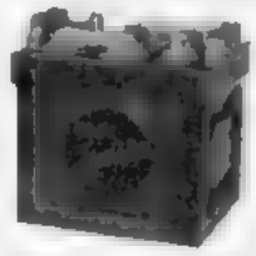
Such tests enable us to confidently guarantee the high uniform quality of Prest-O-Lite Speedway-Built products.

It is easy to understand why the honored name of Prest-O-Lite is never permitted to appear on a battery of skimped capacity or lowered quality.



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SALES CORPORATION

Indianapolis, Ind. Toronto, Can. Oakland, Calif.

"SO that good-looking Jones man got promoted, did he?"

"Yes; boys at the bank say he is the type."

"Well, I'll say he has the clothes. Perhaps if you were more careful about your clothes, and wore nice-looking, comfortable starched collars, you might some day be enrolled in the Battalion of bank vice-presidents."

ARROW COLLARS

THE COLLAR *of the* WELL-DRESSED MAN

West Side of Manhattan that was not being harmed by drink. It was a water-front community and the average longshoreman literally did not draw a sober breath. He was always under the influence. Heavily muscled men, they used to hang about in sight of the river dock all day long, waiting for a ship on which their gang might be called to work cargo, and the most convenient place to wait was a saloon. The saloons would get them. The men had charge accounts at the saloons and settled those, as a rule, before they carried what was left of their wages home. Consequently the children and the women wanted, pitiably, food and clothing. Wages were not so high, but that was but a stronger reason for spending that money for the necessaries of life. The children were ragged and emaciated representatives of a condition that has, happily, greatly changed.

"Eighty per cent of that suffering among the families of the common laborers of our cities was wiped out by prohibition. In less than a year you could have detected the difference.

"I remember," this officer said recently, "one family in which both parents drank. The father was a cooper, the mother a scrub woman. There were two little girls when they first came under my observation, one nine and the other three. The earnings of either parent would have been sufficient to care for them decently if it had not been for the saloons. As it was, they existed in one room, and when the father abandoned them their situation was not made much worse than it had been. The side doors of neighborhood saloons continued to receive the bulk of the mother's earnings. She drank beer."

After the Deluge

"Prohibition straightened that woman out. The old man was not helped. He continued to be, and is today, a Bowery habitué; but the mother no longer had a choice of two doors. The one to which she returned with her wages was the door of her home. She sobered up. The elder daughter, who you might have thought was headed for a sad end, became a stenographer. Today she is earning $125 a month; the younger girl is being educated adequately and the mother no longer has to scrub. What agency other than prohibition should have the credit for this?"

There has been such a revolutionary change in the lower strata of American society during the past eight years that the Salvation Army has been required to make almost equally revolutionary changes in its machinery for relieving distress. We scrapped our ten and fifteen cent lodgings some time ago because there were no longer men to sleep in them. The members of that species, who are uncharitably classified as bums, are disappearing. It is a class that is not being recruited. We believe that our industrial homes are providing work for another kind of an American than the type which was formerly sheltered in them. We have room and jobs for more worthy men, because those homes are no longer besieged by a clamorous swarm of drunken wrecks.

Sailing a True Course

Because we do not have to devote so much costly effort to the task of straightening out the wayward parents, we have much more time to devote to the helpless children. We have been able to expand our prison work. With all emphasis, I declare there is less misery in the homes of the poor in America today because of the disappearance of saloons. I have cited the case of one here, another there, as illustrations. The difficulty I faced was in making selections, for I know that tens of thousands of drunkards have been reclaimed, tens of thousands of homes reestablished because—through prohibition—some Americans have stopped drinking.

The purposes of the Salvation Army are named in its charter as the spiritual, moral and physical reformation of all who need it; the reclamation of the vicious, criminal, dissolute and degraded; visitation among the poor and lowly and sick, and the preaching of the Gospel. People of all faiths are willing to admit that we keep to those purposes. They who dwell in the slums, who loiter in bootleg dens and those who suffer in prison will testify that we of the Salvation Army have not drifted from the course set by my father. Surely we ought to know whether the poor have been hindered or helped by prohibition.

Sincerely, then, I say they are being helped.

THE AMERICAN BOOK OF WONDER

(Continued from Page 23)

to re-create itself again in the same character. The Roman barbarians, having youth and illusions, did not know this. But was old age the reason for the fall of Greece?

As the earth ages and the race continues, how can there be youth in one people and age in another? The American nation is politically young; the American people are of the same age as the human race, which means they are some 2500 years older than the brilliant Greeks. Differences among people are not differences of age; they are differences of capacity, experience, ideas and spirit. The Greeks had no idea of progress. Yet 2000 years later they stood as a symbol of progress to a height which perhaps man would be unable ever to scale again. The European mind of the Middle Ages regarded the vanished Greek civilization with as much despair as the Greeks had found in comparing themselves with a mythical Utopia in some golden age of wisdom and felicity before them.

It is a strange passion of man to deny both the fact and the possibility of progress even though he stands looking at it. Thus he binds himself to the dogma of original sin—which with the Greeks took the form of a reasoned belief that the life of the world had degenerated—and is for that reason unable to imagine that well-being in this world may be without prejudice to redemption in the next. Until he can make an adjustment between the demands of reality and the terrors of his soul, he will regard the world not as a place to live, not as a perfectible habitation, but as a region through which he must pass in disgrace. Human life is not an experience to be enjoyed, it is trial and expiation, and the only right use of knowledge is to prepare it for the exit.

The modern idea of progress, much as we take it for granted, is quite new. It was only about 300 years ago that it began to take shape at all, and, so far as we know, it had never existed before in the human mind. It appeared in Europe in the seventeenth century, very vague at first, and for a long time it was regarded not as a fact to be proved but as a faith to be embraced. Even yet it is often so regarded. Someone is continually asking if the sum of happiness has been increased, and what we know about life more than the ancients knew.

Nevertheless, the idea of progress has clarified. It implies first of all a sense of direction. Toward what? Toward perfecting the conditions of human existence. It supposes life to possess some value of its own, here and now, and the world to be a habitable place. And it stipulates that knowledge shall be made to serve the art of living. Essentially, it is optimistic and so prefers that interpretation of history which conceives man to be slowly advancing.

If there is progress, naturally it will not be equal in all directions at once. It is more

(Continued on Page 113)

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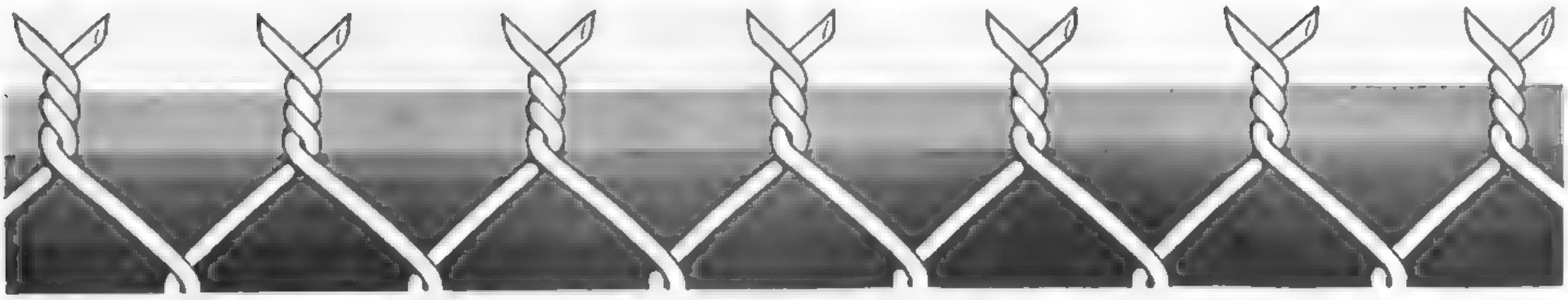

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likely that one people at a time will lead. Hence contrasts. And it may be that the phenomenon of lethargy seeming to fall upon people here and there in place and time is first a necessity of the historian and otherwise a matter of contrast. There is now a strong contrast between the state of common well-being in Europe and the prosperity of America. But the standards of living in Europe are actually higher than was ever the case before. It is not that Europe has fallen back. It is that the Americans have advanced.

People may advance with no theory of progress. Repeatedly they have. The Greeks did. But then they may suddenly stop advancing for no apparent reason, unless it be for want of that theory. An increase of wealth is in every case a condition. Thucydides, tracing the social history of the Greeks, was bound to conclude that the key to it was the increase of national wealth. But when you have introduced into the world the thought of human progression as a historical principle it becomes necessary to distinguish between wealth as fortune and wealth as idea. Wealth from conquest, discovery or invention may be only a rise in fortune, and if it is so considered, as without an idea of progress it is bound to be, then it will presently be exhausted. Certainly if there is no such idea to govern its use it will not be distributed with any systematic anxiety for the common well-being, which is to say, it will not create sustained prosperity. In the worst case wealth in that character will be either destroyed by the mob or surrendered to the enemy by a populace that has no sense of participation in its benefits and therefore no incentive to defend it. Thus, limitations upon the increase of wealth and periods to its existence.

But need there be either limitation or period to wealth as idea? This is to speak of wealth both old and new in form, but certainly new in meaning. It is to speak of material things increasingly produced and proportionally divided under a conviction of social progress. Wealth in such character is the pursuit of people who believe that life has some further business in this world and cannot imagine that to neglect it is a way to acquire merit in any world that may come after this one.

The Idea of Progress

As the strength of this doctrine is among us, so is the degree of American prosperity. That is not to say the idea of human progress in principle is not strong elsewhere. It is a common possession of Western civilization. But in Europe it is qualified by a tradition of culture basically undemocratic and by the ceaseless struggle between, on one hand, a kind of economic feudalism and on the other hand every form of political disaffection from socialism to communism. The idea of progress must be inclusive. Its fundamental implication is equality. Not equality of condition but equality of opportunity. Therefore wholly to possess the imagination it requires a casteless social structure. That was here. Two other conditions were satisfied—namely, optimism as the dominant mentality and a strong preference for the practical use of knowledge.

These conditions and qualities are durable. So also are the ways of thinking and feeling that have produced an American science of management, an American profession of business, an American theory of proportional division, and so liberated the forces of production in our economic scheme. There is here a new ethos—a characteristic spirit of the system—and the way of it is proved on solid ground. The pages of this history will not turn back. Nobody can imagine it.

Nevertheless, there is a kind of vague anxiety among us. People have advanced before, sometimes very fast, as if each step forward accelerated their speed; then suddenly they have stopped and lost their momentum for no exact cause, unless, again, it was that they had no idea of social progress as a principle and were simply on a rise of fortune.

Assume that with us the idea is complete, even that we are the first to possess it completely, and still, is there not some hazard in the pace? It has been terrific. Can we keep it? If so, for how long? Is progressive prosperity at this rate a reality?

In these searchings of the horizon you may recognize two fears, and then, having discovered what they are, you will be struck by the fact that one logically annuls the other. They cannot both be true.

One is the fear that we may be touching the extreme limits of machine craft, method and science as means whereby until now we have increased the productive power of labor and thus multiplied the annual output of wealth in a consistent and prodigious manner.

The other is a foreboding that the power of the machine will turn out to be uncontrollable. It will overwhelm us at last. Specifically, the multiplication of things under a system of mass production will reach a point at which we shall be unable either to consume or sell our surplus output. Then the catastrophe. Depression, unemployment, social distress and disrhythm as phenomena of overproduction, on a scale perhaps never before witnessed.

A Modern Riddle

The first is a more or less rational anxiety. The other is founded on a riddle. But if one fear is valid, the other is false. If there is any reason to suppose that we have nearly exhausted the scientific possibilities of mass production, it would be silly to fear overproduction; conversely, if there is danger of overproduction, then it is absurd to worry us to whether or not the wizardry of machine craft, method and science is at its apex.

Nevertheless, these two fears lie side by side and give rise to the question: Can we go on?

Since there is no denying the riddle, it may be well to take that fear first.

Periodically, since the beginning of the modern industrial age, the calamity of overproduction has occurred. It soon gave rise to a vast and superstitious literature of crises, purporting to explain their causes. Then followed a theory of them and at length a doctrine of cycles in business, which not only still survives but governs more than half the economic thought of the world.

Overproduction is a compound that makes no sense whatever to people who have yet nowhere near all they need or want; on the other side, its meaning is quite clear to the industrialist who has on his hands more goods than he can sell and may be ruined by them. Such discrepancy of view naturally did not escape the scrutiny of the economists. Long ago they began to say there was no such thing as overproduction; the trouble was underconsumption. That might be so; yet there were the crises all the same. And in each case the fact was that industry had ruined its profit by producing more goods than people could buy. If that was not overproduction, what was it?

The economists said the confusion was from thinking of general overproduction. Certainly there could be no such absurdity. It was only that certain things had been excessively produced in relation to the total of things. Nevertheless, these certain things were desirable things, and the wanting of them in general had never been satisfied. Next it was perceived that when the industrialist said he had produced more goods than he could sell he meant only to say more than could be sold at a profit. At this point the whole economic subject comes open. What is profit? What is value? What is price?

Having wrestled with the slippery monster of overproduction until their minds were sore, it was not uncommon for the economists to propose that he be chained. One hundred years ago, before railroads, telegraph, electric power or gas engines, one

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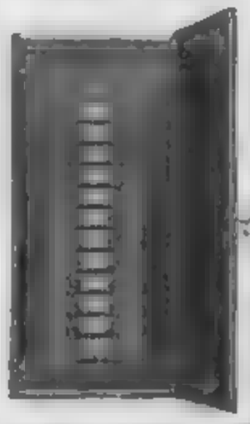

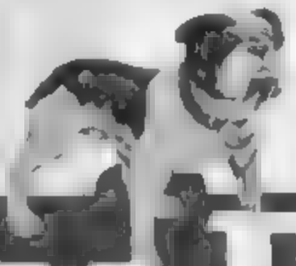

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Sismondi, a famous economist, believed the state should intervene to retard production and check invention because wealth increasing so fast had become unmanageable, and in any case it was not worth the crises. A few years later John Stuart Mill, expounder of classical economic doctrine in England, doubted whether mechanical inventions had any social value whatever and despaired of a rational way with such problems as that of apparently an overproduction of divisible wealth in a world yet so full of poverty, until society had reverted to a stationary state, with no fetish of progress.

Such was the form of the riddle and such was the confusion of thought among economists, some blankly despairing and some upholding the doctrine of cycles, down to the year 1914. At that time there were only five great industrial nations—called surplus nations because they had a surplus of machine-made goods to sell—three in Europe, one in America, one in Asia. And these five, with the whole world to be their market, were continually passing from one crisis to another in consequence of having overproduced things of use and value. Business generally was conducted on the assumption that crises were inevitable and periodic. There was no help for it.

But if the danger of overproduction was then the daytime dread of five nations, you now might reasonably regard it as world-wide menace. During the war the industrial capacity of those five nations was enormously increased. That is not all. Since the war, machine craft has spread to the four ends of the earth. This is for two reasons. The war left, among other lessons, the one that when force is abroad in the world a nation without machine power of its own is helpless and contemptible. That is the political reason. The machine becomes a symbol of strength and liberation to millions of people who had never thought of it before. The other reason derives from example. Which were the richest nations? Those, of course, that were most highly industrialized, exporting manufactured goods in exchange for food and raw materials. Therefore industrialism was the open road to national wealth.

Following Good Example

So now, moved by thoughts of power, independence and profit, people that formerly were the principal customers of the five great surplus nations are founding industries of their own—and not only to supply themselves with goods which hitherto they had bought but with intent also to compete in foreign trade for gain. Italy is bent upon an industrial career and is seriously competing in motors and textiles with England, Germany, France and Belgium. Next, Poland has the same ambition. China is doing it, notably in textiles, and that is why she is resolved to get control of her tariff gates. Japan now goes to Egypt looking for a place to sell cotton goods because the Chinese market is increasingly self-supplied.

But Egypt is England's market, and the English textile trade is groaning. India is vowed to become industrially independent. Instead of selling raw cotton to Manchester and buying it back in the form of cloth, she spins and weaves her own raw material and is beginning to export cotton goods. Australia, instead of selling raw hides, prefers to make shoes for export, and is doing it. Brazil, where there was almost no industry before the war, now is self-contained in a long list of manufactured goods. Ireland, the Union of South Africa, Greece, Spain—they are all fostering infant industry.

One at a time, they come to the wonder of quantity and find the law of it, which is an inverse relation of cost to volume. The more of a standard thing you can produce, the cheaper it is to make and the lower the price at which you can afford to sell it. Thus competition tends to become fixed in staple machine products rather than in things unique and naturally less competitive. Already there are more ships on the seas than can be made to pay; yet nations that can afford it are building new fleets in which to send forth their goods, for that also is in the example.

Now as you look about the world you see in every direction what is called excess industrial capacity. Machine power has multiplied faster than buying power. The five great industrial nations that were the principal suppliers before the war—England, France, Germany, the United States and Japan—have the capacity to flood the markets of the world with goods; and there are, besides, all these other nations becoming industrialized for purposes of both self-containment and competition. If there was any profit in it, the world's output of industrial wealth could be increased perhaps one-half in thirty days and doubled in six months; but if the power of production were so released prices everywhere would collapse. Again the calamity of overproduction. Generally the effort is to restrain production, especially in Europe, by such means as cartels, international trusts and agreements to partition markets.

Our Foreign-Trade Fallacy

Well, there is the riddle again. The need of the world is to increase its wealth; at the same time this apparent economic necessity to limit the production of it.

In this country, though actual production runs very high, still there is an excess capacity against which one sets the symbol X because nobody knows how great it is. Some estimate it conservatively at 25 per cent; others say it may be 50 per cent. In the motor industry it is definitely accounted for. There is capacity enough to produce 9,000,000 motor cars a year; there is a market for not more than half that number. The excess capacity in that case is 100 per cent.

The existence of all this excess capacity is a restraint upon prices and therefore a kind of horizontal limitation upon profits. If the demand increases, the output rises. The tendency is for prices to fall and profits to shrink. A new phrase has appeared in the world of business—profitless industry. The volume is large and rising; the profit tends to decline, and there is constant dread of such overproduction as will swallow up profit entirely.

Europe's contemplation of the prospect takes a gloomy turn. In Italy, for example, you will be told that notwithstanding their handicaps, such as the want of native fuel and ore and fibers, the Italians will succeed in the competition because the people will endure a low standard of living. This is a characteristic way of Old World thinking. That nation whose people will perform the most work for the least wage will triumph in the industrial struggle. Thus, parallel, a tremendous increase in the means to wealth and a competition in poverty. Is it an illusion?

We understand, of course, that the Europeans are obsessed by a fallacy. Low wages and low standards of living do not spell low labor costs. We have proved that high wages and high standards of living not only are compatible with but do actually favor low labor costs. It is all a matter of increasing the productivity of labor. Therefore we say the European thought is wrong, and so it is. But we have an enormous fallacy of our own, deriving from the same riddle. Regard it.

We are lending to foreign countries, principally Europe, more than $1,000,000,000 a year, and from this lending comes the delusion of a thriving foreign trade. In reality a great deal of it is not trade at all. Trade is exchange. When, systematically, you lend your customers out of your till the money with which they buy your goods, that is not trade. You are neither selling nor exchanging. You are simply lending. If one attacks this delusion, how is one answered?

In this manner one is answered: "Unless we lend them the money they cannot buy our goods. If they cannot buy our goods, what shall we do with our surplus? It is

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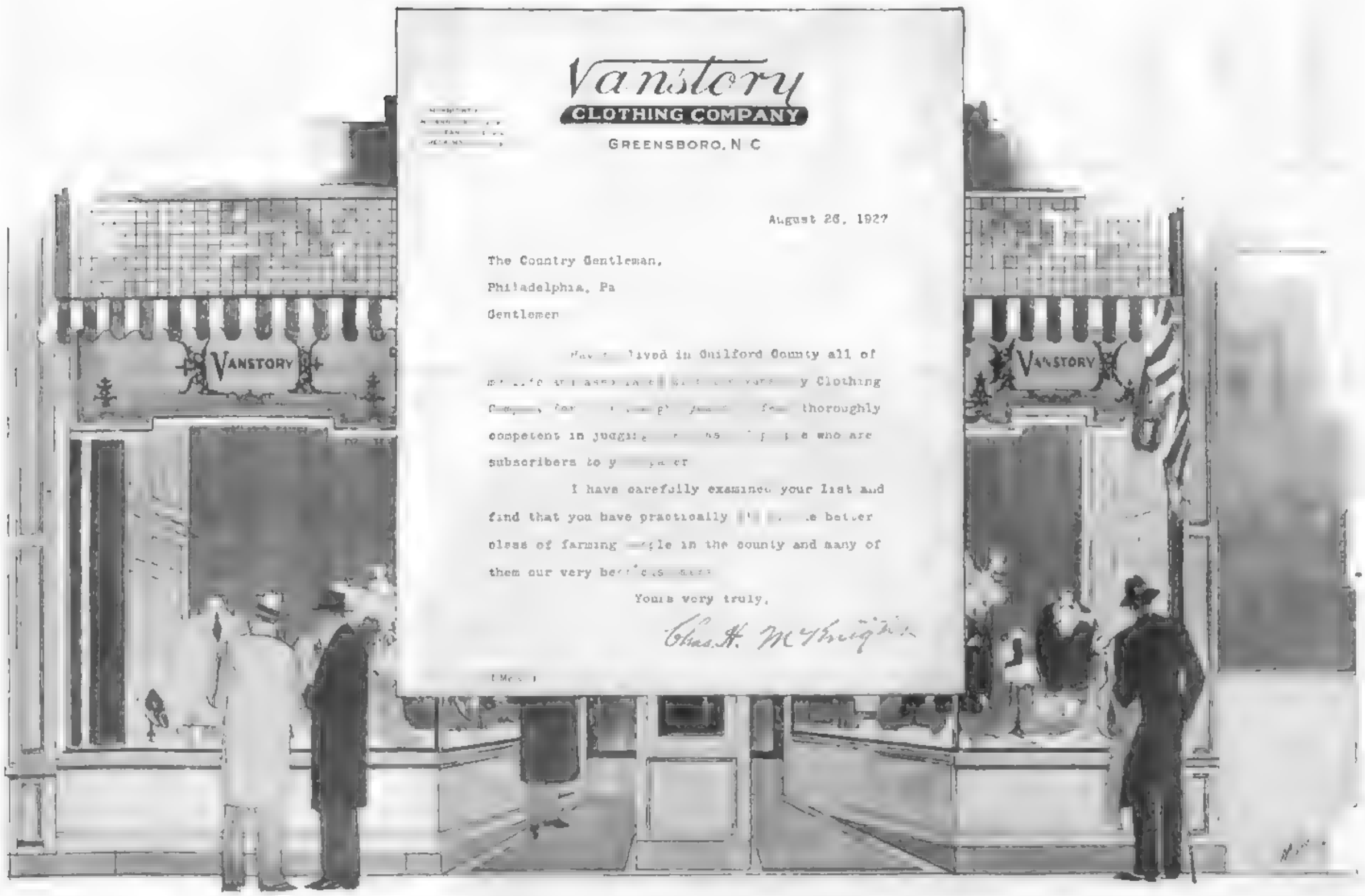

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(Continued from Page 114)

true, we may never be repaid. We may be obliged to treat our foreign lending as a permanent investment abroad, actually unrepayable. Nevertheless, in this way we do find an outlet for the surplus product of our machines. At any cost our machines must be kept going at ideal capacity, for if we begin to idle them, up will go the costs of production and goods will become dearer. Not only that; buying power at the same time will fall, because people who tend the machines will be disemployed. Better even to give our surplus away than to slow down our industrial mechanism."

What a preposterous dilemma—that a people whose own wants are still far from a state of full satisfaction should nevertheless be obliged to lend or give away a large proportion of their annual product of wealth just to be rid of it, for unless they are rid of it quickly it will assume the diabolical form of overproduction and react upon them in a disastrous manner.

This passes among us for sane economic doctrine. As a logical projection of it, one may imagine a time to come when we shall have to sink our industrial surplus in the sea or invent a Moloch to consume it, as if machine power were governed by a natural law beyond our control and our attitude toward its outfall must be that of the cotton grower toward his surplus bales which he thinks of burning up each time the Lord has given too much increase.

We know better. Guided only by our faith in the idea of human progress, we have stumbled beyond doctrine and logic into a region of common sense. We have found the road to unlimited prosperity, but with no light of theory, so that although we are moving in the right direction, still we are in semidarkness. More than any other people, we do consume our own surplus. That is why we are prosperous, why our standard of living rises. We do not consume all of it. We have carried the riddle along with us, not realizing that in the body of our experience there is already enough truth to reduce its terms to reason.

First take overproduction in the reverse aspect of underconsumption. Why is it ever the case that people are unable to buy the wealth they have produced by their collective exertions? They have created it, yet they cannot enjoy it. There it lies, unsalable, a liability on the hands of business and a provocation to those whose labor is locked up in it. Seeing that what people lack is the money to buy it, the solution seems very simple to a naïve type of mind. Increase the volume of money. But that is no cure at all. You might print money and hand it around and all that would happen would be a rise in prices.

A Disease Diagnosed

There is no hope of cure until you have properly diagnosed the disease. Underconsumption is an effect from one or both of two causes—namely, first, that the distribution of national income as wages, profits and interest is not such as to represent a proportional division of the annual product of wealth through the whole body of society; or, second, that too much of the annual product of divisible wealth is reserved for capital purposes.

Wealth devoted to capital purposes takes the form of more industrial capacity—that is, more plant, more machines, more power—and if you go too far with this, adding up capacity when there is already an excess of it, you withhold from society the means wherewith it might otherwise have satisfied a great number of immediate wants.

Such statements have unfortunately a very abstract sound. It is a weakness of the economic language. Imagine the simplest case. A farmer who already has all the barn space he can use decides nevertheless to build a second barn, thinking he may sometime need it or that building is a good way to save money. The cost of the barn will be one-third of his year's income, and because he devotes that part of his income to this unnecessary capital purpose, his family is obliged to do without such things as a motor car, a radio set, silk stockings and electric lights. There you have a true case of underconsumption. The barn is an addition to plant and equipment; but the income had better been spent to increase the family's enjoyment of life. You have on one hand an increase of capacity to excess—barn capacity—and on the other hand a minus demand for automobiles, radio sets, silks and electrical appliances.

We have by no means solved the problem of underconsumption as an aspect of overproduction, but we have discovered the two causes and now attack them. Here for the first time in the world appears a theory of proportional wages, which means such a distribution of the nation's total annual income as will enable labor to participate proportionately in the increase of divisible wealth. It displaces all former wage theories. The last and most advanced theory before it was that wages should be calculated on the cost of living. That was to maintain a certain high standard of living.

Consumer and Producer Goods

The proportional theory goes much beyond that. It contemplates no certain standard of living. What it intends is that the wage earner's way of living shall rise as the national output of wealth is increased. Under no other theory is it possible for people to enjoy their own surplus. If wages are so calculated as to insure a fixed standard of living and then wealth goes on increasing, what shall be done with the increase? It cannot be sold to those whose labor has contributed to the production of it, because, with wages based on the cost-of-living theory to provide a certain standard of living, the buying power of labor will be stationary.

From the idea of a proportional wage distribution it is only a step to the idea of proportional profits. One in fact entails the other. There cannot be a proportional distribution of the annual income in the form of wages and a disproportional allotment of it in the form of profits.

There is left the other cause of underconsumption—namely, that too large a proportion of the annual product of wealth is devoted to capital purposes, like the unnecessary barn. This also we are attacking with original thought. That trend of thinking among us which puts emphasis on use and consumption, or the utmost satisfaction of human wants as an end, over wealth regarded as possession, is illustrated in a new idiom of speech. Where formerly we spoke always of capital when we meant such things as factories, machines, power plants and raw materials, now more and more we say, inclusively, producer goods. And we understand that producer goods also are to be consumed and have no other use. Machines, structures, railroads, mills, ships, all forms of capital, are consumed in the process of creating the kind of wealth we call consumer goods. The only difference between divisible and nondivisible wealth is just this difference in the use of things. They are all to be consumed—consumer goods immediately, producer goods ultimately.

As consumers, all of us, we know a great deal about the state of consumer goods, whether they are scarce or plenty, dear or cheap. Every bargain we make tells us something about it. We know very much less about the state of producer goods—that is, whether they are increasing or decreasing and at what rate in either case. And until very recently producers themselves, meaning the managers of industry, knew very little about the state of producer goods in general. Each separate industry might know a good deal about its own and little or nothing of conditions for industry as a whole.

Recall again the unnecessary barn. That represented a use of income for what we had formerly called a capital purpose. But you see also that the barn properly comes within the definition of producer goods.

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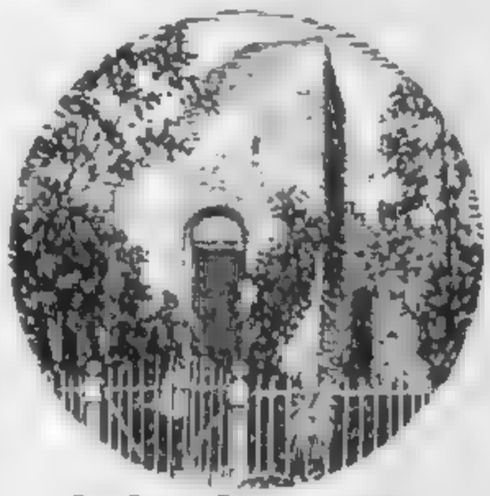
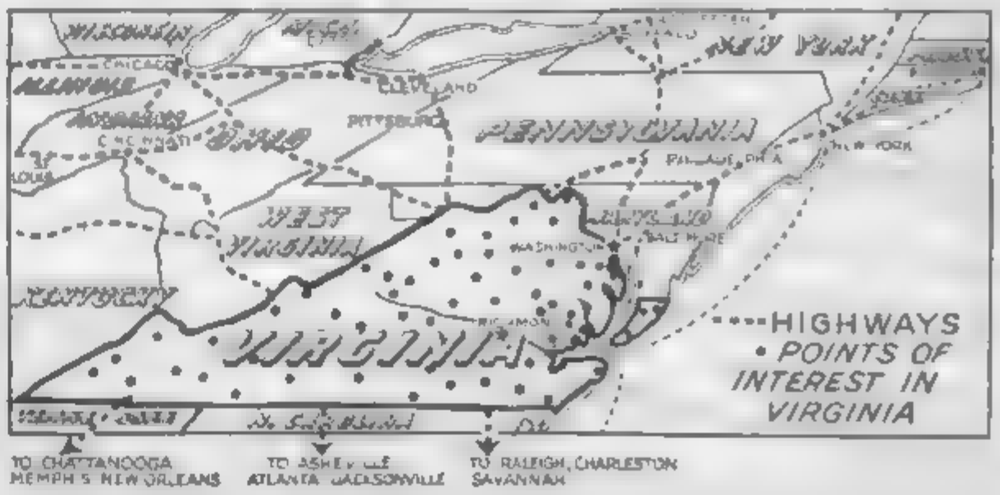


Old Church Tower - Jamestown



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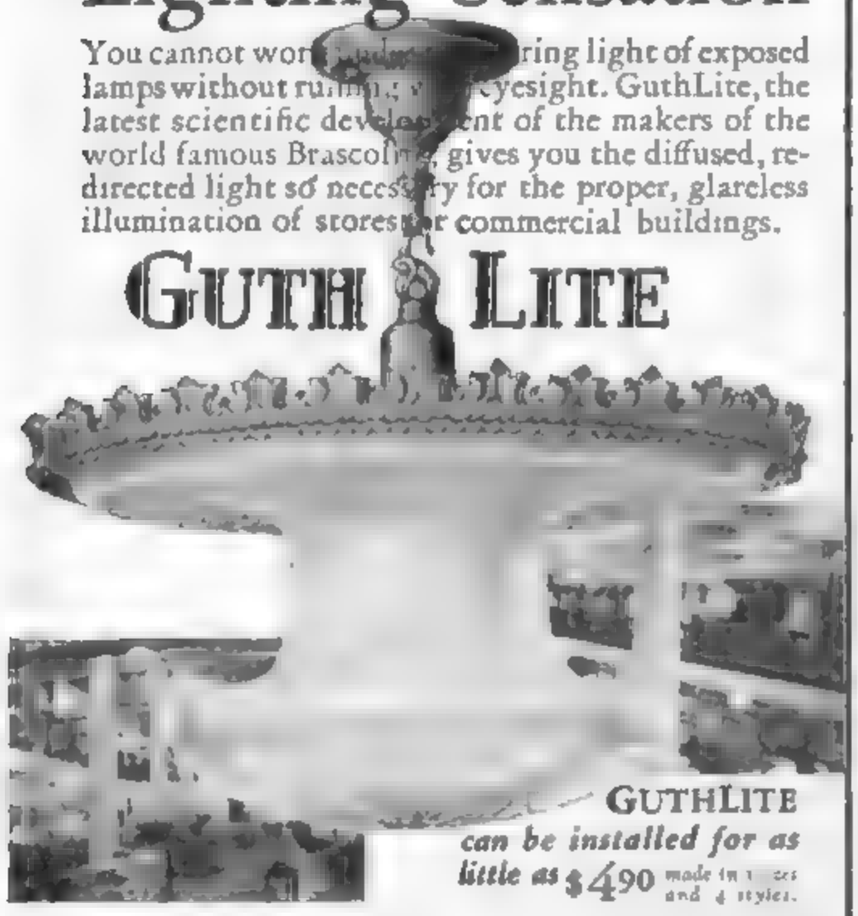
You cannot work under the glaring light of exposed lamps without ruining your eyesight. GuthLite, the latest scientific development of the makers of the world famous Brascolite, gives you the diffused, redirected light so necessary for the proper, glareless illumination of stores or commercial buildings.



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5. (Mazda Lamp) Positioned high so hemisphere is uniformly lighted and is low in brightness. This construction also provides a cool lamp base.

GuthLite delivers 16% more useful light than any other enclosed unit. It gives such wide light distribution that fewer units are needed to light a given area, which, with its low initial cost, makes GuthLite one of the lowest priced units on the market today. Thousands are in use from coast to coast. Ask your dealer, lighting contractor or your local lighting company to show you GuthLite, or write,

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IF you want to make extra money outside your working hours, let us tell you about our big-paying plan that has for many years profited many thousands of men and women. It ought to interest you.

The plan is just this: Become our local subscription representative. All you need to do is forward to us the new and renewal subscriptions of your friends and neighbors for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and *The Country Gentleman*. We pay you cash for their orders.

These magazines are known the country over; so you can well imagine that the job is not very difficult. Even so, we send you full instructions and supplies—absolutely without cost.

You can work in your spare hours and wherever you please. We pay you liberally for results—in commissions, bonuses and other cash rewards! Investigate today. Here's the coupon.

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Nobody eats a barn. A barn is something a farmer needs in order to produce what people do eat. The effect of building the barn was to deprive the family of its proper enjoyments. That is precisely the effect upon society in general from increasing producer goods too fast or unnecessarily, and therein appears the importance of a balance between the proportion of a nation's annual income that must be reserved for producer goods and the proportion that may be set free for purposes of immediate division and enjoyment.

It was only five or six years ago that Secretary Hoover began to talk of underconsumption as a social liability. We were saving too much and spending too little. What was the good of developing our power to create wealth faster than we increased the enjoyment of it? Too little of the annual income was distributed and too much was taking the form of indivisible producer goods, with two consequences. Excess industrial capacity was created and consumption was restrained.

Since then Foster and Catchings, of the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, have made several important contributions to a new literature, uniquely American, on the subject: Why, with the wants of society still unsatisfied, does industry from time to time slow down for want of consumer buying power? Their conclusion is that overproduction—still regarded in the reverse aspect of underconsumption—is owing mainly to the fact that the means of production do not expand in any orderly, preconceived manner, but by sudden impulse, like the farmer's impulse to build the unnecessary barn, with spasmodic effect upon the buying power of society.

The idea is taking ground. Presently it will strike the imagination, and when it does we shall see that to progress in wealth by a series of violent wavelike movements is wasteful and unintelligent. A new responsibility will be added to business—namely, to see that a balance is kept between the power of production and the means of enjoyment. Thus the problem of underconsumption will be solved.

A New Organ of Sense

How the balance shall be kept is a matter that may be left to our genius for trial and error. The principal difficulties belong to vision and administration. It will be necessary, certainly, for each major division of business to have all vital information about itself and then for business to see itself whole in relation to entire society. Exactly suited to this purpose, as if there had been some instinctive foreknowledge of its use, we have been developing a system of new sense organs. These may be called our statistical eyes. They are set in different bodies, such as trade associations, chambers of commerce, the Bureau of the Census, the Department of Commerce and various private organizations that furnish weekly and monthly index numbers, graphs and tables to show the state of production in separate industries, and for industry at large, barometrics of trade, the strength of demand, the trend of prices, the level of wages, the buying power of money, the rate of national saving and what disposition is being made of the annual income in certain significant directions, as in building.

Nowhere else in the world does business receive and give information as it does here. It has not been possible in other countries to develop the statistical sense organs to a high point for the reason that business will not surrender the data about itself. Only recently a census of production in Great Britain, which in any case would have been three or four years old when it was finished, practically failed for want of data. Business refused to supply the figures.

American business was like that twenty-five years ago. Its affairs were conducted in separate yards, each one jealously guarding its own secrets. And its secrets were not so important, after all. There were no statistical records, no diagrams, no charts—no way whatever whereby business could visualize itself. A business possessing a record of its own customers was very rare. There was no exchange of ideas or information. How far away that time seems!

With all this to the sign of progress, yet the riddle is not resolved. Underconsumption is, after all, only one aspect of the problem of overproduction. Suppose that between the power of production and the means of enjoyment an equilibrium has at last been established. The rhythm is perfect. There is no such thing as a surplus of divisible wealth which those who have produced it are unable to buy. This would be ideal but for the danger that if nothing happens society will tend to become static; and if there is not that danger, then there is the certainty still of overproduction.

The Meaning of Overproduction

Something does happen. A textile manufacturer discovers a way to double his output with no increase of labor. That means he has found a way to reduce his costs and improve his profit. Naturally he will increase his output. A shoe manufacturer makes a similar discovery and so acts accordingly. There are like occurrences in various industries. With what result? More or less suddenly there is an abnormal supply of goods, beyond the normal growth of demand. Prices fall. Manufacturers who have not changed their methods have to shut up. Labor is let out; its buying power is impaired. Again that old chain of distressing social and economic consequences from an increase in the output of actual wealth. It was at this point that Sismondi prayed for the intervention of the state to retard the increase of wealth and check the wild onrush of invention.

Consider, however, that the consequences, no matter how severe, are immediate and temporary. Ultimately, from the cheapening of goods the use of them expands, demand rises, rhythm is restored and society is richer than before. How are these consequences to be regarded? What do they represent? The answer is fairly obvious. They represent the price we pay—a price nobody can think how not to pay—for the continuous readjustment of costs downward.

What has been supposed in the illustration is actually all the time taking place in modern industry, else there would be no cheapening of goods and no progressive enjoyment of wealth. Take any great industry and see how the members of it fall into three groups. One group, normally the largest of the three, is making no profit. A middle group is making ends meet and no more. The third group, almost invariably the smallest, is making a handsome profit. It is so generally true that the no-profit-makers and the bare-end-meeters together constitute the majority, that you are bound to wonder if normally there is any profit in industry as a whole. Probably not; just as probably there is no profit in agriculture as a whole. The big profit makers in the minority group are the low-cost producers. The no-profit-makers are the high-cost producers. What they stand for is obsolescence.

No one could put it more tersely than Henry Ford, with whom the following conversation took place:

"When people talk of overproduction, what does that mean to you?"

"Overproduction," he said, "means something out of date. That's all it means."

"Something out of date would be a thing obsolete in either price or kind—is that it?"

This he studied for an instant, and said: "Of course you could overproduce buggies at any price. Nobody wants them at all."

Recently an entire industry presented itself at the Department of Commerce clinic, asking for someone to tell it what it should do to be saved. Profit had departed from it and the cause of this was overproduction. The assistant chief physician took it in for examination. True, the industry as a whole was in a bad way and profitless. Nevertheless, some members of it were doing very

(Continued on Page 121)

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EVERYONE knows Campfire marshmallows! Those great fluffy marshmallows that are more than confections — that are scientifically made with a wholesome pure-food base. Everyone loves Campfires! Their extra delicious flavor. Their specially smooth texture. Children love to eat them as sweets. Combined with any dish, they are a treat for the whole family.

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Try this new Campfire product. Compare it with any other marshmallow cream on the market. Keep a 12-oz. can always on hand. You will use it in a hundred different ways. Mail the coupon for our handy booklet of recipes.

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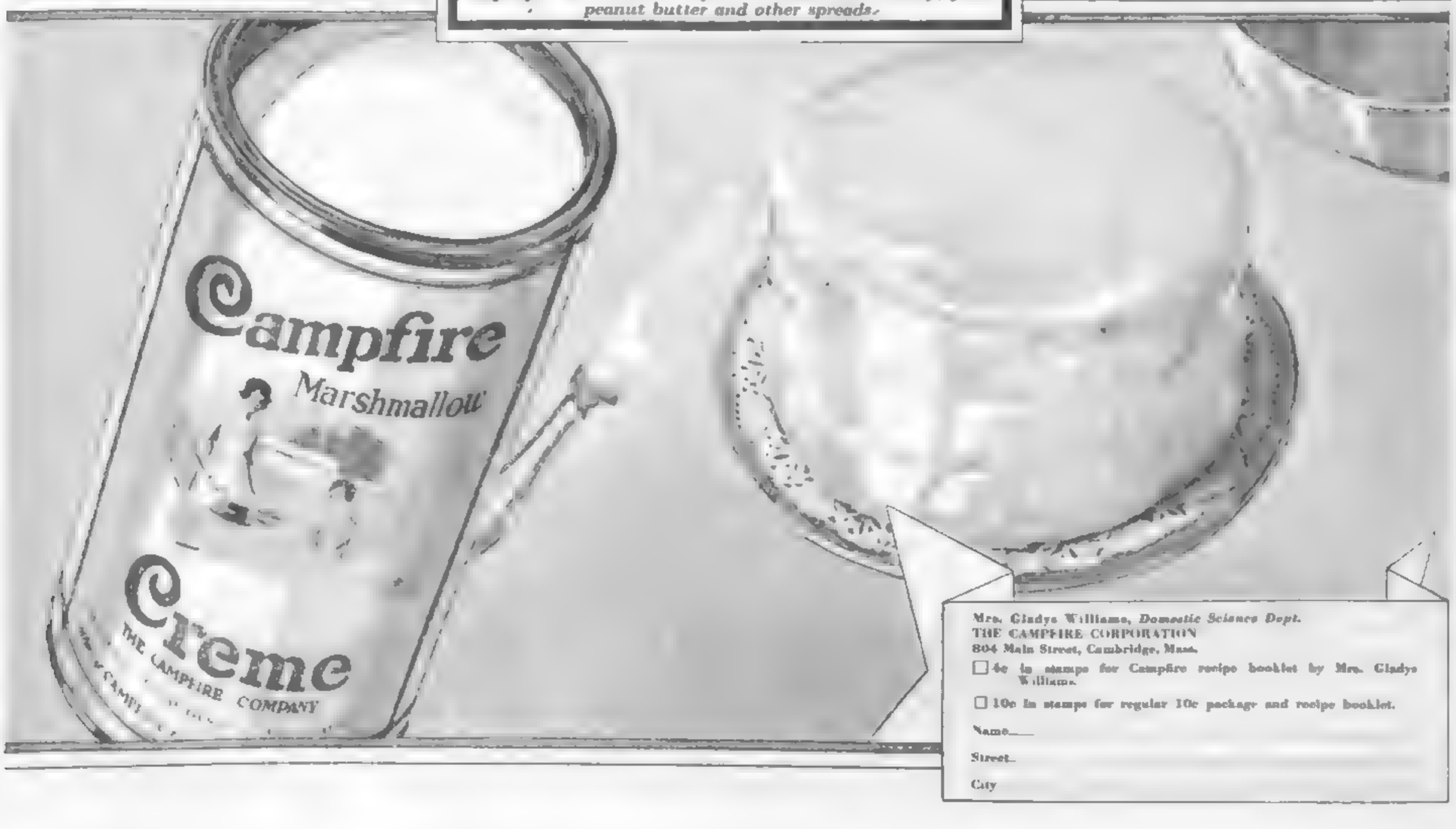

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T. Bourgin

MONEL METAL *in* THE STEVENS HOTEL *Chicago*

WHAT MONEL METAL IS AND WHAT IT'S USED FOR!

Millions of years ago, Nature alloyed one-third copper with two-thirds Nickel and made the material that, in 1905, was named Monel Metal. The metallurgists in the laboratories of The International Nickel Company are constantly testing—analyzing—controlling—to make sure that Mother Nature continues to keep her mixture uniform.

Monel Metal now has hundreds of uses in the home—thousands in Industry.

Your local sheet metal worker can furnish your home with Monel Metal sinks, drainboards, tabletops, kick plates, laundry chutes and stove hoods. Consult your architect about using Monel Metal in your new home

Industry uses Monel Metal for food handling equipment of every kind, for hospital, laundry, steel mill and power plant equipment, for valves and turbine blading—in fact, wherever there must be cleanliness, great strength, toughness, corrosion-resistance and protection against rust, all combined in one metal.

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HERE is a kitchen so clean and attractive, it would draw an "Ah" of admiration from any housewife.

Long aisles of spick-and-span serving counters—vast areas of shining metal surfaces—tons of gleaming Monel Metal—the equipment in The Stevens shows how modern hotels attain their ideal of immaculate cleanliness.

In The Stevens', as in most modern kitchens, Monel Metal is used because it is easy to clean and keep clean. In your kitchen, it will save cleaning time and lend cheerfulness. It will not rust, tarnish or become stained with fruit juices. It will retain its bright, silvery appearance for years on end.

You can enjoy the same gleaming cleanliness in your home that is seen in The Stevens' kitchens. Ask your architect or sheet metal worker about Monel Metal.

SEND today for booklet, "Where Monel Metal Shines," and Monel Metal pocket mirror—both free on request.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY (Inc.)
67 Wall Street New York, N. Y.

MONEL METAL

A PRODUCT OF THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY (INC.)

(Continued from Page 118)

well. The worst of the others had changed neither their methods nor their products since before the war. Yet these, all in a state of obsolescence, were those who complained most of overproduction. They could show, of course, that the industry was over developed. Its capacity was excessive. Therefore, merely to keep going, they were bound to produce a surplus. What could not be proved was that there was any excess of up-to-date capacity, efficiently handled, with low costs of production. Merely, there had accumulated in that industry an abnormal amount of obsolescence.

From this the question: Who is to blame for the surplus? Is it the high-cost producers who cling to their old methods and keep going until their capital is gone or the low-cost producers who come in with new methods? There is the same question in agriculture. Is it the one-mule cotton grower in the old South or the machine farmer in Texas who makes the cotton surplus? The competition of the Texas tractor farmer with his low costs is very hard upon the cotton growers of the old South and sometimes reduces them to distress. What then? There can be no doubt as to which contributes most to the wealth of society. All you can say is that progress is not without cost.

The high-cost producer is losing his capital. And surplus, or overproduction, considered in this light, is not what at first it seems to be. What it really represents is the destruction of antiquated capital. The realistic view is to say the sooner it is lost the better.

As concerning the immediate social consequences, which in the instance may be very harrowing, we appear to have no new thought about them. But they are greatly mitigated in this country by two facts.

The first is that as you solve the problem of underconsumption by a theory of proportional division, the rhythm that may be broken by a sudden increase in the supply of cheapened goods is much sooner restored. There is at all times a tremendous buying power in reserve; thus demand quickly overtakes a new supply.

Old Capital Making Way for New

The other fact is that as we destroy capital faster than any other people in the world, so at a corresponding rate we create new capital in place of it, even faster than we destroy it, so that the total body of it is always growing. In the motor-car industry, for example, there is hardly a trace of the capital that existed fifteen years ago. A few old walls, perhaps; all the rest has disappeared, some of it lost, some of it purposefully destroyed to make way for new.

The American motor industry is doing this all the time. If you had a figure to represent the capital that has gone into it from the beginning and another to express the profit that has come out of it, you would be properly astonished. You have a notion that the profit has been a serial and consistent wonder. You would get that impression from common knowledge of the individual fortunes. But if you set off the losses that are forgotten you get a very different picture. The mortality among motor-car companies has been high.

Yet there it is, the American motor-car industry, representing the largest single body of dynamic capital in the world. It is the great symbol of our economic philosophy. In no other state of society had it been possible, certainly not where the ownership of industry is dynastic and feudal.

And what was the other fear—the one before the riddle? You may have forgotten. It was that we had begun perhaps to touch the effective limits of machine power and method to increase the productivity of labor. If that were true, further progress in wealth would be at a much slower rate; the curve of our ecstasy would begin to fall.

To be rid of this fear, all one needs to do is to change the point of view. If the first sign of wisdom is a conviction of ignorance, the beginning of efficiency is a sense of not possessing it. We have hardly passed that point.

Judged by other people's standard, we are industrially efficient. There is a world-wide legend of it, just as before the way there was a legend of German efficiency, which turned out to be something we had imagined about them. They had no word for it themselves, nor have they one yet. They were only intensive. Efficiency requires imagination, and they were not imaginative. Judged by any ideal standard, our practice at its best is imperfect and at its worst so very bad that one wonders how we can be prosperous at all in spite of such appalling waste of labor, time and material. And the bad is much more common than fair or good.

Efficiency Never Satisfied

Efficiency, as now we perceive it, is a new dimension of thought. We have been exploring it for only a short time. Five years ago a motor company advertised the fact that its material traveled 3.5 miles from the point at which it entered the factory to the point at which a car stood completed. It advertised this. Now a motor company boasting that its material made a long journey through the factory would be supposed to have fallen into the hands of lunatics. Anyone would know better. Distance is time and time is cost.

Owing partly to the kind of mentality that went into it to begin with, and partly to the fact that there were no traditions of how, the motor-car industry is our highest example of efficiency. Yet the rule is that where you find it at its best, there also you find a management so disgusted with the waste and awkwardness it still sees in its own practice that it wants to tear the whole layout down to the ground and start all over. What is more, it will.

Obsolescence is from inertia of the mind. And this disease, you will find, is the basic trouble in the low-wage industries that wish for cheap foreign labor to keep down their costs, complain of overproduction and exist in a state of chronic liability. A poor industry is a sick industry. It is governed by men who say the nature of their product or the conditions surrounding them make it impossible for them to do what the motor-car makers have done.

If you could look at a motor car without knowing what had been done with it, or how it was produced, you would say it was of all industrial products the one least likely ever to be acted upon successfully by the principles of mass production. Comparing it with a brick, a pair of shoes, a bolt of cloth or a piece of furniture, you would say that any of these things might be more easily submitted to intensive multiple manufacture than an automobile, which perhaps forever would have to be made one at a time, slowly. Then when you see how motor cars actually are made—first the automatic multiplication of parts from patterns and then the bringing together of the parts with such precision of time and action that from the moment an automobile begins to take shape it picks up its wheels, its engine, its transmission, its body, and so on, as it moves and never stops until it is finished—seeing this, you might say, "Yes, but how does this method apply to a brick that has no parts?"

How does it apply to glass that has no more parts than a brick? Henry Ford asked that question. He thought of making his own glass, and asked: "Why can't glass be made by a continuous process like an automobile?"

He was laughed at by the glass makers. A man who thought glass and automobiles were similar things! But they are similar things—that is, they are both artifacts derived from raw materials. Now the glass makers come to look at his glass plant, the first of its kind in the world, where the sand and other materials spill out of a chute upon the hearth of a furnace and never for one instant stop moving until the glass is polished and cold and stands on edge before the inspector.

WANTED
The RIGHT MAN for a GOOD JOB

A. T. Ulon ran an elevator for $28 a week. Now, after three years with Simpson, he earns nearly $70 a week, an increase of 250%. Chadwick earned about $50 weekly as a tea and coffee man. During his four years with Simpson he has averaged over $100 every week. These are but two typical successes. H. Begrow, 28 years old, made better than $6,500 last year, and Phil Levitt averaged over $6,000 a year for four years, before being promoted to branch manager. Simpson has a real opportunity for serious minded men who are anxious to improve themselves. If you are not content in your present position, write us for full information.

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Suppose you could add $25.00, $15.00, even $10.00 a week regularly to your present income—could you spend it pleasantly and profitably?

Think it over! And if you *do* want more money, we offer a sure way to get it that is bringing extra dollars to men and women the country over.

Many of them, who devote a large part or all of their time to the work, are netting $50.00 and more a week. Others, who can spare but little time, receive up to $1.50 an hour. William Chester Miller of New York, for example, has earned $5.00 in one evening after office hours.

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Here is your chance. If you have even an hour or two to spare each week, you can turn that time into cash! Whether you are 18 or 80, married or single, our plan will pay you well.

Every month, every year, should bring you bigger profits and easier work. Now is the time to learn about our offer. It costs only the two cents for the stamp, and you may earn hundreds of extra dollars.

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Mass production, you see, is not a method. It is an idea. The method is what will be determined by the nature of the problem in a specific case. The idea is to move materials through the process of manufacture with the least possible expenditure of time and labor. Not only is that idea applicable to any industry, and to agriculture as well; the limits of it have never yet in any case been touched. Moreover, it is only beginning to be understood. Take but a few examples of the spread between relative efficiency and obsolescence in the important industries.

"Most brickmaking plants in the United States today," says Ethelbert Stewart, Commissioner of Labor Statistics, "are using precisely the same method as that used in Egypt with Hebrew slave labor at the time Moses led the great brickyard strike, which I suppose the Egyptian brick manufacturers considered a failure, since the strikers' places were taken by strike breakers."

He found expenditure of human energy per thousand bricks to be in one plant four man hours and in another plant 13.5 man hours. Thus in the better plant the productivity of labor was more than three times as great as in the other. He found in one Chicago plant a machine delivering 50,000 bricks an hour and calculated that if the whole brick industry were so equipped it could release 80 per cent of its workers.

In the iron industry, the Department of Labor finds there are blast furnaces that require eleven hours of human labor to make a ton of pig iron and blast furnaces that require only one hour. There the productivity of labor in one case is eleven times what it is in the other. There are shoe factories where the output is two pairs of shoes per worker per day and factories where the output per worker per day is twelve pairs. There are sawmills where the output per man hour is fifteen board feet and others where it is 350 feet. There are flour mills with an output of 9000 barrels of flour and other flour mills with an output of 2500 barrels, per man per year.

In every case the obsolete plants pay lower wages and have higher labor costs than the efficient plants.

A Competition of Machines

Coal mining is one of the sick industries. The output of coal per man is very much higher here than in England, and the American miner's wages for that reason are higher. Comparing our coal industry with England's, we may think it fairly efficient. Testing it by our own common sense, we know how inefficient it is. The Department of Labor says that one-quarter of the best American mines, highly equipped and working 306 days a year, could produce all the coal we could use and sell, with only 60 per cent of the miners now engaged.

"In other words," it says, "250,000 men in this industry must be out of work all the time, which means that the entire 700,000 are being wasted one-third of the time."

It is not to scold industry. There was a question to be answered. Were we approaching the end?

From the most casual survey of American industry one is obliged to say that the idea of efficiency is only beginning to seize our imagination. It has yet very far to go.

Until now the competition between manual labor and machine power has survived. There is still that competition in other countries, and to challenge it in principle causes the utmost bewilderment. A European manufacturer, seeing in this country an operation performed by machines that in his plant is done by hand, inquires the cost of the machine. Then he says:

"But, you see, in my case wages are so low that hand labor is actually just as cheap. In any event, the difference is so small in favor of the machine that it might take me five or six years to save the cost of it. Therefore it would not pay."

Here machine power is preferred in principle. For that reason competition between manual labor and machine power tends to disappear. It is now a competition between machines, and this may easily go so far that in a few years your emotions at the sight of human beings performing any labor that might be done by a machine will be very disagreeable. We are on the way to abolish drudgery. That is another goal

Old industries have to learn the idea. New industries begin with it. For example, there is the beginning in this country of rubber culture. We could not hope to produce rubber as the method is on the great plantations of the Far East. American labor would not undertake it; nor could anyone wish it to do so. What was the alternative? To import cheap labor? No; but to bring the idea to bear on the problem. That was done. And as American rubber culture now is contemplated, with machine power, the output will be 25,000 pounds per man per year instead of 1700 pounds as in the Far East. That should make it worth our time. Wages such as no Malayan or Javanese could dream of and lower costs per pound because the output per man is fifteen times more. For the same reason we can grow rice in California with high-priced labor and sell it at a profit to Japan in competition with rice produced by low-paid Chinese labor in China.

Saving That We May Waste

Productivity per man hour is one thing. Until now we have been rather preoccupied with that effect. Productivity of labor as a whole is another thing, and there is a field in which enormous difficulties are still to be overcome. From a study of pay-roll data for industries employing 11,000,000 wage earners, the Department of Labor concludes that instability of employment, seasonal idleness, turnover, drifting and such causes, all more or less removable, entail an annual waste representing the labor of 1,750,000 men, in normally good times. Hitherto a condition of fluctuating employment has been taken to be inevitable. At least, no one was to blame for it.

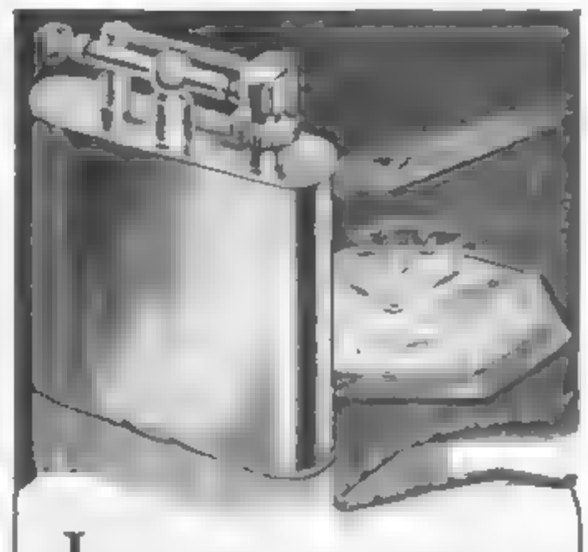
Now occurs the thought that continuity of employment is one of the great responsibilities of business. Why take such pains to increase the productivity of labor while it is employed, thereby saving it, and then let it run to waste wholesale in unemployment? There is the average annual productivity of labor as a whole to be considered; and that, of course, is reduced by unemployment, with exactly the same effect upon the buying power of society as if its productivity had been limited in any other way. Progress in wealth is retarded; anything that checks the continuous flow of wealth last and first is bad for business. People cannot consume unless they also produce. The idleness of 1,750,000 men for want of stable employment is a load upon society and a liability to business. The only excuse for it is that the idea of efficiency has not yet extended to the ultimate problem of business, which is to solve the terms of its universal relation to life.

There are many signs that it will do this, not so much because it proposes to do it as because it is bound to do it, from an impulse taking strength in its own nature. A fact we seem continually to slight is that business is no longer trade, pursued primarily for gain by a minority cohort with certain more or less common characteristics. We used to speak of the instinct for trade, and not without justification. It was by no means the highest human trait.

Modern business is a new condition of life. It directly absorbs much more than one-half, possibly two-thirds, of all the genius, imagination, intelligence and greatness of spirit produced by society. Leadership, passing over to it, wears down the ancient barrier. Where should leadership be found if not where the dominant qualities of a people are?

The war called it forth in a surprising manner. The function of business in any war before had been that of purveyor. Then for the first time the life of war, like the life of peace, assumed primarily an economic

(Continued on Page 126)



JEWELRY craftsmen make it with the precise methods used in making the finest watch. It carries a lifetime guarantee. Select whatever charming model most appeals to you. Any smart shop can show you many. You will find each a perfect example of all a really fine lighter should be.

"Surest thing you know"

GOLDEN WHEEL
The Lighter with the Lifetime Guarantee

HENRY LEDERER & BRO., INC.
Providence Rhode Island

This North Dakota Church Earned $95

How Your Church Can Earn Money

If your church, or any one of its organizations, could use some extra money, it will pay you to investigate our plan. We should like to help you solve your money-raising problems and, at the same time, perform a distinct service to your community.

$100.00 or More

Nearly everyone knows *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. For introducing these three worth while magazines by subscription into more of the homes of your community, we will pay you liberally. Write today for all the interesting details.

The Curtis Publishing Company
365 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

EUROPE All Expenses $300 Up
The leading 1928 Student Tours.
Chartered CUNARD tourist cabin.
Organized entertainment.
Congenial associations.
Write for Booklet S.
Students Travel Club
★ ★ ★ 551 FIFTH AVE • NEW YORK

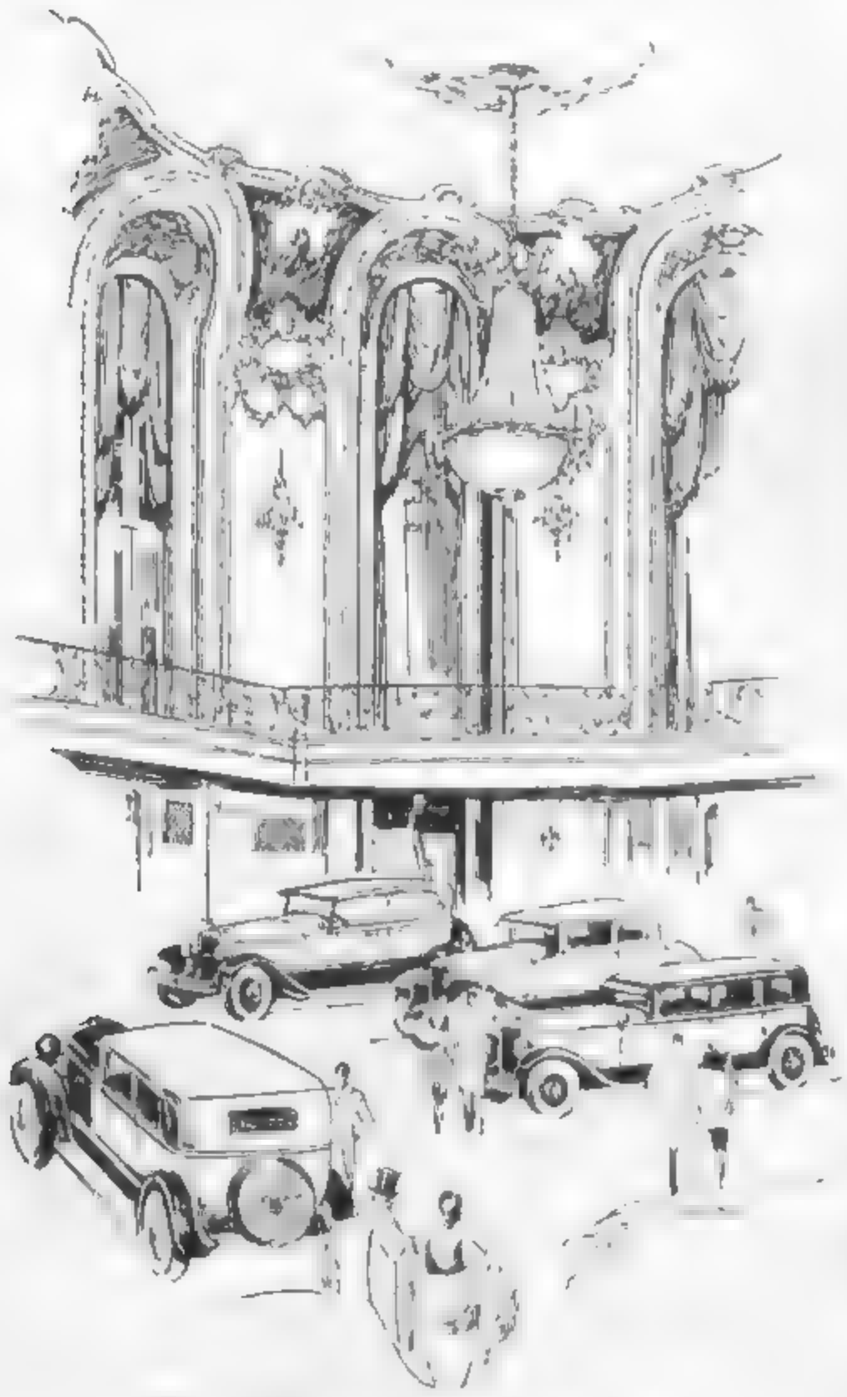
THE STEVENS

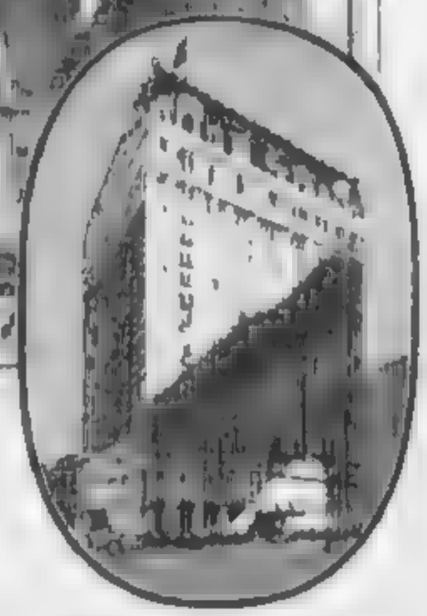
THE WORLD'S GREATEST HOTEL

Michigan Boulevard, 7th to 8th Streets **CHICAGO** *Ernest J. Stevens, Vice President and Manager*

3000 OUTSIDE ROOMS 3000 PRIVATE BATHS

General Motors Stages its Great Chicago Automobile Show Salon at The Stevens





Hotel La Salle

La Salle at Madison Street

Directed by the same management as The Stevens, Hotel La Salle provides unexcelled accommodations and cuisine at exceptionally attractive rates. 1026 rooms, $2.50 to $6.00 single and $4.00 to $9.00 double.

These two great Hotels—the La Salle, in the heart of the Loop, and The Stevens, on the Lake Front, are realizations of the highest ideals in modern hotel management.

THE STEVENS ROOM RATES

Number of Rooms	*Single Rate*	*Double Rate*
263	$ 3.50	$ 5.00
1242	4.00	6.00
943	5.00	7.50
278	6.00	9.00
181	7.00	10.00
93	10.00	15.00

2448 of the 3000 rooms are rated at $5 per day or less

Fixed-Price Meals

JAPANESE LUNCH ROOM
Breakfast 45c Luncheon 65c Dinner $1.00

COLCHESTER GRILL
Breakfast 60c and 75c Luncheon 85c
Dinner $1.50 Sunday Dinner $2.00

OAK ROOM
Breakfast 60c and 75c Luncheon 85c
Dinner $1.50 Sunday Dinner $2.00

MAIN DINING ROOM
Luncheon $1.25 Dinner $3.00 per person

A la carte service at attractive prices is available in all restaurants at all meals

Exceptional luncheon and dinner concerts make The Stevens Restaurants the mecca for music loving Chicagoans

IN the brilliant setting of the Grand Ballroom and in the great Exhibition Hall, General Motors will display their complete line of motor cars and other products for 1928, during the Chicago Automobile Show—January 28th through February 4th. Seeking the finest background available, it was natural that the world's largest makers of motor cars should choose the world's greatest hotel.

Preeminent among the sights of Chicago and a marvel of royal magnificence and efficiency combined—The Stevens offers the utmost in hotel value.

Towering for a full block over the vista of Grant Park and Lake Michigan, convenient to railways and business, stores, theatres and artistic centers, The Stevens has become a mecca for the traveler who demands surroundings of the finest—and the biggest value for his money. Let the largest hotel in the world be your home on your next visit to Chicago.

THE STEVENS IS THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD

Tip-Top

the only moderately priced wrist-watch with Krack-proof Krystal and silver dial

$3.50

Radium Dial $4

Judge Tip-Top by any standards. Put it to any test

A WRIST-WATCH to be good-looking needn't be fragile. Look at Tip-Top! There's nothing delicate or weak about it. It never needs to be pampered or petted. Never gets temperamental. Yet, it's as handsome a watch as anyone could wish.

But Tip-Top is more than just good-looking. It's good all the way through. Compare its features with any other watch at the price. Handsome octagon case. Silver face. Sunken second dial. Artistic hands and numerals. Detachable strap of genuine pigskin. And, best of all, its Krack-proof Krystal will not break.

But see Tip-Top for yourself. And be critical. Your dealer will be glad to show you both dials—silver or radium. There is also a Tip-Top Pocket Watch for $1.50. It has many refinements such as octagon design, silver dial and Krack-proof Krystal, yet it costs only 50 cents more than the ordinary dollar watch.

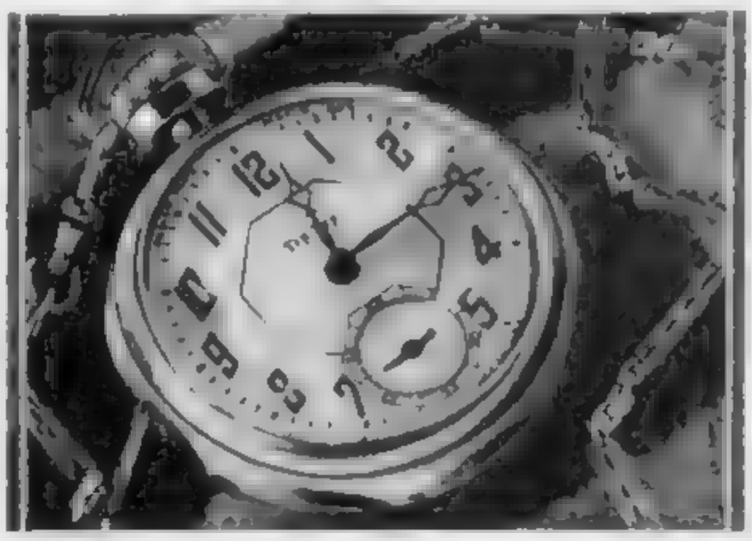
Prices slightly higher in Canada

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations

$1.50

Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, with silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch.



Copr. 1928 N. H. C. Co.
Lee Ingraham Pat. 1665

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

$8,000.00 in Cash!

BETWEEN February 1 and March 31, you have an excellent opportunity to win one of 2,500 big Cash Prizes.

The highest cash award is $500.00. The next is $300.00, the 3rd $200.00—and so on until the entire $8,000.00 is divided.

The only people eligible to compete in this contest are a limited number of spare-time workers, none of whom has sent us as many as 25 subscriptions during any one month in the year 1927—*and individuals like you who enroll now.* Furthermore, no professional magazine workers may compete!

If you want money to buy a radio, a car, a home—here's your chance to win it! And you can't lose, because even those who don't win prizes will still earn many extra dollars *in commissions alone.*

Write to the address below *today* for full details.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
385 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

2,500 Chances to Win a Prize

A SPECIAL MESSAGE

TO THE FOOD INDUSTRY

concerning efficiency, economy and safety

THE great kitchens of The Best Foods, Inc., are literally shining examples of modern scientific sanitation. Even the air is filtered.

Cleanliness and purity are the governing factors in the preparation of the famous Nucoa Nut Margarine and Best Foods (Gold Medal) Mayonnaise. When their makers gave welcome to Aluminum Paint they saw in it something over and beyond its remarkable protective qualities—as great as they are.

They saw its gift of crisp, clean beauty, resistant to dirt or stains. Slow to discolor, easily washed.

They saw their kitchens filled with a soft, cheerful light reflected from Aluminum Painted walls and ceilings. A light that is kind to the eyes, and improves working conditions.

But more than all else, they appreciate the feeling of safety and satisfaction that follows the use of Aluminum Paint wherever food is prepared or stored. For Aluminum Paint is safe. It cannot contaminate foods. It is made of the famous safety metal that every housewife knows and uses in her kitchen—pure Alcoa Aluminum.

* * *

Aluminum Paint—cleanly and efficient—is also economical. It costs no more than other paints. It lasts longer. It has greater covering capacity. One coat suffices for most interior painting. One coat completely covers any under color—even black.

If you are preparing foods for the consuming public, and are interested in the problems of safety and sanitation, write us for further facts about this remarkable paint.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA
2326 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Offices in 18 Principal American Cities
Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd
Toronto, Montreal, Canada
Aluminum in Every Commercial Form

Trade Mark

The pigment base for the better grades of Aluminum Paint is Alcoa Aluminum Bronze Powder, made of pure ALCOA Aluminum.

To Maintenance Engineers: [illegible] and out, in all kinds of industry, Aluminum [illegible] when subjected to gases and fumes, Aluminum Paint is proving a super protection.

We will gladly answer any question about Aluminum Paint for the specific purpose you have in mind.

To the Householder: Keep a can of Aluminum Paint handy. Paint your cellar with Aluminum Paint. See how light and clean it will look.

Lighten your kitchen, brighten closets and dark corners. Paint the garage interior, the rims of your tires.

For a home that reflects a brightness, cleanliness and [illegible] on the magic aid of Aluminum Paint.

THE COAT OF METAL PROTECTION

ALUMINUM PAINT

"IT LEAFS"

"Nuthin' I Like!"

© 1928 M. L. I. Co.

HUNGRILY and expectantly he had gone to dinner. "Nuthin'" he liked —just things which "were good for him". String beans—he wouldn't eat them. Time must come for discipline. When told that he was to have none of a favorite dessert, he gave in. Smiling thro' his tears after the first few mouthfuls, he said, "I didn't know it, but I was liking string beans all the time."

PERHAPS in your own home there is a small child who is finicky about his food. But you insist upon his having plenty of milk, cereals, vegetables and the other foods he requires, for you know that the growth of his body and his health depend upon the "building" foods he eats.

But how about yourself? Have you dropped into the habit of ordering what you like without regard to the foods you need to build and repair your body and to keep it in the best possible condition of health? And do you know how much food you require, or how little?

Diet is literally a separate problem for each individual. The "overweight" is usually too fond of starchy, sugary and fatty foods and disinclined to eat vegetables and fruits, while the "underweight" often neglects the fattening foods he needs. Appetite is not always a reliable guide to correct eating.

If you are blessed with good health and good digestion, take time to find out what constitutes a properly balanced day-to-day diet for a person of your age —how much meat, fish, cheese and milk you require, how many sweet foods, and most important of all—how many vegetables. Don't forget the string beans or the tomato, King of the Vitamins. Raw salads, fruit, butter, cream and nuts are important parts of the regular food supply when taken in correct amounts. And six to eight glasses of water daily, please—mainly between meals.

It is worth remembering that, through a well-balanced ration, you can keep in good condition every part of your body—muscles, bones, vital organs, nerves, eyes, teeth and even hair.

Incorrect diet is responsible for a vast number of ailments and lack of strength and vigor. It is estimated that three calls out of ten in doctors' offices are caused by faulty diet—errors that may be easily corrected. If you wish to have better health and probably longer life, apply the new knowledge of food and nutrition, gained for you through the chemical research of recent years.

It is really amazingly interesting to discover what each particular food contributes to the body—to know just what to eat if you wish to reduce your weight, or increase your weight, or keep it normal —to know what your body needs when you feel that your energy is low.

For more enjoyment in eating and for better health from eating, learn what to eat.

Because our daily food needs are little understood by most persons, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet, "The Family Food Supply", which tells what to buy and how, and includes diet and marketing helps for the housewife.

The best food is not always the most expensive, and the most expensive is oftentimes far from the best. The least costly foods can often be prepared in such a way as to give more nourishment and more taste-satisfaction than those which are extravagant in price.

By means of this booklet, the modern housekeeper can easily find out which foods her family requires. She will learn which foods are needed by a man who does heavy physical labor, which are necessary for the office worker, which for herself and which for the growing child.

"The Family Food Supply" tells how to buy economically and should be used in connection with the "Metropolitan Cook Book". A copy of either, or both, will be mailed, free, upon your request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 122)

aspect, with problems as to which statesmen, generals and military bureaus were quite helpless.

When the war was over, the dollar-a-year men returned to business, and now you will find them, one in a banking office who for his services as administrator in some foreign country whose language he did not know has been decorated by three governments, another quietly pursuing the profession of engineer who with more power than any czar partitioned the sinews of war among the Allied combatants, or another in retired circumstances who held in one hand the entire economic power of America and with the other moved food, munitions and raw materials to and fro in the earth as if it were a two-foot chessboard, and so on—hundreds of them.

This new power of leadership strikes downward. We are beginning to understand it. There was a fine illustration of it in the handling of the Mississippi River disaster. It is Secretary Hoover's story. He and his staff were working ahead of the flood. First they picked the towns of refuge. Then they thought of someone, Y or Z, who knew the people in each of those towns. They called Y or Z on the telephone, asking, "Who is the man in X town best qualified to take command in a great emergency?" Having got a name, they called it on the telephone, and said to the person who acknowledged it: "You will receive in your town 5000 homeless people in four days. Go to the local bank for money. Your checks will be honored there. Appoint a committee with arbitrary power to do anything that is necessary. Build some barracks. You will need a commissariat, doctors, nurses, and so on. . . . All right? . . . Good-by."

Only one town in ninety-one failed. The point is that the natural local leaders upon whom the responsibility fell in this sudden manner were in every case men of business, with here and there a type that might be called the business farmer.

Once it was, not long ago, that the power of business had an ominous meaning, for it was increasingly a power over life, having within it no controlling sense of social responsibility. With that sense now rising, the view deepens. The interests of business and the interests of society are identical, for one is also the other. And what business now seeks is power over itself. That is the final meaning of all new ideas. As such power is achieved, control by will and foresight will be substituted for the force of circumstances. Then we shall not ask what the business prospect is or whether we are happily to receive another year of prosperity, as if we were navigating an economic sea in a sailing ship, with headway, leeway or disaster a dispensation of weather. We shall ask, instead, what the program is; it will be published beforehand as a common plan, so that everybody may know what is expected. Then we shall remember the oracles who were used to pronounce on or about New Year's Day the astrological assumptions as to business for the coming year with as much amusement as now we find in old almanacs, and wonder how people could ever have been so naïve as to study the law of cycles or suppose their material progress was conditioned by a wriggling line on a sheet of quadruled paper showing the level of money reserves in banks.

That is to say, all as may be. It is rationally possible. Certainly there is no longer any reason in nature why the production and exchange of wealth need be limited otherwise than by human intention.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr Garrett. A final article will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Cover Design by Ellen B. T. Pyle

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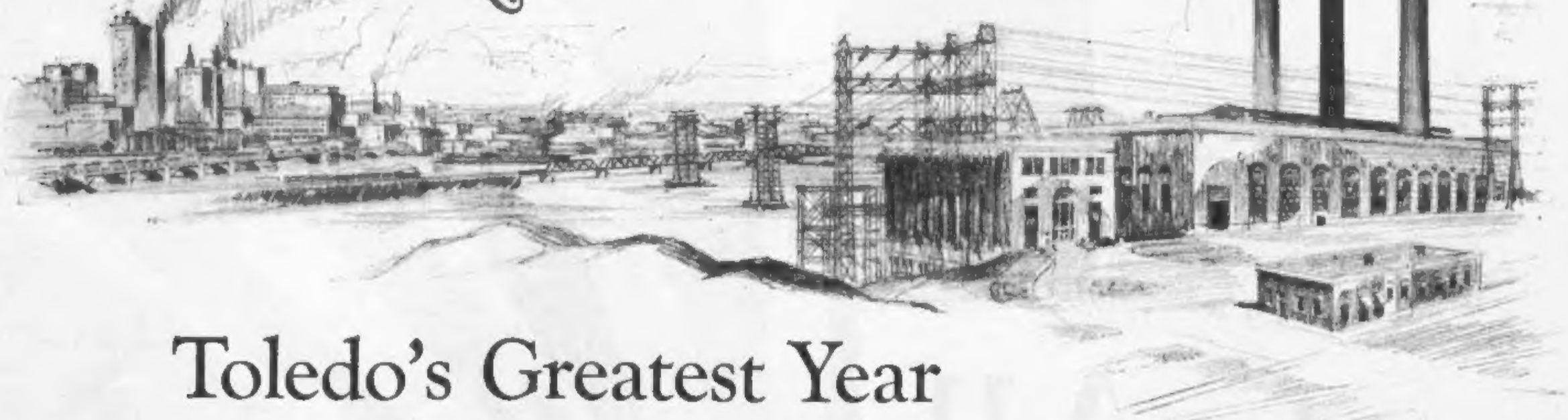
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

TOLEDO

Leadership



Toledo's Greatest Year

THE real spirit of its leadership is vividly mirrored in the public service institutions of any city. A true dedication to public welfare demands a far-seeing policy, a large faith and a heavy investment in the future destiny of the community, as well as good service to existing needs.

The Toledo Edison Company, a part of Cities Service Company, a nation-wide and nationally known organization of tremendous resources, gives ample evidence that it serves Toledo and believes in Toledo—and by no means has its task been easy, for Toledo is one of the most rapidly growing cities in America.

Public improvements, industrial expansions, commercial developments and other betterments, either launched or completed during the past twelve months, have amounted to the unprecedented and amazing total of $51,998,531.

While all this was true of Toledo at the close of 1927, the program of expansion to which the city is now wholeheartedly and unanimously committed will make this true in ever-increasing measure as the years pass.

Public improvements constituted a large part of this development. Contracts for street paving alone last year amounted to $3,475,532. This and a new million dollar High School, a half million dollar harbor betterment, park improvements, two new garbage disposal plants, intercepting sewers, etc., total $6,810,532.

Industrial developments, new industries, new warehouses and expansions of existing plants and railroad betterments called for the huge expenditure of $20,738,999.

Commercial developments, new stores, theatres, banks, a new $3,000,000 hotel and other commercial structures, completed or started within the year, cost an aggregate of $11,903,000.

New homes and apartments costing more than $9,000,000 were completed or contracted for. Toledo churches alone spent almost $2,000,000 for new buildings.

During the progress of this development, The Toledo Edison Company, by a remarkable expansion of its facilities costing millions, has not only adequately met the ever-increasing present needs but has provided abundant and positive assurance that future new industries and new families will find it ready and able to serve.

Toledo today offers to all not only the opportunities and benefits which inevitably accompany such a tremendous forward movement, but also other great and already permanently established community advantages, such as:

The third largest railroad center in the United States.

One of the few natural harbors on the Great Lakes.

Closeness to center of population.

A nationally recognized school system.

A municipal university of first rank.

A greater percentage of home-owners than any other city of equal size.

An art museum endowed with more than ten million dollars.

Moderate climate the year 'round.

Stores, churches, manufacturing sites and facilities—a comprehensive, fully rounded and intensively developed, progressive community of more than three hundred thousand people.

The Industrial Department of the Chamber of Commerce is prepared to furnish complete facts and information about Toledo, and offers assistance to businesses both large and small. Give it the opportunity to explain Toledo in terms of benefit to you. Your inquiry will be held in strict confidence if desired. Address The Toledo Chamber of Commerce, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

This is the eighth of a series of advertisements on Toledo Leadership.

The preceding ones featured:

THE MATHER SPRING COMPANY
Mather Automobile Springs

THE AIR-WAY ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CORPORATION
Air-Way Sanitary System for Home Cleaning

TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY
Computing Merchandise and Postal Scales, and Automatic Dial Industrial Scales, in capacities up to 60,000 pounds

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO.
Champion Spark Plugs

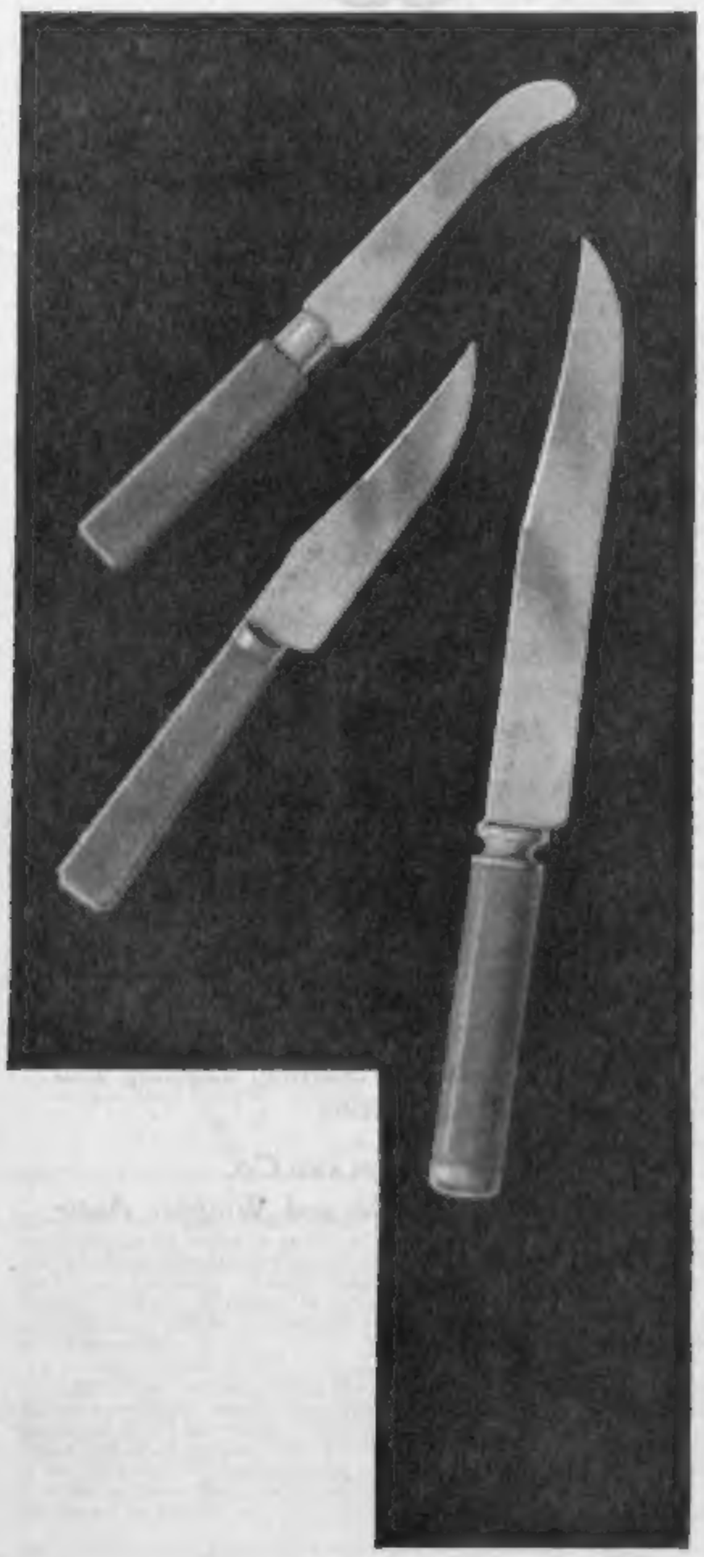
THE DEVILBISS COMPANY
Atomizers, Perfumizers, and Spray Painting Equipment

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CO.
Automobile Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND CO.
Willys-Knight and Whippet Automobiles

The Toledo Chamber of Commerce

Is All your cutlery STAINLESS?



Are you missing the thrill of satisfaction that comes with the knowledge that your kitchen, your dining-room, your pantry—yes, even your boudoir—are all equipped with appropriate Stainless Cutlery? Knives, slicers, spatulas, forks, spoons, ladles, tools of whatever kind, and even toilet articles such as scissors, nail files. For Stainless Cutlery is always beautifully shiny, uncorrodible and very easily cleaned.

With the new color notes so popular in table cutlery, the beauty of the jewel-like handles is greatly enhanced by the permanently bright and elegant blades of Stainless Steel.

Every household, whether in affluent or moderate circumstances, can afford Stainless Cutlery for every household use.

And should you own some treasured old silver that you'd love to use, remember you can have the old blades replaced with ever-beautiful Stainless Blades at a moderate expense.

You can purchase Stainless Cutlery wherever cutlery is sold.

STAINLESS STEEL Cutlery

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

EN CASSEROLE
CHICKEN and mushrooms, lobster, shrimp or salmon, eggs or any one of a number of vegetables—onions, cauliflower, cabbage, etc.—combined with white sauce—made with Pet Milk—arranged with alternate layers of bread crumbs, and baked in a greased baking dish—provide a variety of food, of exceptionally fine flavor.
CREAMED SOUPS
IN MAKING the white sauce for cream soups, dilute Pet Milk with the cooking water from the fresh vegetables, or the liquid from canned vegetables, or the or chicken broth. Because Pet Milk can be so used in white sauce, it makes better food and gives finer, richer flavor, at considerably lower cost.
CROQUETTES
Foundation Recipe
1 tablespoon butter
4 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon onion juice
⅔ cup Pet Milk
⅓ cup water
For two cups of fish, meat, poultry, vegetables
Note how much butter is saved
PET
MILK
UNSWEETENED EVAPORATED
MILK
NET WEIGHT 6 OUNCES
PET
MILK
UNSWEETENED EVAPORATED
MILK
NET WEIGHT 1 POUND

It's the Sauce That Makes the Difference

THE distinctive "cream and butter" flavor that Pet Milk gives in all your cooking, is due to the pure, fresh, more-than-double-rich quality of the milk.

Pet Milk is so rich it serves in place of cream. It can be diluted to suit every milk use. You'll like it for everything. It costs less than half as much as cream—costs no more than ordinary milk. It saves butter.

We want to send, without cost to you, our books and leaflets showing how Pet Milk will make all your cooking better.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
821 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Her SMILE.. *hasn't aged a day in* 18 YEARS

Miss Sanders as she was in 1909

Like others who have used this dentifrice, her teeth are sound and beautiful beyond the average

AS a very little girl—when her mother first showed her how to clean her teeth—it was Colgate's that she squeezed out on the brush.

Today—a grown woman with teeth perfectly preserved—she still uses Colgate's. Her smile is as radiant as ever. It flashes a clear message to you and everyone else anxious to keep teeth healthy and attractive for years to come.

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us. Some send their photographs also. As a result, each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file.

Many of these letters are from users who have brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade. We could fill the pages of this publication with quotations from them—sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound and healthy for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice that is most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

Miss Lola Sanders Today

CLEAN

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. Our chemists made countless experiments; we interviewed the leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean the teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream—designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because the testimony of leading dental authorities today sustains the original principle that the one function of a dentifrice is to clean teeth.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

On the one hand you have Colgate's, the chief and only feature of which is thorough cleansing. On the other, you have the fact that countless people who have used Colgate's for years now have exceptionally fine teeth.

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice *you* were using is the one dentists recommend most frequently?

So, for lovely teeth—for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be—ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, send for the free sample offered in the coupon.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 200-A, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.
Name_____
Address_____
In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal